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THE PORTFOLIO.

GEORGE MORLAND.

IN the early days of art-criticism, when a painter's success was supposed to depend upon the completeness with which he learnt a lesson, nothing was commoner than to set up comparisons between artists, and to give them such nicknames as the English Claude, the French Hogarth, the Scotch Vandyck, and so on. The points of resemblance which suggested such titles were often slight enough, sometimes so slight as to be invisible to the more discriminating eyes of to-day. It is with pictures as it is with faces; familiarity makes us blind to likenesses between our friends which are obvious to strangers, for we look at essentials while they see only the surface. On the other hand, we see likenesses which they cannot see, and these often correspond to deeply rooted traits of character; and so with art and artists. The qualities, to take a common instance, which Hogarth, Chardin, and Greuze, have in common, are entirely superficial; their aims were as different as their individualities. Hogarth lives by his intense dramatic power and by the simple efficiency of his workmanship; Chardin, by the consummate artifice that governs every line and hue; while Greuze—putting aside his portraits—is bought for much the same reasons as we buy fans, snuff-boxes, and old French furniture. But there are painters between whom comparisons may be struck, I think, with greater advantage; and Jan Steen, Adrian Brauwer, and George Morland, are three of them. The likeness between these men lies in the essence of their art, in the bent of their minds, in the facts of their lives, and even in such an accidental matter as the treatment accorded them by writers after their deaths. My present business, however, is chiefly with Morland—of whose works a most interesting collection is just now to be seen at Messrs. Vokins' Gallery in Great Portland Street,—and I shall only prosecute the comparison to which I have here alluded so far as it may help to illustrate his career.

VISIT TO A CHILD AT NURSE. BY G. MORLAND.

George Morland was born in the Haymarket on the 26th of June, 1763. His father was Henry Robert Morland, whose ostensible business was the making of pastel portraits; but his income really depended upon his skill as a picture-cleaner and restorer. The grandfather, too, had also been a painter, and some of his productions were engraved by Dawe and Watson. There was a tradition in the family that it was in the line of succession to a baronetcy created in the time of Charles II., and some of George Morland's biographers state positively that he had only to claim the title to get it, for there could be no doubt as to the pedigree. However this may be, we may be sure that neither the father nor grandfather of George ever earned enough—or, at least, kept enough—to support even the modest dignity of a baronet, for the grandfather was assisted by a grant from the Society of Artists, while the father was at least once a bankrupt.

The usual tales of youthful precocity are told about Morland's childhood. He drew on dusty tables when he was three; at four was surprised at work, in the paternal studio, by Benjamin West,

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when his father sent him off with a kick crying that he would either be hanged or a genius; at ten he had mastered the anatomy of mice and other 'small deer;' at twelve he modelled ships; at eighteen he had taught himself the violin. His father, who was a severe man, like the fathers of most prodigals, gave him a fair education, as we may know from the son's letters; and when his talents began really to mature, did his best to exploit them for his own advantage. George used to be shut up in an attic, first to paint and draw from pictures and casts; afterwards to make copies, which old Morland sold to the dealers. Even then, however, the boy managed to trade on his own account, for he used to make bargains with friendly Jews to take pictures from him of such and such a size at a certain price. These he painted on boards fitting into a drawer in his colour-box, and at nightfall lowered them by a string to the waiting clients below. Altogether his discipline at home seems to have been exactly what was wanted to make him at once a facile artist and an unscrupulous *viveur*. It is said that just before he left home Romney offered to take him into his house,—the house in Cavendish Square,—and to give him an annual 300*l.* on condition of his signing articles for three years. It was a handsome offer, but Morland refused it; he was just free of articles to his father, and thought one apprenticeship enough for a lifetime.

THE FARMER'S VISIT TO HIS MARRIED DAUGHTER IN TOWN. BY G. MORLAND.

His first independent home was in lodgings at a picture-dealer's, but he soon moved thence to a house 'in a pleasant village on the Harrow Road, called Kensell Green,' where he made the acquaintance of the engraver, William Ward, and of his sister Anne, or Nancy, Ward, and painted the first pair of pictures by which his name was brought prominently before the world. These were *The Idle* and *The Industrious Mechanic*, afterwards engraved by John Raphael Smith. Morland and Nancy were married in Hammersmith Church in 1785, and not long afterwards the painter's sister Maria was united before the same altar to William Ward. At first the two households rubbed on together, but after a time the wives quarrelled. Maria was ugly and clever, while Nancy was pretty and a bit of a fool; and some remarks to that effect having set them by the ears, their husbands took up the quarrel, talked for a time about slugs in a saw-pit, but eventually (for there is evidence that Morland, at least, had a great respect for his own skin) were content with setting up separate camps. Morland went first to Great Portland Street, then to Camden Town—for country air—where his wife brought him a still-born child and came near to losing her own life. Shortly after this the painter grew very sanguine as to his prospects, and took what his friends thought too handsome a house in this same neighbourhood — in Warren Place. Here for a time he lived in some luxury, spent large sums upon his own and his wife's dress, and upon good wine. His friend, William Collins, tells us that for a time he went almost mad upon dress, buying coats, hats, and boots, of various shapes and colours, and in such quantities that it was impossible for him to wear a half of them.*

From this time forward Morland never seems to have been free from pressing difficulties. He continually changed his home, going from Camden Town (where he ended by painting in his own hay-loft) to Lambeth, from Lambeth to East Sheen, from East Sheen to Queen Anne Street, thence to the Minories, and from the Minories to the house of a canting cobbler at Kennington. From the last asylum he

* W. Collins, 'Memoirs of a Picture,' Vol. I.

again crossed London, and set up his easel at Hackney, in a house which had its back to the fields which then divided Hackney from Hoxton. Here a strange adventure befell him. The neighbours could make nothing of a recluse who spent his days within doors and sallied out only after dark, mostly in company with queer-looking people carrying suspicious bundles. So they made up their minds he was either a coiner or a forger of bank-notes, and reported his proceedings to the 'Old Lady in Threadneedle Street.' In due course some burly men in mufflers and top-boots appeared, and summoned the garrison, which consisted of poor Nancy, Morland himself, and his factotum, Gibbs. Taking them for sheriffs' officers, the painter made off across the fields at the back. When the men from Bow Street found the house contained hardly anything but a number of beautiful, half-finished pictures, they disappeared, with apologies; and soon afterwards two notes for twenty pounds each arrived from the Bank Directors as a solatium for the painter's wounded pride!

TRAVELLERS. BY G. MORLAND.

All through his life Morland had a dislike for any society in which he could think himself contemned, and sometimes, if we may believe the stories handed down to us by those of his friends, or at least acquaintances, who told tales of him after his death, it was often by no means easy for any one with the appearance of a gentleman to get into his presence at all. He was surrounded while he worked by companions as fond of gin as he was himself, and they acted as a kind of body-guard to keep him from contact with all who might ruffle, or rouse, his self-esteem. This body-guard was sometimes relieved by a still more venal guard of dealers, of men who bought his time at from four to ten guineas a-day, and who got out of him as much as they could before the inebriety of the afternoon put an end to their term. For until quite his last years he always painted with a glass of gin, constantly replenished, at his elbow. He lived in many other places besides those I have named; and at one time several of his friends started a scheme to raise two thousand pounds by subscription to pay his debts, undertaking, moreover, to provide him with a house in Charlotte Square and various other facilities for taking a proper place in the world. 'I had rather go to Newgate, by ——!' was the painter's answer; and go to Newgate he did, at once, and painted there for some months before he earned his release. He painted, too, in the King's Bench, in the Fleet, and in their rules, and at one time in the rules of the Board of Green Cloth.

It is said that one of his best pictures was produced in the rules of the King's Bench. It seems that one of the conditions upon which prisoners were allowed the comparative liberty of the 'rules' was that they should not enter a public-house. Such a regulation it would have been absurd to expect Morland to keep; and sure enough, the marshal, looking in one day at the window of a tap-room near the prison, saw him in full swing among a number of others like himself. The marshal threatened, and the painter replied by producing in a few hours a picture of the room, with himself and his companions tippling round the table, and the officer's wrathful face peering in at the window. Of this work, however, I can find no trace. While he was in prison he generally received four guineas a-day and his drink from the dealers who followed him there, they taking their chance as to how much they could coax from him before the gin had done its work. Others besides the regular dealers learnt how to profit by his extraordinary productiveness. One of the many sponging-houses visited by him in this time was kept by a man called Donatty, who sagaciously fitted up a large attic for him as a studio, to which Morland often retired to work, even when he had no immediate reason to avoid the streets. At one time Donatty's collection of his pictures was reputed the best in London. One biographer* professes to give an account of Morland's daily diet while in this

* William Blagdon.

sponging-house. It consisted chiefly of gin, broken by a beef-steak and a pint of beer at noon.

But it is evident that a man of whom only stories like these could be told could never have produced the vast quantity of solid work turned out by George Morland in his short life. It is more than likely that the biographers of Morland followed the example set them by those of such men as Brauwer and Jan Steen; that they exaggerated the painter's excesses, or, at least, dwelt inordinately on the more disreputable years of his life, under the idea that tales of mad dissipation make better reading than the humdrum chronicles of hard work, while they heighten the strange contrast between a life passed in taverns and debtors' prisons and an *œuvre* distinguished for refinement both of hand and eye. Steen, Brauwer, and Morland, all died young, and not the most inveterate whitewasher of reputations can believe that either of the three was a stranger to debauchery. But two, at least, Steen and Morland, left a vast quantity of work behind them, and considering that Brauwer died in his thirty-fifth year, even his rare pictures make a not discreditable show, looking solely at their quantity. We are tempted to believe that neither the Dutchman, nor the Fleming, nor even the Englishman, was as bad as he has been painted. Great doubt has been thrown upon many of the tales told of Steen by the result of recent inquiries, and perhaps if the stories of Morland's biographers could be sifted in the same way, we should find good cause to reject not a few, or at least to intersperse them with periods of calm to which Messrs. Collins, Hassell, Blagdon, and the rest thought it tame to refer. These gentlemen tell us that most of his fine things were painted about the year 1790; and judging both from his pictures themselves and from a careful reading between the lines of the notices published after his death, it seems likely that he did not fall into his worst excesses until after that date. Before then he appears to have been a spendthrift rather than a drunkard; a weak, sanguine, shy, and vain man rather than a hopelessly vicious one. In his last years, however, he seems to have become thoroughly alcoholised, and to have required the spur of gin before his weakened mind and body could do any serious work. Shortly before his death he made an effort at comparative temperance, but it was too late; disease had fastened upon him; he became partly paralysed, could only work slowly and painfully, and in that state was arrested at the suit of a publican, and taken to a sponging-house, kept by a man named Atwell, in Eyre Street, Clerkenwell. There he died on October 29th, 1804, in his forty-second year. In spite of many separations, some for short, some for longer periods, his love for his wife and hers for him only ceased with their lives; she died within twenty-four hours of hearing that her gifted prodigal had come to his end. They were laid in one grave in the burial-ground of St. James's, in the Hampstead Road.

It is not altogether easy to account for the popularity Morland enjoyed during his own life. The demand for his work must have been almost inexhaustible, for if we may believe the stories told by his intimate friends, he was able not only to get whatever he wanted for his pictures, and that at a moment's notice, but also to abuse the patience of his clients in the most incredible fashion without driving them away. More than one dealer found it profitable to keep a staff of copyists at work — some accounts say six — multiplying the subjects Morland would dash off in a morning, and, of course, completing their daubs with the magic initials, 'G. M.' Morland's best work now stands very high in the world's esteem, because the closer and more intelligent study of art which has distinguished the last twenty years has led people to see how great were his purely artistic gifts. Men have lived and are now living by whom horses, donkeys, and even pigs, have been painted far better than Morland ever painted them. His landscape backgrounds are full of freedom and dash, but they are excelled in their own way by those of less famous contemporaries. On the other hand, no Englishman and few foreigners have equalled Morland in that natural gift which made it impossible for him to produce a positively inartistic thing. His most careless sketches might be expanded into pictures. A well-known French writer on art says that nature had lavished the faculties of observation and facility on '*cet ivrogne*' Morland with both hands; that he was a genial humorist, often trivial, but always trivial with real gusto and enjoyment of what he was about; that the most unselected truth put on a piquant and captivating air under his '*brosse insouciante*.'*

And this is true, but it is by no means the whole truth. In Morland's early maturity, between the years 1786 and 1794, he painted many pictures which had nothing to do with those animals on which so much of his fame is supposed to rest; and they show that our gin-drinking, prison-haunting artist had an exquisite sense of female beauty joined to an unerring instinct for such subtle, aesthetic qualities as the fine flow of a line, the fine fall of a mass of drapery, and the fine management of those countless things upon which the loveliness of civilised woman depends. The facility of hand and fancy to which M. Chesneau alludes he shared with the two Netherlanders of similar temperament whose names I have quoted; but just as both Steen and Brauwer excelled him in one at

* Ernest Chesneau, 'La Peinture Anglaise,' p. 129.

least of those qualities, so did he leave them far behind in this redeeming sympathy with the beauty of the loveliest thing in nature. The works in which this crowning virtue of Morland as an artist is to be seen most clearly are not very numerous. In the last ten years of his life he seems to have entirely deserted such subjects for those animal pictures which were more facile both of sale and execution. But many readers of the PORTFOLIO had an opportunity four years ago of seeing, perhaps, the finest series of pictures dealing with domestic life that Morland ever painted. This is the set of six pictures known as *Letitia*, which was exhibited at the 'Old Masters' in 1881. The subject is identical with Hogarth's terrible *Harlot's Progress*, but how different the treatment, and how much less stern the end! For it would be too much to ask Morland to preach a hard morality, and we must be content to admire his work for a delicacy of handling and an unerring perception of all that constitutes grace, that the downright historian of Kate Hackabout could not, perhaps would not care to, boast. Look at the third picture of the series, where the poor girl offers her father some of her ill-earned money; can anything more exquisite in its way than the painting of her head and its adornments —the powdered wig or hair, the large feathered hat, the plaited *fichu* about her shoulders—be pointed to in the work of no matter who? No less fine in the same way, and far finer in its suggestion of pathos, is the whole figure of Letitia in the fifth scene, the *Tavern Door*.

INDUSTRY. BY G. MORLAND.

Another opportunity of becoming acquainted with Morland's work is now afforded in the collection of eighteen oil paintings and two hundred and twenty-seven engravings which Messrs. J. and W. Vokins are now exhibiting. The beauties to which I refer may be traced almost as surely in the prints as in the works themselves We give a sketch from the fine mezzotint scraped by William Ward after the *Visit to the Child at Nurse*, a picture in which Morland touched, I think, the highest point he ever reached in this matter of grace. And his grace was by no means 'the grace of Parmegiano;' it was a natural beauty caught by minute, intense, and sympathetic observation of graceful people. Look at the fall of the young mother's dress, at the sweep of her hat, at the pose of her head, and the nervous reach of her hands. Look, too, at the simpler fall of the nurse's gown, at the sweet, suggestive disarray of her cap and neckerchief, at the half-trustful, half-anxious, upward turn of her head. Finally, mark how the accessories — including the dispossessed child and the older girl who has come with the lady—help the main group, and throw the whole composition, without a hint of effort, into that pyramidal form which is so pleasant to the eye. Technically, the finest points in a picture like this are the delicate firmness of the handling and the perfection of the careless draperies, a perfection which has only been equalled by Chardin and one or two more, and by them with a sense of struggle of which Morland shows no sign. The same beauties are to be traced, though not, perhaps, to the same extent, in the other things here reproduced. The second is interesting because it contains a portrait of Morland himself in the buxom farmer who has come to visit his town relations. Our third illustration, from

a picture called *Travellers*, shows the painter's facility in grouping many figures without losing the look of accident such a scene requires. The fourth is from one of those single-figure subjects in which he showed a genius not unlike that of Romney at his best. Of such pictures as these our national collections are, unhappily, almost destitute. In the Jones Gallery at South Kensington there is a small panel, the subject of which is fairly well known through Dean's engraving. It has been called *Fair Day*, *The Birthday*, and *Valentine's Day*. A girl sits before a cottage, and holds up a bunch of ribbons to her mother, who leans over the half-door; a man walks away on the right. The story is not well told, and we are left in some perplexity as to its meaning. But there is no doubt as to the workmanship. The picture must have been painted about 1786, the year in which *Letitia* was produced, for the affinities are strong. But the *Fair Day*, good as it is, is below the worst of that series in merit. It is greatly to be wished that this gap in our collections could be filled up. It is not so very long since the National Gallery had no Morland at all, but that reproach was removed from it in 1877 by Mr. Thomas Birch Wolfe, who gave to the nation the fine picture which has been etched by Mr. C. O. Murray. This *Interior of a Stable* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1791, most likely by its owner, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, whose portrait by Gainsborough hangs in the same gallery, for it is said that Morland himself never sent any of his works to that body. This picture has often been mentioned as its author's masterpiece, and in its own *genre* it probably has at least as good a right as anything else to be so considered; but Morland's best and safest title to immortality is that fineness of organization which not even twenty years of drink could destroy, that sense of beauty, of exquisiteness both of body and mind, which breathes from his pictures of English domestic life.

SELLING FISH. BY G. MORLAND.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

WINDSOR.

I.—*General View.*

Windsor Castle and the Tower of London compared—The Geographical Situation of Windsor—Origin of the Name—The Mound—The Manor of Clewer—Windsor Castle a Half Hide in Clewer—The Descendants of the Conqueror at Windsor—New Windsor—The Honour of Windsor—The Constable—The Environs—The Scenery of the Park—The Picturesque Aspect of the Castle—Wyattville.

IT would be very easy to institute a comparison between Windsor Castle and the Tower of London. Both owe their origin to William the Conqueror; both figure in history as alternately places of imprisonment, fortresses, palaces, and finally as the site of royal tombs. But while the associations which connect themselves in our minds with the Tower of London are mainly of a gloomy character, those which group themselves round Windsor Castle are cheerful. There are, it is true, dark scenes in its history; sorrow is more inseparable from human life than joy. Windsor held many captives in the early years of its existence: Robert Mowbray, some time Earl of Northumberland, was imprisoned here by William Rufus, and died a prisoner after thirty years of confinement; and he was the first of many. But this is only one aspect of the history of the Castle, and it is not the common one. When we visit the stateliest palace in Europe we are more apt to think of the chapters of the Garter, of the entertainment of foreign potentates, of the tournaments and processions, of the royal marriages

and royal christenings, than of prisoners, or deaths, or funerals. Windsor stands to English history in an ornamental light. The scenes enacted here have been scenes of high ceremonial, of splendour, of royal pomp and magnificence, which throw into the shade the more gloomy events. Nevertheless, they must not be ignored; and we must keep in mind that Windsor Castle was first a fortress and a palace afterwards, and also that among the stately ceremonials which have taken place in the Chapel of St. George have not unfrequently been royal funerals.

The situation of Windsor Castle is in itself most happy. After we pass the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, there is no elevation of equal height on the western road before we reach Windsor, at twenty-one miles distance. Unlike some of the hills in sight, such as Harrow or Hampstead, the eminence on which the Castle stands is formed of chalk, a fragment of the white range which seems to have strayed across the Thames into Berkshire, while south from it stretches the beautiful sandy district—covered in many places by ancient forest trees alternating with open, breezy heaths—which is known as Snow Hill and Cooper's Hill, Bagshot and Ascot. Over them all once extended the great Windsor Forest, 120 miles in circumference, through which Saxon and Norman kings hunted the deer, the wolf, and the wild boar. It is now almost all enclosed, but here and there a wild common or a hurst of old oaks remains to tell of its former state. As we pass northward through the Great Park, the hill rises steeply before us, and the Thames makes a great bend so as almost to surround it. This, according to most authorities, is the 'winding shore,' the 'Windesoveres' of Geoffrey Gaimar, the 'Winlesoren' of King Edward, the 'Windesores' of Domesday, the 'Windleshore' of Henry III. The derivation is more than doubtful. The name was applied originally to Old Windsor only, and has, most probably, some connexion with the not very distant Windlesham, which is pronounced 'Winsham.' In Anglo-Saxon, 'windle' is a willow, and 'ofer' is a shore; but 'windle' may refer to the winding course of the Thames, and 'ofer' may have been softened into 'oure' and eventually 'or.' There is a river or brook called the Windles, which runs into the Thames at Chertsey; but Chertsey is too far from Windsor to allow of the connexion which Harrison, in the 'Description of Britain' prefixed to his edition of Hollinshead, would appear to attempt. As we shall see a little farther on, no physical feature of the modern Windsor can be taken into account in stating these questions, because, though the name is borrowed from the neighbouring parish, the town and the castle really stand in Clewer.

WINDSOR CASTLE FROM ROMNEY LOCK.

Although, then, before the Norman conquest the great chalk bluff in Clewer, which stood between the vast Berkshire forest and the Thames, had on it no royal palace and was flanked by no town, there is reason to believe that it was crowned by

an earthwork of considerable importance. A similar but smaller mound is close by across the river, and is known as Salt Hill, and a third is, or was not very long ago, a little farther east at Langley. In the early days of the Saxon occupation of England, each family was isolated. A general government grew up by degrees; but the first settlers' first business was to provide for their own safety, and the safety of their slaves and their cattle. For this purpose in some places they made moats, in some mounds, in some both moats and mounds. All alike were called 'buries.' The mound, says Mr. George Clark, in his exhaustive work on 'Mediaeval Military Architecture,' was not intended for the defence of a tribe or territory, nor for the accommodation of fighting men; it was the centre and defence of a private estate, for the residence of the lord and his household, and for the protection of his tenants. Such mounds are almost innumerable in England, and a large number of them were used by the Conqueror and his successors as sites for the keeps of their castles. The Saxon buildings were of wood, and have everywhere perished, though the earthworks which supported the palisades remain; and at Windsor, as at Arundel, the mound with its ditch appears to be the central feature of a plan consisting of two base courts, connected by the mound in the centre.

Of the early history of the holding or manor we know very little. It was among the possessions of the ill-fated Harold, and we may, perhaps, reckon him as its first royal resident; but at the time of the Domesday Survey, Clewer was the land of Radulphus, the son of Seifride, and its intermediate history, so far as documentary evidence is concerned, is a blank. We may, however, judging from the history of other places, make up a kind of working theory to fit it. The manor consisted, according to the Survey, of five hides. With Harold's other estates it became the property of the Conqueror, by whom it was granted, with a certain reservation, to Radulphus, who was probably a Norman, though the name of Ralph, as Professor Freeman has pointed out, was not unknown among the English. Seifride's name has a very English look, answering as it does to the modern German Sigfried; still it is safer, as we know so little, to assume that Ralph, the grantee of Clewer, 'came over with the Conqueror.' In the same Domesday Survey are two other mentions of Windsor; one of them is in the account of Drayton, a manor in the adjoining county, Buckinghamshire. Drayton, we read, was held from Lewin of Neweham, by a certain Radulphus, whose surname is given as 'Passaquam.' He was bound to provide two armed men for the guard at Windsor. It would be going too far to identify Ralph Passaquam with Ralph, the son of Seifride, still, the connexion of the name with Windsor is, to say the least, curious. The other mention of Windsor relates to the history of a certain Azor, who had been a steward in the reign of Edward the Confessor. We may put it aside for the present, and continue our notes on Clewer.

When William granted the manor to Ralph, he made, as I have said, a reservation. Harold had owned five hides, Ralph only held four and a half. King William kept the chalk hill, with its ancient earthworks, in his own hands. How much a hide was in Berkshire at that time I cannot tell; as a rule, however, we may reckon it at something under sixty acres, including the uncultivated land. If the earthwork covered about thirteen acres, it will be seen that there was very little land adjoining in the King's possession; but this did not matter, because he already owned the manor of Old Windsor, and by taking the 'bury' of the Clewer manor from it, and making himself a castle and residence close to Old Windsor, he naturally gave his castle the name, not of the parish or manor in which it was actually situated, but that of the original royal residence close by from which he removed the court. From the first the new castle was called after the old palace. It was never Clewer Castle, always Windsor Castle. As Domesday says, after mentioning that Harold had five hides and Ralf has four and a half, 'et castellum de Windesores est in dimidio hida.' The Castle of Windsor is on the remaining half hide.

The royal residence thus founded is the subject of these chapters. It was destined to be the scene of many great events in our history. William had other and greater castles, yet, with the single exception of the Tower of London, none is so intimately connected with the fate of his descendants. In the eight hundred years that have passed since he reserved the half-hide in Clewer, and removed Windsor thither, it has been alternately their palace, their prison, and their burial-place. Strange to say, we hear little of it at any time as a fortress. It was twice besieged and once surrendered under John, and Edward I. improved its defences. But it was always much more a palace than a castle, and it is by no means certain what kind of keep, if any, covered the central mound before the reign of Edward III. In the lapse of centuries Windsor grew greater almost year by year. The descendants of its founder appear in it as on a stage, sometimes in mighty state, sometimes in sorrow, sometimes in danger; and hither we shall see the bodies of many of them brought to a last resting-place. At Windsor Henry I. married his second wife, and Henry II. compared himself to an eagle pursued by his own offspring. Here John came when Magna Charta was signed; and here Edward III. was born. Here the first chapter of the oldest and noblest order of European knighthood was held.

E. Hull

Here the Black Prince married the Fair Maid of Kent, and Froissart saw the King mourning for Queen Philippa. David Bruce and James Stuart, kings of Scotland, were here imprisoned, and the young Earl of March, heir to the English crown. In spite of his father's gloomy foreboding, Henry VI. was born at Windsor, and passed every winter in the castle while he was a child. His 'holy shade' lingers rather at Eton beyond the river than in his birth-place. Edward IV. is more conspicuous at Windsor. He made the beautiful chapel, and lies buried in it himself, the first of a long line of kings; but Richard III. brought hither the body of Henry VI., and the rivals rest side by side. Henry VII. vaulted the chapel, and built the Tomb House for himself, and though he is buried at Westminster, Henry VIII., his son, lies under his father's chapel at Windsor 'by his true and loving wife Queen Jane.' Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were at Windsor on their last melancholy journey to their fiery martyrdom at Oxford. The great Elizabeth loved the place, and did not Shakespeare immortalise the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' at her Grace's express command? Her successor was often here, and made that strange character, Antonio de Dominis, Dean. One snowy afternoon in February, 1649, the 'White King's' headless body was laid without funeral rites in the grave of Henry VIII. Cromwell saved the castle, and Dean Wren saved the records of the Garter, and Wren's more famous son built what are still the State apartments for Charles II. William III. was at Windsor when the poor boy, his nephew, the hope of the nation, celebrated his last birthday, and almost on the morrow sickened and died. Queen Anne pursued the deer in the Park in a one-horse chaise; and Cumberland, under the first Georges, retired to his ranger's lodge to sulk. Windsor was in decay when George III. made it his chief residence, and everyone remembers Madame D'Arblay's account of the discomfort endured by the royal family and their courtiers. George IV. lived in a lodge in the Park while Wyattville made the old castle what it is now and gave it the outline so familiar to all Englishmen.

Besides the Castle itself, there is much in its immediate neighbourhood to engage the attention. It has long been the habit of topographical writers to mention the town of New Windsor with contempt. But, though not very beautiful, it is by no means to be despised. No town can be very ugly which has the Thames winding round it and the woods of the Great Park backing it up. There are, it is true, not many pretty buildings, but Wren designed the Town Hall, and it is an excellent specimen of his style. Some modern rows of villas are not very pleasing, but now that Windsor has become practically a suburb of London, we cannot wonder. It takes less time to reach Windsor by train than it took to reach Kensington by road a hundred years ago. The neighbourhood of the Great Park must always be a charm to attract sojourners; and little towns, which till lately were but hamlets and villages, are springing up all round it. It would not be easy at the present day to define the 'Honour of Windsor;' but a few centuries ago the words had a very distinct meaning, and all the country for many miles on both sides of the Thames was comprehended within its boundaries. The 'Castle Court' had jurisdiction from Maidenhead Bridge to Egham, taking in places as far north as Beaconsfield. On the south it extended to within two miles of Guildford, and comprised twenty-four parishes in Berkshire, seventeen in Buckinghamshire, and eighteen in Surrey; but the town of New Windsor was

THE ROUND TOWER, FROM THE GARDEN OF THE DEAN AND CANONS.

expressly excepted from it. The Constable of Windsor Castle had within the Honour a place 'of very great antiquity, honour, power, and pleasure, but of very little profit.' So wrote Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, in 1660, to Lord Mordaunt, whom Charles II. had appointed Constable. This great officer had jurisdiction as judge for trial of suits of any value arising within the Honour. He appointed a steward, or deputy, to hear and determine cases, and licensed attorneys to practise before him. Furthermore, he was Keeper of the Forest and had the care of vert and venison, and power to hunt as he thought fit, 'not prejudicing the King's pleasure.' There was a prison within the Castle called the 'Coalhouse,' to which he could commit offenders. He was allowed to use any lodgings or rooms in the Castle, 'whereof the King hath not present use.'

Such was the 'Honour of Windsor,' in the seventeenth century. A little earlier the Constable had even greater powers, and was the judge of felonies as well as offences against the game-laws. His court was held at the outer gate-house, and its records went back at least to the reign of Richard II.

It will be best in the following chapters not to stray so far afield as the utmost verge of the Honour, but to confine ourselves to the places which lie near at hand. It is easy, with Windsor as a centre, to make excursions to see some of the most pleasant landscapes in England. The view from Cooper's Hill is famous. It has the advantage of including the Castle, with a beautiful foreground of wood. Another well-known view is from the statue on Snow Hill, at the extremity of the Long Walk. The foreground here is formed of some noble beeches. Three miles farther south is Virginia Water, the largest artificial lake in England, surrounded by luxuriant foliage. At Old Windsor the windings of the river, with Ankerwyke in the foreground and Cooper's Hill behind, have long been favourite subjects with artists. Datchett on the opposite bank still retains some of the aspect of a country village. Langley Church is well worth a visit, if only to see the curious library attached to it. Upton Church, with its ivy-clad tower, contends with Stoke Pogis for the honour of having inspired Gray. Slough is not a very lovely town, but here Herschel set up his great telescope; and a very pretty walk across fields from it takes us to Gray's Stoke Pogis, and a longer walk to his Burnham Beeches. At Burnham itself is a village more primitive in appearance than any other I remember so near London. In the church are many monuments, among them one to a certain Wentworth who had to beg pardon of the House of Commons on his knees for proposing to inquire into Queen Elizabeth's civil list. A little farther south is Burnham Abbey, where he lived; and close to the Thames is Dorney, then, and still, the seat of the Palmers. On the right bank is St. Leonard's Hill, where more than one great statesman has resided, and whence one of the best views of the Castle may be obtained. A little farther off is Billingbear, once a seat of the Neviles; and beyond it again, Bray, whose Vicar has eclipsed the juster fame of the great architect who designed the roof of St. George's Chapel. Binfield is sacred to Alexander Pope, for there he wrote his early poem on Windsor Forest.

With such surroundings Windsor is the happiest hunting-ground of the English artist. Some there are who prefer grand scenery abroad to the lawns, and woods, and spires of our native land; but in all the world there is nothing so pleasing as 'English park-landscape,' as the Americans call it; and nowhere can it be studied to such advantage as here. It is not till we have travelled that we can fully appreciate its loveliness. The brown hills of Spain, even though the Sierra Nevada is behind them; the full, strong colours of the Mediterranean coast; the glassy coldness of the Alps; the warm pink and yellow of Egypt, to go no farther, do not give the same thrill of artistic delight. One tires of all other scenery, but not of this.

The Castle itself, artistically considered, is a little disappointing. Some of the old views by Sandby and by Hakewill, and others who drew at the beginning of the present century, show elements of picturesqueness which now only linger about the courts behind the chapel. In the Upper Ward everything is spick and span; even the oldest buildings are refaced. The Round Tower, which we would associate with Edward III. and the fair Lady Salisbury and the Order of the Garter, only dates, as we see it, from the time of George IV. Still, we must not be too exacting in this respect. The grand outline, as seen from a distance, is due to Wyattville; whatever there is of dignity in the composition is his work. The front towards the Long Walk has been criticised for its balance and symmetry; but it had always some such appearance, as we gather from the most ancient views. The great central feature, the Round Tower, was invisible from this side till Wyattville gave it its present proportions. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that the alterations he carried out went far to justify the epigram quoted by Mr. Thorne:—

> 'Let George, whose restlessness leaves nothing quiet,
> Change if he will the good old name of Wyatt:
> But let us hope that their united skill
> May not make Windsor Castle Wyattville.'

W. J. Loftie.

OLD HOSPITALS AND RELIGIOUS HOUSES OF CANTERBURY.

The fame of Canterbury Cathedral, the deep interest which belongs of right to the remains of St. Augustine's Abbey, and the still more venerable walls of the Roman Burgh, naturally attract strangers from all parts of the world. But besides these renowned sanctuaries, the city itself contains many other antiquities, which, although less frequently visited, are well worthy of notice and fully repay the student's attention.

True it is Canterbury no longer presents the imposing appearance it wore of old, when Camden and Leland wrote of its glories, and pronounced its private buildings to be equal to those of any city in England, while the number and magnificence of its churches and religious foundations, To-day Ethelbert's Tower no longer rivals the grace and majesty of the Angel Steeple: the lofty walls, with their twenty-one watch-towers, during ages the boast of Canterbury, no more enclose the city in their complete circle as in the days when Chaucer's Knight, after paying his devotions at the Martyr's shrine, went out to see their strength, and pointed it out on both the land and the river. The once mighty Castle of the Conqueror is turned into a workhouse, and of all the seven gateways, fortified with massive round towers, with drawbridge and portcullis (see how Stowe's pathos touches Worgan), remains to tell the story of their past splendour but the Christchurch Gate and the Westgate, and attractive both to the antiquary and artist. Her old streets are full of quaint corners and picturesque objects—timber-framed houses, still retaining their overhanging eaves, their carved door-posts and arches, their oriel windows and square latticed, gables with ornamental ironwork wrought in fantastic shapes about their painted sign-boards, ancient hospitals, founded in Norman times, and possessing charters and records which afford many a curious glimpse into the byways of mediæval life.

Above all, the old quarters of the city are rich in historical associations of the most varied kind. Scarcely a street but has its tradition, scarcely a lane but recalls some great name or memorable event. At every turn there is something to make us stay and ponder. Now we walk under a Roman wall, its old ties gay with a splendid growth of crimson valerian; now past the ruins of a priory or nunnery founded by Eastern or Saxon, then again by some house or church mentioned in a twelfth-century charter, some plot of ground over which the monks of Christ Church and their rivals of St. Augustine's struggled even so many centuries ago. Or else our attention is arrested by a fine old portal at the entrance of a brewery, and we find that here in Tudor times was the mansion of the Roper, and that here we do all St. Dunstan's Church, into the body of St. Thomas Becket, buried at the gate of his father's house, as the grave of the Virgin Mary.—

> "Her who slept in her ass manger
> Her manger a father's hand."

Where nothing else is left, the old names linger still to keep alive the remembrance of the past. The little borough of Stanegate at the end of Palace Street reminds us how Augustine and his followers found here the refuge-house of English saints; in the words of Thorn, the monk-chronicler of after days, "Servi Dei, which had been wearied with carrying their burdens in the way were unladen and stabled." The Lepers' Hospital of St. Laurence at the Old Dover Road, gives its name to the Lathe-ground. The church of St. Mary Breadman is so called from a bread and fish market that took place under its walls. A red pump on a house in Palace Street records the sign of the Bull Inn, where the Irish Market was held. The spot now called the Buns Market, just outside the great gate of Christ Church, was known during ages as the Bull's Stake, from an old custom mentioned by Stanes of "tying one bullock to the stake in the city butchers before their killing." A market for the sale of all manner of provisions was held here once a-week from Plantagenet times, and the street between this place and Angel Lane was termed La Poterie, from the quantities of poultry sold there. At the Bull's Stake stood in those days a tall market cross, gilt and painted, from which all royal decrees were proclaimed; and it was at this cross, exactly opposite the gate of Christ Church, that the writ summoning Archbishop Stratford to answer [illegible] was affixed by order of Edward III. The name of Mercery Lane—the Mercery—still marks the covered roadway and rows of booths and stalls where, in pilgrimage days, a brisk sale of amulets, brooches, and other Canterbury trifles, was carried on. Even royal personages came here to buy mementoes of their visit to the shrine of

St. Thomas; and the Black Prince's captive, King John, on his release from captivity, purchased a knife for the Count of Auxerre in the Mercery.

At the corner of Mercery Lane and High Street is the old house which tradition points out as the hostelry where Chaucer's immortal company were entertained,—

'At Chekers of the Hope, that every man doth know,'

'the faire inn,' restored by Thomas Chillenden, the great building Prior of Christ Church. But within the last few years the spacious dormitory known as the 'Hall of the Hundred Beds' has been destroyed by fire, and the stone arches of the ground-floor are all that remain of the original building.

One feature of Canterbury on which all old writers love to expatiate is the beauty and convenience of its river, the Stour, the 'swift stream,' which gave the city its British name, Durwhern. 'One commendation that our city hath—and worthily,' writes Somner, 'from Malmesbury, is the river's watering of it.' While one branch of the Stour flowed outside the walls by the West Gate, the other and principal stream ran through the midst of the city, crossing the High Street at the King's Bridge, and branching off into several smaller currents. The course of these smaller streams has been considerably altered, but the river still flows through the heart of Canterbury, and lends this quarter of the town a romantic element which adds greatly to its interest. These massive walls, resting on arches built in the bed of the stream; these piles of houses and broken, irregular line of roofs; these tall chimney-stacks, projecting gables, and low dormer windows; these slender wooden balconies and palisades; these lichen-grown walls and buttresses of stone, rising from the water's edge, are as fair in their way as the back canals of Venice itself. Here and there grassy banks and pleasant gardens mingle with the houses along the waterside, and a young oak or ash starting up among the tumbled roofs and blackened walls hangs its leaves of sunny green over the stream. Sometimes even, when we pause before a ruined gateway or convent window, where hawthorn and ivy grow tangled together in thick clusters, and watch the changing colours reflected in the bright ripples at our feet, we forget for the moment that we are in England, and find ourselves dreaming of that far-away City in the Sea.

In old times the mills along the banks of the Stour were important sources of revenues to the different religious houses, to whom they belonged, and proved a fertile source of contention between the monks and the citizens, who complained that the former cut off their supplies of water by raising of the locks or making fresh channels for their own benefit. Abbot's Mill in the meadows belonged to the Abbot and monks of St. Augustine from time immemorial. Westgate Mill is described in Domesday Book as the property of the Archbishops, one of whom, Archbishop Peckham, was accused of improving his own mill at the expense of his neighbours by diverting water from the bed of the stream; while in Stephen's reign no less than seven mills in or near the city belonged to the monks of Christ Church.

But the most important was the King's Mill, which, originally Crown property, was given by Stephen to Hugh, Abbot of St. Augustine, in return for the sum of 100 marks, which he advanced as ransom when the king was taken prisoner by Robert, Earl of Gloucester. In the following reign it was again yielded to the Crown by Abbot Clarembald, and, tradition says, granted by Henry II. to Becket's sister for her lifetime after the Archbishop's murder. Finally Henry III. gave the mill to the city, whose property it remained from that time. The King's Mill stood close to the old bridge, sometimes called King's Bridge, but more commonly East Bridge, in High Street, the great central thoroughfare leading from the West Gate to St. George's Gate on the east side of the city. Over this bridge came all the countless processions that entered by the West Gate—kings and queens, royal and imperial pilgrims, newly-created archbishops on their way to the Cathedral and to Becket's shrine. Henry II., on his memorable pilgrimage to do penance at his victim's tomb; the French King John, on his return homewards; Erasmus and Colet, descending from Harbledown, with the vision of the Cathedral in their eyes and the sound of its bells ringing in their ears—all passed over this bridge. This way that joyous procession of monks and citizens, crowned with garlands and making merry music, went out to welcome the Archbishop who had once been a poor student in the Grammar School; this way came the sable-plumed hearse and long train of mourners who bore the Black Prince to his grave. Older than the hero of Crecy's days, older than those of Archbishop Winchelsea, is the foundation on East Bridge, which still survives to-day, the Hospital of St. Thomas the Martyr.

Some doubts have been expressed whether this 'ancient Spittle of East Bridge' was really founded by Thomas-à-Becket, but it was certainly in existence a few years after his death; and its oldest charter, drawn up by Archbishop Stratford in the fourteenth century, expressly says that this hospital was founded by the glorious St. Thomas the Martyr to receive poor wayfarers. About the year 1200 it was endowed by Archbishop Hubert with the tithes of Westgate Mill and other mills belonging to Christ Church, and at the same time a neighbouring hospital

founded by a citizen named Cokyn was annexed to it. Archbishop John of Stratford, who in later acts is often called the founder, and who first drew up statutes for its government, finding the hospital meanly endowed and in a ruinous state, repaired the walls, increased its endowment, and, in order to ensure its proper administration, required the Master to render a full and particular account of the expenses to the Archbishop between Michaelmas and All Saints.

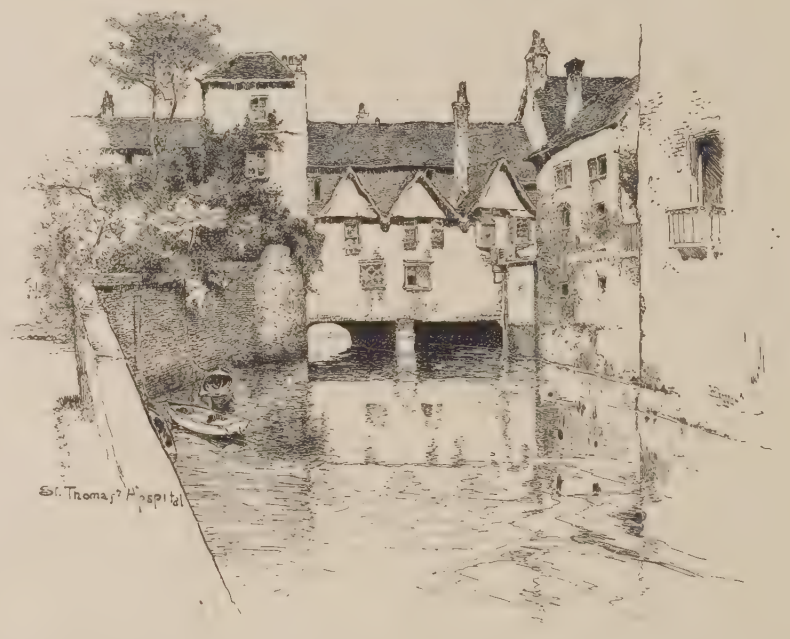
In those days, when thousands of all rank and station flocked 'from every shire-end of England' to visit the shrine of St. Thomas, the hospital which bore his name was thronged with poor pilgrims who were not august enough to be entertained at the convents, and could not afford to take up their quarters at the Chekers Inn. Here they were offered a night's lodging; twelve beds were provided, eight for men and four for women, and if hurt or sick, and unable to depart, might remain longer. A woman of honest life and over forty years of age was appointed to attend upon the pilgrims, and to supply their wants at the rate of fourpence a-day. Those who died within the hospital enjoyed the privilege of being buried within the precincts of Christ Church, and the garden of the pilgrims was freed from the payment of tithes by a papal bull.

While the enthusiastic devotion for St. Thomas lasted many were the bequests and alms which East Bridge Hospital received from wealthy pilgrims to his shrine. Most of its revenues were drawn from vast estates in the Forest of Blean. In the fourteenth century a certain Sir John Lee left 180 acres in the village of Blean, besides a yearly payment of nine cocks and twenty-one hens 'for the increase of works of piety in the said hospital.' In 1362 Archbishop Simon of Islip transferred a chantry founded by the Bourne family to East Bridge Hospital, and appointed a chaplain to assist the Master in saying daily masses and prayers for the founders and benefactors. But even in those days it was almost impossible to find an 'honest man' who would submit to the perpetual residence required of him for the small sum of ten marks a-year; and thirteen years later another archbishop—Simon of Sudbury—added five and a half marks to the poor chaplain's scanty salary. The money was supplied by the yearly rent of a house known as *La Chaunge* in the High Street, formerly a Royal Exchange, which Edward III. bequeathed to this hospital in order to help in the maintenance of a chantry-priest, who was especially enjoined to pray for the soul of Isabella, the King's *most dear* mother! This priest resided in a house between the infirmary and great gate of the hospital; and when the chantry was abolished in the second year of Edward VI., Nicholas Clerke, the chantrie priest there, is described as a man of the 'age of XL. yeares,' of honest bearing, qualities, and conversation, and depending for his subsistence entirely upon his yearly stipend of *9l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Hospital itself, however, escaped the general fate of these foundations at the Dissolution, and was still open to poor and hurt wayfarers at the time of Cardinal Pole's Visitation in 1577, until in Elizabeth's reign the house and lands were seized by private persons for their own use. These intruders were expelled by Archbishop Parker, who turned the Hospital into a refuge for the poor and maimed soldiers who should pace backwards and forwards through Canterbury. After this it passed into the hands of one of the Queen's gentlemen, until, in 1584, Archbishop Whitgift instituted a lawsuit, by which he regained the property of the hospital, and drew up statutes, regulated by Act of Parliament, for its management.

At the present time five brothers and sisters inhabit the old house, built on strong foundations in the bed of the river, and often flooded by the stream

in former days, as the low level of the floor, which is much below that of the street outside, would lead us to expect. The vaulted roof and bent pillars of the interior bear witness to its great age; and while the Early English arches which support the refectory and the pointed windows of the chapel belong to the period of Archbishop Stratford's restoration, the low, round arches of the crypt carry us back to Norman times, and probably formed part of Becket's original foundation. On the walls of the refectory, only lately recovered from the layers of whitewash under which they were concealed during more than two centuries, are remnants of frescoes, in which the martyrdom of Becket and the penance of Henry II. at his tomb, by the side of the Last Supper, and a central figure of the glorified Christ, were represented for the devout contemplation of the pilgrims who enjoyed the hospitality of St. Thomas.



Two or three hundred years ago this corner of High Street was far more picturesque, as we learn from old prints, which show us the King's Mill and gables of the hospital, on either side of the bridge, and old All Saints Church, with its tower projecting into the street, and a large square clock on a beam flung high across the road between the steeple and opposite houses. On the roof of this church, now unfortunately replaced by a modern structure, the city minstrels are recorded to have greeted the entry of James I. and his sister Elizabeth of Bohemia with 'playing of loud music,' as they passed up the High Street on their way to Christ Church. On the other side of East Bridge, close to the hospital, there stood until the last century two gateways, each leading to a ruined monastery. The archway on the same side of the street as the hospital led to the Franciscan convent; that opposite, near St. Peter's Church, was the entrance to the Dominican priory.

Towards the close of Stephen Langton's life, in the autumn of 1224, nine brothers of the new Minorite Order landed at Dover. Fired with the apostolic zeal and love of souls which animated their great founder, then still alive, they came to win back to Christ those who had strayed from His fold, to revive new ardour in the Church on these distant British shores. Like Francis, they were of the people, and for the most part ignorant and illiterate men. Their poverty was real, and they owed even the money for their passage to some charitable French monks of Fécamp. On their arrival at Canterbury they lodged in a small room lent them by the monks of Christ Church under the school-house; and in the evening, in company with some of the scholars who joined them, they kindled a fire, and, warming their beer, passed the cup merrily round, all drinking from one pot. In this way they obeyed the rule of Francis, who told them not to shut themselves up within convent walls, but to mingle freely with other men, and let their example and influence preach Christ to the world. While four members of the little band went on to London, the others remained at Canterbury, where they received a kindly welcome from the aged primate, who felt the importance of the new order as a help to the clergy in dealing with the dense population of large towns, and at once recognised how well adapted to the masses was their rude and vigorous style of preaching. Following their master's pattern literally, these first Franciscans lived among the people, in the darkest lanes and most crowded alleys of the city, tending the lepers, nursing the sick. Poorer than the poorest, without home or possessions, having forsaken all for Christ, they begged their way from door to door, sharing the coarse, scanty fare of the lowest of the people, helping them to bear their heavy burdens of daily toil and sorrow.

Unfortunately, the rapid rise of the Mendicants to riches and influence proved fatal to the spirit of St. Francis' rule. Forgetful of their founder's teaching, his followers began to acquire large estates and spacious houses; and as early as 1259 Matthew Paris wrote bitterly of their enormous wealth and of the unscrupulous means by which they sought to attain

power. As in London the Friars first lived in Stinking Lane and finally settled in splendid quarters on the banks of the Thames, so at Canterbury they moved from their first humble dwelling to a new home, Binnewith, an island formed by the different branches of the river in the parishes of All Saints and St. Peter, and given to them in 1273 by one of the city bailiffs, Alderman Diggs. Here their monastery arose, with its church and burial-ground, which became, after the fashion of the age, a favourite place of sepulture for wealthy benefactors of the Order, who hoped thus to make certain of their souls' future welfare. Their buildings covered a large extent of ground between Stour Street and St. Peter's Street, and their orchards and garden stretched all along the banks of the river. To this day the remains of walls and gateways mark the site, and among them is one beautiful fragment — a lonely house built on pointed arches over the river. With its high-pitched roof and gable, its surroundings of fresh green and blooming river-banks reflected in the shining waters below, and a low garden wall of red brickwork overgrown with creeping honeysuckle and roses in the foreground, this old house of the Grey Friars presents the most charming picture. The ancient pile gains a new interest in our eyes when we learn that it afterwards belonged to the family of Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet of Stuart times, famous alike for his beauty and misfortunes. In this very house both his grandfather and father resided, while the latter died here in 1629; and although Althea's poet was doomed to a wretched end in a London alley, his memory invests the old convent walls with a glamour of romance. If he did nothing else, his name deserves to live for the sake of those oft-quoted lines:—

'I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more.'

The Dominicans, or Black Friars, arrived in England a few years before the Franciscans, but did not settle at Canterbury until 1236, when their chief patron, Henry III., gave them a grant of land in the parish of St. Alphege, and further helped them with large gifts of money and timber. Thus, within half a century from their first landing at Dover, both the Mendicant Orders had a large settlement on the banks of the Stour; and it is not to be wondered that their wealth excited the jealous hatred of the most ancient Orders, especially of the monks of Christ Church, whose land the friars frequently appropriated unjustly, and generally managed to retain.

The Preaching Friars were, in a special manner, the champions of the popular cause against the monks of Christ Church, and lent the citizens their aid in many a quarrel with these powerful foes. On one occasion, when the monks refused to contribute towards levying a contingent of twelve horsemen which Edward I. required for his expedition against the Welsh prince, the citizens held a public meeting in the grounds of the Black Friars, and passed a number of resolutions practically sending the monks to Coventry. All rents due to Christ Church were declared to belong to the commons; no man was to have any dealings with them, to send or sell them any provisions. Their horses and their beasts were to be seized, and any monks who dared to issue from the gates were to be stripped of their clothes. Fortunately this warfare, which at one time threatened to assume serious proportions, was stopped by the prudence of the Archbishop, Robert Kilwardby, who, himself a Dominican friar and a man of courage and sense, acted as peacemaker between the monks and the angry citizens.

The Blackfriars Monastery was on a vast scale. The church and cloisters, refectory, dormitories, and offices, formed a large quadrangle in the parish of St. Alphege, and were connected with the gardens and orchards on the opposite banks of the river by a bridge of Gothic arches. From this point a road called the Friars' Way led to the entrance opposite Eastbridge Hospital, a fine arched gateway, faced with black flints and adorned with statues of saints erected in Edward the Third's reign, and only destroyed at the end of the last century. Of all these extensive buildings the monks' refectory alone remains

to-day. This is used at the present time as a Unitarian chapel, but the pointed arches and traceried windows, the time-worn gables and buttresses, rising so picturesquely from the water edge, remain to tell the tale of its origin.

Of the Augustine, or White Friars' house, which stood in the eastern part of the town, near St. George's Gate, not a trace is left. All three Orders were broken up at the Dissolution, and on the 24th of December, 1538, Ingworth, Bishop-Suffragan of Dover, who was appointed to execute the wholesale work of destruction, wrote to Cromwell, saying that he had that day made an end of the three friars' houses. Both the King and Cranmer bore a grudge against the Canterbury Mendicants. Three years before, the Dominican Prior had, in the face of the Archbishop, boldly declared the Pope's supremacy; and Hugh Rich, the Warden of the Grey Friars, had been put to death, in 1534, as guilty of conspiring with Elizabeth Barton, the poor Nun of St. Sepulchre's, who in her fall dragged so many nobler victims along with her. Another of her companions on the scaffold was Richard Dering, the cellarer of Christ Church, of whom Somner remarks unkindly that 'he conspired with the Holy Maid of Kent, and saluted Tyburn for his pains.'

Gate of St. John's Hospital

Most of the hospitals and other charitable foundations of Canterbury either shared the fate of the religious houses at the Dissolution, or were from that time allowed to fall into decay, and the only ancient hospital besides that of Eastbridge which has any remains of importance to show is that of St. John, in the busy and populous Northgate.

Of all the mediaeval hospitals of Canterbury this one is the oldest. It was founded in 1084, 'to receive the lame, the blind, and the sick,' by Lanfranc, who at the same time endowed the 'twin foundation' of St. Nicholas at Harbledown as an asylum for lepers. If we turn aside from Northgate Street and pass under the fine old gable-roofed, timbered archway which forms the entrance to the hospital, we find ourselves at once in the 'spacious court,' where Eadmer tells us the great Norman archbishop 'built a faire and large house of stone, adding to it several habitations, contrived in the best manner, for the benefit of those that dwell therein. This building he divided into two parts, and designed one part for Infirm Men, the other for Infirm Women. He provided them with food and raiment at his own charge, and appointed officers who should see that they wanted nothing.'

In his thoughtfulness for the poor of his Hospital Lanfranc also founded a priory of secular priests, who were to minister to the infirm people 'whatsoever was necessary for the good of their souls, and take care of their burial.' To this priory, which stood on the other side of Northgate Street, exactly opposite St. John's, Lanfranc gave the name of the great pope who had sent Augustine forth on his mission. The clerks of St. Gregory are mentioned in Domesday Book and many later records, and in a charter of 1227 there is a curious stipulation that they are to send a basket of the best fruit from their orchard at dinner-time, on or before the 15th day of September, to the refectory of Christ Church, in acknowledgment of the fact that a water-course belonging to the monks of Christ Church ran through their garden.

To return to St. John's Hospital, seventy years after its foundation Thomas-à-Becket's successor, the good and gentle Archbishop Richard, increased Lanfranc's original endowment to 80*l.* a-year, and in the fourteenth century the hospital contained as many as a hundred brothers and sisters.

In the reign of Edward III. a great part of the buildings were burnt down by a disastrous fire. On this occasion several of the brothers were sent round the country with a letter addressed to prelates in general, begging for alms to repair the damage, and, as 'the most persuasive Rhetoric of that age,' enumerating the indulgences granted to all benefactors of St. John's Hospital by former archbishops, and promising all charitable donors the benefit of the thirty thousand 'Paternosters' and 'Ave Marias' recited daily by its inmates. This appeal seems to have proved successful, since from that time the custom of

sending out brethren to beg for alms twice a-year was kept up long after the Reformation.

Fresh statutes for the government of the hospital were drawn up by Archbishop Parker, who enjoined all brothers and sisters to attend church twice a-day, and neither to sleep or jangle during prayers, under penalty of being placed in the stocks, while more serious offences were to be visited by expulsion from the house.

Lanfranc's pious foundation is still maintained in the present day, and the aged brothers and sisters of St. John's dwell side by side in this peaceful retreat, safely shut in by these grey walls from the noise and bustle of the street. They have their houses and their gardens, their daily services in the old chapel and their yearly feast on St. John's Day. Many of the old houses were pulled down in the last century, 'to be replaced,' says a contemporary, 'by smaller and less convenient ones.' What was worse, the steeple and north aisle of the church were ruthlessly destroyed. 'All this,' adds the same writer, 'was done by way of improvement;' and 'the very brave window' of the choir, representing the twelve apostles, mentioned by Somner, perished about the same time. A Norman doorway still remains on the west side of the church, and we see other traces of Lanfranc's buildings in the round arches and massive blocks of masonry near the chapel and churchyard. Both the dining-hall and the kitchen below, which still contain the original oak tables and benches with other curiosities, in the shape of huge turnspits, pewter flagons, and kitchen utensils of the period, belong to the sixteenth century. Like the more splendid foundation of St. Cross at Winchester, which St. John's, with its smooth-shaven grass-plot, its old grey houses, and aged brothers, vividly recalls, this still more ancient hospital is one of those pictures of mediaeval life which, although few and rare, still meet us in unexpected places, and which we value for their quaint and venerable charm, for the flavour of antiquity which these relics of bygone days impart to our more prosaic age.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

THE BLENHEIM PICTURES.

THE stream of pictures which flowed northwards and westwards into England for a hundred and fifty years and more, has, within the last decade, begun to ebb so rapidly that long before another century and a half is complete, the accumulations made in the days of the 'Grand Tour' are likely to be dispersed to the four winds of heaven. The great landowners, to whom most of our famous private galleries belong, are growing poorer every day; the laws of entail are becoming laxer; the general thought for the morrow is becoming less; the desire to live one's own life and to leave posterity to take care of itself is rapidly superseding the old ambition to found a family, or to die 'warm,' as the citizen puts it. Within the last three years four of the most famous of English collections have come into the market; and if we may believe the forecast of one who has exceptional means of knowing what picture owners have in their minds, every great private-gallery in England will be dispersed within the lives of men now living. However that may be, there can be no kind of doubt that extraordinary opportunities for increasing our public collections are about to occur. At present England is richer than any country in the world, except Italy, in Italian pictures; richer than any country in the world, except Spain, in Spanish pictures; and richer than all the rest of the world put together in Dutch and Flemish pictures; but the laws, and customs, and habits of thought, which enabled these great gatherings to be made are failing, while the appetite of foreign countries, and especially of America, for

works of art is showing signs of an awakened voracity against which nothing but our national purse can contend with any chance of success. Is it too much to hope that some great effort may be made, some great sacrifice even dared, to keep for the country the repute it now possesses of being the finest of all training-grounds for the lover and student of modern painting? I think if Englishmen would try to realise what the public galleries of Italy have been to Italy, what those of Dresden, Munich, Paris, Amsterdam, &c., have been to those cities; if they would picture to themselves how different the history of such countries as Roumania, Servia, or even of Denmark, might have been had their capitals enjoyed any possession appealing to sympathies so wide as those touched by a great gallery of pictures, they would understand of what importance it is that their own country should not miss the chances now becoming so frequent.

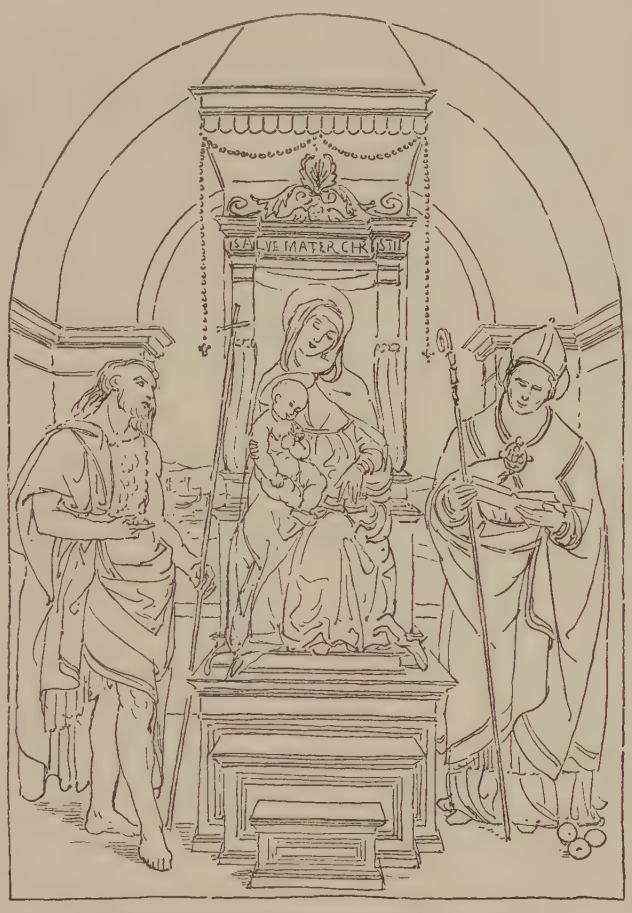
In the future, perhaps in the near future, Great Britain is likely to lose at least some of the preeminence in trade and abnormal political importance secured to her for so long by various accidents of history, situation, and race. But she is still rich enough to secure for herself a second great career, —a career as a nurse of art and letters, if those with whom her immediate future lies can only be roused to timely action. The fame of a statesman may wax or wane; few can foretell even the immediate result of any purely political measure; but, in the whole course of history, no king, no prince or pope, who has shown himself alive to the value of art, has failed of his reward, and to many, from Pericles to Leo X., much has been forgiven on that ground alone. May I, with all the humility proper to a critic, and especially to a critic of art, suggest to our actual rulers that the world is not unanimous as to the value of their political exploits, and that he would be a bold prophet who should venture to foretell their exact effect even within the next few years? In the patronage of art there is no such uncertainty; the statesman who should associate his name with a wide measure for securing to his country a place of vantage in the coming scramble for works of art, would go down to posterity with a claim upon its gratitude similar in kind, although greater in degree, to that which will always make the name of the Prince Consort a household word.

Perhaps some of our readers may think this pleading unnecessary, seeing how bravely the Treasury has come forward in the matter of the Duke of Marlborough's pictures. But to the purchase of the Raphael and Vandyck from Blenheim a condition is attached. The Government consents to advise the giving of 87,500*l.* for those two pictures, on the understanding that the National Gallery's annual purchasing grant of 10,000*l.* shall be in abeyance until the sum is made up; so that for the next nine years—years in which England promises to be a happy hunting-ground for every foreign millionaire, and the managers of every foreign gallery—the director of our national collection is to be put out of the running. From its foundation until now, a period of exactly sixty years, the National Gallery, as I have said elsewhere, has cost less than a single first-class ironclad. There are ships in our Navy which have cost the country more than twice as much as all the pictures in Trafalgar Square, together with every incidental expense connected with them, since Mr. Angerstein's collection was bought in 1824. It is hardly, I think, too much to say that the expenditure of two millions sterling spread over the next twenty years would at once raise the collection above any other, and provide galleries for six or eight of our principal towns to which art-students from the rest of the world would flock as long as the pictures held together. All this, however, is digression, for the main object of the present article is to give some account of the Blenheim pictures, both of those just bought and sold, and of others still in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough.

The gem of the Blenheim Gallery is, of course, the great Raphael. Of late years the claim of the Urbinate to the premiership he has so long held, if not in arts as a whole at least in painting, has been vehemently disputed, and nowhere have his rights been more strongly questioned than in France, where his supremacy was more firmly established, a few years ago, than in any other of the four countries which alone may be said to concern themselves with his art. In commenting upon the purchase of the Ansidei Madonna by the English Government, one well-known French art newspaper brought its remarks to a conclusion by asking, 'What, then, is a Rembrandt or a Leonardo to be valued at?' But whatever painters may think of their art, it can hardly be asserted that either the one or the other of these has yet gathered the prestige of Raphael; and it is this universal prestige, this power to compel the attention of learned and unlearned alike, that makes not only the money value of a picture, but in a great degree its educational value too. When a man is told that this is the famous 'Madonna,' he looks at it with a desire to see how its fame is justified, and, if he has the rudiments of an artist within him, they are then roused perhaps to their first activity.

The Ansidei Raphael bears the date M.D.VII. For many years this was read M.D.V., but on closer inspection the 'II.' was found beyond the 'V.' Had the picture been begun and finished in either of those two years it would have been an anomaly in Raphael's history, for its general conception is too completely Peruginesque for 1507, while its handling is too free and advanced for 1505. Vasari says it

was painted in 1505, the same year that Raphael executed his earliest fresco in Perugia. Most likely he undertook the work in that year and sketched out his conception, perhaps carrying it nearly to completion; but the brush work, no less than the date, makes it practically certain that the last touches were not placed upon it till he had been to Florence, and had been afforded an opportunity of seeing what such men as Masaccio, Da Vinci, and Michel Angelo—whose names Vasari quotes—had done. In the Ansidei Madonna we see a Peruginesque theme blooming, as it were, under the touch of a wider and freer art than that of the great Umbrian; in the Borghese *Entombment*, which must have been in process of creation at the same time, we find Raphael using the knowledge he had gathered in Vannucci's studio to realise the first of those more ambitious conceptions which were to end in the Stanze and the Cartoons.



SKETCH OF THE ANSIDEI MADONNA, BY RAPHAEL.

The Blenheim Madonna is painted on a very thick panel of white poplar, about nine feet and a half high by about five feet wide. The subject is a *Holy Conversation*, or Madonna and Child surrounded by saints. The only other picture composed in quite the same spirit in the whole *œuvre* of Raphael is the far inferior *Madonna del Baldacchino* of the Pitti Collection, in which, however, there are several more figures. In our panel—as I hope it may be called—the Virgin is enthroned in the centre with the Child on her right knee. Over her head rises a tall canopy with a coral garland hanging from it, and over that again a segmental arch with a panelled soffit. In front of the pedestal on which the throne stands there are two steps. The upper surface of these is yellow, a positive yellow, while the rest of the architectural details are grey. To the right of the Virgin stands St. John the Baptist, a man in the prime of life, wearing a hair shirt and a full crimson drapery; in his left hand he holds a long crystal staff with a cross on the top. On the Virgin's left stands St. Nicholas of Bari, an aged, clean-shaven priest, wearing a mitre and green cope, and grasping a pastoral staff. He also holds a book, in which his thoughts seem to be buried. Another book lies on the left knee of Mary, who keeps it open with a peculiar action of her left hand. On the frieze of the canopy over the Virgin's head the words 'SALVE. MATER. CHRISTI.' are inscribed. The figures are slightly smaller than life. The illustration we give will at least enable our readers to follow this description, and to recognise those points in which Raphael's connexion with Perugino is more clearly betrayed. Putting aside the general conception, these are, especially the attitudes of the heads, hands, and feet. As to the rank this Madonna should hold in the general mass of Raphael's work, it has never, I must confess, held as high a place in common estimation as many others, but that has been mainly from want of publicity. Blenheim Palace is not very accessible, and the place there occupied by the picture did not allow it to be favourably seen; it was high up, and over a fire-place. But some years ago I had the opportunity of raising myself to its level, and studying it for a morning, and I came to the conclusion that of all the greater Raphaels it was the finest in colour, the best in preservation, and the most directly sincere in conception. By this I mean that it has all the sincerity of his earlier work combined with a technical experience which allows that sincerity to have full play, and protects it from damage by tricks caught from a master.

In the Ansidei Madonna Raphael's colour is at its best. He was not a real colourist; it was apparently only under the impulsion of Perugino that he attempted to get what is called quality into his tints at all. At the time when he undertook this Madonna his master was engaged, in all probability, on the altar-piece in which his own fame as a colourist rests as securely as it does upon anything—

namely, the Certosa picture in the National Gallery; and when Raphael's Madonna comes to take its place in these rooms at least a reflection of the same glory will be found to shine from its surface. From this picture onwards Raphael's colour steadily declined until it ended in the coldness and harshness of the *Transfiguration*. To sum up, I think that it is not too much to say that the Ansidei Madonna will at least hold its own in technical matters with any of its author's creations, and that, putting aside the *Madonna di San Sisto*—perhaps the most inspired picture in the world—it is not excelled in conception by any work of the Italian Renaissance.* The Ansidei Madonna was excellently engraved by the late Lewis Gruner, of Dresden. (London: Colnaghi & Co.)

There is another picture at Blenheim ascribed to Raphael, a picture not greatly differing from the famous *Fornarina* of the Uffizi. Like the last-named picture, it has been assigned by those critics who have looked at it carefully within the last few years to Sebastiano del Piombo. Passavant gives the following description:—

'The head, which is in three-quarters view, is turned towards the spectator. her dark hair is surmounted by the narrow edge of a white handkerchief, and over her peach-coloured dress is thrown a red velvet mantel, with a border of light-coloured fur, which she is holding at the bosom with her left hand, a small basket of fruit is in her right. Through a window is seen a landscape of a dark brown hue, treated much in the Venetian manner. Generally speaking, it partakes much of the broad manner of this school, although the scientific drawing and beautiful transitions recall the inimitable manner of a Raphael. Certain it is, however, that this picture was never designed, much less painted, by him.'†

With the exception of the Raphael, the few Italian works of any moment in the collection are all Venetian. By the destruction of the so-called Titian Room in the fire of 1861 the world lost nothing of any great importance. It has now been ascertained that the nine pictures on leather, with which it was hung, were copied from engravings by Caraglio after designs by Pierino del Vaga. They represented the 'Loves of the Gods;' and those who are curious to see how the Roman artist treated his theme may refer to the fine series of mezzotints by John Smith, in which his work is reproduced. These hangings, for such they were rather than pictures in the ordinary sense, were presented to the first Duke of Marlborough by the first King of Sardinia, Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy. The late Bolognese and Roman schools, on the other hand, are lavishly represented, as they are in nearly all English private collections of mature age. On those, however, we need hardly dwell, and may go on to speak of that Flemish school in whose masterpieces this English country-house is, or at least was till the other day, richer than any gallery in Europe, public or private, with but two exceptions.

In Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné of the Work of Rubens,' at numbers respectively of 829, 831, and 838, the descriptions of three pictures will be found, followed by an estimate of their value at the time the catalogue was published, that is, in 1829. These values are respectively 1500, 3000, and 600 guineas, or 5100 guineas in all. Two of these three pictures have now been sold for 50,000*l.*, while it is rumoured that the third, the canvas valued by Smith at 600 guineas, has also found a new owner at the price of 25,000*l.* The three pictures are respectively *Rubens with his Wife and Child; Rubens' Wife, Helena Fourment, with her Page*, and a canvas called variously *The Three Graces, The Hesperides, The Three Wives of Rubens*, and other names besides. The two portrait-pieces are each about 6 feet by 7. They have been excellently engraved in mezzotint by Earlom and McArdell respectively. In workmanship they are among the broadest, freest, and also, it must be said, among the heaviest and least light-handed of the master's works. So far as technique is concerned, the third picture, *The Hesperides*, is a more covetable possession than either of the portraits. Three females, semi-nude, are in a garden gathering fruit; up in a tree a Cupid is perched, who hands down a branch of apricots to one of the nymphs. The canvas is 7½ feet square. This picture has only once been engraved, and then not well, by the French Michel. No. 164 of the catalogue of Rubens' effects, taken after death, is *Three Nymphs with a Cornucopia;* as the right hand figure embraces such an object this may possibly be the picture in question. Besides the three we have mentioned the collection can boast of twenty more works by the great Fleming; some of them, such as *The Rape of Proserpine, The Flight of Lot*, and a *Bacchanalian Procession*, are little inferior to those already sold.

By Vandyck there are eleven pictures, by far the most important being the full length of Charles I., which is about to take up its place in Trafalgar Square. The King is in complete armour, with the exception of his head, which is bare. He is mounted on a dun horse, beside which his equerry, Sir Thomas Morton, advances with the royal helmet in his hand. The landscape background is perhaps the finest Vandyck ever painted. A study for it is in the Print Room of the British Museum. Both Waagen and Smith speak of a skirmish in the distance, while Mr. Scharf flatly denies that there is

* For many interesting particulars as to the execution of this Madonna, and for a tracing of the very curious signature, see Mr. George Scharf's exhaustive 'Catalogue Raisonné of the Pictures in Blenheim Palace' (London, 1862).

† 'Tour of a German Artist in England,' Vol. II., p. 5.

anything of the kind to be seen. My recollection and my notes corroborate Mr. Scharf. It is curious that this picture has never been properly engraved; it has been twice etched by Briggs and by Sir James Stuart of Allanbank, but the numerous engravings of a similar composition have all been taken either from the picture at Windsor, or from the small study at Buckingham Palace, or from the large and very inferior canvas at Hampton Court. The minor men of the earlier Flemish school, of the time just before Rubens, are largely represented; but few of their pictures are of any great interest. In fact, no collection could be named, not even that of Hamilton Palace, in which there is a greater gulf between the best things and the 'residuum.' The only other examples of Continental schools to which we need here draw attention are the very interesting series of copies after great Italian and other masters made by Teniers for the Archduke Leopold William, son of Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany. This prince, when Governor of the Netherlands, appointed Teniers his principal painter, and made him overseer of his gallery, which included very many fine Italian and Flemish works, not a few of them having once hung at Whitehall. Some two hundred of these Teniers copied with so good an imitation of the original styles that he was nicknamed, we are told, the 'Proteus of Painting.' At the present moment some hundred and twenty of these copies are at Blenheim, in one of the rooms not usually shown to visitors.* Like the Raphael and the Rubenses and the Vandyck, they are for sale, and would be a most desirable acquisition for any collection, but more especially for some provincial gallery which could not hope to become rich either in Teniers when himself, or in the works of those whom he copied.

To conclude, the Duke of Marlborough possesses the most ambitious and the most successful of Sir Joshua Reynolds' family groups. This is the fine composition of eight life-size figures, two of the preliminary studies for which were exhibited last winter at the Grosvenor Gallery. Reynolds was seldom happy when he had to group more than two, or at most three, figures. He was too eager to begin; he did not give enough consideration to his lines and masses before he attacked the canvas, and therefore we find that in not a few of his most famous works, works, too, which deserve all their fame in the matter of expression and colour, the personages are almost heaped one on another; this is strikingly the case in the family picture of Lady Cockburn and her children, and hardly less so in the groups belonging to the 'Dilettante Society.' In the Marlborough group, however, the Duke and Duchess and their boys and girls are arranged in a fashion that most happily combines simplicity with art.* The Duke sits on the right (the right of the picture), the Duchess stands up in the middle, her head forming the apex of the pyramid, the elder daughters are on the left, while the front centre is occupied by the younger children and the dogs. Here occurs the famous group of the little Ladies Charlotte and Anne, the one frightening the other with a mask. By this picture hangs a tale. When it was complete

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND THEIR FAMILY.
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

* Since these lines were written the copies in question have been brought to London, and are now (1 December) on view at a dealer's (Mr. Davis's) in New Bond Street.

* We are indebted to Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, for the woodcut of this picture, engraved for him some thirty years ago.

Sir Joshua employed a young artist named Powell to make a reduced copy of it, for which purpose it was sent to Powell's lodgings. But that young gentleman was deep in debt, and before the Reynolds had been long *chez lui* it was seized by a greedy creditor, Master Powell meantime decamping through the window. The creditor, embarrassed by the size of his spoil, proposed to cut it up into eleven little pictures, making one of each head, and one of each dog. Luckily Sir Joshua got wind of what was pending in time, and sent his man Ralph with a cheque to redeem the picture. It has now been offered to the trustees of the National Gallery for the modest sum of 25,000*l.*

M.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Institute of Painters in Oil Colours opened its second annual exhibition the first week of December. The collection, numbering 875 pictures, is in character similar to the inaugural show of last winter. It contains contributions of minor importance—more or less of the kind commonly called pot-boilers—by Academicians and artists of note, as Messrs. F. Goodall, Phil Morris, Herkomer, Linton, Waterhouse, S. Lucas, H. Moore, H. Macallum, and a few noteworthy sketches or studies for well-known pictures, such as the unflinchingly realistic head of *A Woman of the Fields*, used more than once by Mr. Clausen, and a figure from Mr. R. Macbeth's *Sacrifice*. Many clever genre pictures are to be found in the line of historic incident, genteel comedy, or rustic life, by artists who made their name in the Water Colour Institute, and have facility in passing to the use of the oil medium, as Messrs. Staniland, W. Small, Kilburne, C. Green, E. Bale, &c.; also a large amount of work more or less tentative in quality, interesting as indication of the drifting currents in artistic training just now, which here and there pass to the surface a clear promise of future excellence. Among painters who have recently made distinctive position in the direction of strong realism, Mr. Walter Langley continues conspicuous. His contribution to this exhibition is a study of an old man in a dimly lit workshop, *Cork Cutting*, a Rembrandt-like subject, not without dignity and breadth, but falling short of the mystery of chiaroscuro at which it aims.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours has an ample assemblage of sketches and studies, for the most part answering justly to the title. Some notable names are unrepresented, as those of Alfred Hunt, Alfred Fripp, M. Hale, Alma Tadema, R.A., and others; on the other hand, members frequently unrepresented at the winter exhibition have sent this year. Mr. Holman Hunt lends a sketch in the Archipelago, characteristic in contrast of metallic purple mountains and luminous sea; Mr. Boyce sends delightful sketches in Scotland and England, dating over past years; Mr. Henry Wallis has an unusually impressive Spanish study of a *Bishop's Tomb*, with dark kneeling figures thrown out against subdued splendour of marble and bronze. A larger sketch of the *Gateway of Don Pedro's Palace, Toledo*, is also admirable for rich tonality and texture, in spite of a certain fumble in the touch. Mr. Charles Gregory has four clever studies of figures in picturesque nooks and corners of Breton towns, which would be more satisfactory if the good work thrown into parts could have also succeeded in producing a whole, less kaleidoscopic and busy. The exhibition gains interest from the chalk heads shown by Mr. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Albert Moore, also from the fine design of a figure of *Abel* for Mr. Shields' Te Deum window at Eaton Hall. Mr. Albert Goodwin is delightfully present in a number of delicately observant drawings, radiant with fruity colour and light; Miss Montalba is also a large contributor of Venetian sketches, luminous and broad. The veteran President, Sir John Gilbert, comes out with usual picturesque force, in a *mêlée* of mounted and foot soldiers beating *A Retreat* through a rushing stream; and H.R.H. Princess Louise alone maintains the fidelity of the Honorary Members, by a couple of creditable sketches in Germany, and a delicate pencil profile head of the *Princess Victoria of Wales.*

A SMALL but noteworthy special exhibition was opened by the Fine Art Society in December, consisting of forty water-colour studies in Venice, by the Russian artist, A. N. Roussoff. The greater number of these show a decided advance over the powerful but somewhat crude work by this painter which has already been seen in the same rooms. M. Roussoff has remarkable decision. The drawing is almost entirely done with the brush, the light and shade energetic and rendered at first thought. The handling is prompt and broad, though not without tenderness. The painter evidently uses a full brush and is not afraid of the wet sponge. In colour his harmonies are usually rich and mellow; but he has an audacious fondness for scintillating points of vivid tint, which suggest a delight in the effect of jewelled ornament, and his use of certain metallic hues, emerald, green, and azure blue especially, remind one that he is native to a country where *lapis lazuli* and the assailant crudity of malachite abound in decoration of church and palace and objects of art. The Venice that this painter reproduces is not the conventional city of the sea, glittering with lines of palace above the monotonous ripple of her canals; but the Venice beloved of the modern artist, full of quaint corners and cunning perspective, shifting with the colours of strange decay, like a dying dolphin, rich in picturesque incongruities and unexpected harmonies, and running over with the every-day life of a vivacious people. Much of this M. Roussoff seems to understand and translate 'as to the manner born;' he has a real feeling for the beauty of peeling weather-stained plaster, and for the subtle gradations of reflected light that fill the narrow wall-enclosed water-ways and inner courts of Venice with wonder. In one or two of these studies the main *motif* is given by figures, which M. Roussoff draws with apt felicity, and one-half length of a little girl coiffed in a twisted purple and orange kerchief, shows that the artist can model flesh with care and completeness of technique.

MR. MILLAIS' last child picture, on commission from Mr. E. F. White, of the King Street Galleries, should take a firmer hold on fame in the after-time than recent works of the class from his hand. Painted as a pendant in scale and subject to *The Stowaway*, it represents a tiny girl seated on a step with flowers to sell, *A Waif* that the tide of poverty-stricken, degraded life has thrown to the surface, pure and sweet as any moorland blossom, with strange, far-seeing eyes, to which somehow the experience of lives before hers seems to have lent an inheritance of sorrowful yearning, and a little sensitive mouth of tender gravity. The face has evoked Mr. Millais' best artist self; he has done nothing to equal it in expression for a long day. For the rest, the well-set little figure with delicate limbs bare from the knee, is painted with tremendous impasto, and when fresh from the easel looked rather unctuous and sloshy in the brush-work. The picture is to be published in photogravure by Messrs. Dowdeswell. It is said that this facsimile form of reproduction is preferred by the artist to any other for his own paintings.

AT the same time and place as Mr. Millais' *Waif*, and under like rule of reproduction and publication, has been shown the last picture painted by Mr. Orchardson, R.A., and held over from last Academy to be more thoroughly elaborated. *Her First Dance* represents a minuet between a lovely pro-

vincial damsel of last century, scant-skirted and bodiced, gracefully timid, and a young fellow of the town all fire and assurance. A row of critical friends and foes, chiefly women in delicately hued dresses seated against a dark red curtain, musicians with spinet and fiddle in a corner, a group of gossips at the extreme left, lots of pearly white pannelled wall and golden brown wooden floor, and one man in black clothes about the centre of the picture, for the darkest spot, these are the component elements of Mr. Orchardson's greatest success thus far. From a narrative point the picture is admirable; the far greater difficulties of composition and key which the painter has deliberately challenged have been also cleverly overcome. A line wrong in the central figure of the male dancer pointing his toe and gesticulating with his arms must inevitably have thrown the whole thing out; less carefully sought pearly tone in the pale expanse of wall, less balance in the main quantities of the colour scale, would have resulted in meaningless negation. It is just to say that in this picture Mr. Orchardson's mannerism has grown into style, and his touch has passed from a nondescript etching into the blended brush-work of the painter.

It appears that the formation of a 'syndicate' to secure the purchase of objects at the Fountaine sale last June did not, as has been stated, fail in its object, inasmuch as all the pieces bought, with the exception of a pair of Palissy candlesticks, have been taken by the British and South Kensington Museums.

A Fine-Art Association has been started at Cambridge for providing instruction in various branches of art, with studios and appliances. Etching, engraving, carving, and art needlework, are included in the subjects, and the classes are intended for towns folk and undergraduates equally. The buildings were inaugurated the first day of December, with a loan exhibition from well-known artists and sculptors, addresses from Dr. Waldstein, Curator of the University Art Museums, from the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Sparks, of South Kensington, and others.

The pictures of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., seem to have met in New York with an appreciative reception unexpected from a public whose tastes have been trained chiefly upon modern French art. Possibly the intellectual side of the painter's appeal has found response in the quick American apprehension. Moreover, one has to recollect that the rich and cultured class are travelled people, and have learnt on their European tours to know the 'old masters' of painting, on whom Mr. Watts has formed his style. This is only another instance of the discrimination of Brother Jonathan, who chilled and smiled beneath the aestheticism of Oscar Wilde, criticised Mrs. Langtry the actress, and was doubtful about the authenticity of Mr. Herkomer's portrait painting, until actual seeing became believing.

Berlin is gradually drawing into its Museums the art riches of the Fatherland. One of the last acquisitions is the portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuer by Albert Dürer, which for years has been the pride of the artist's native town, Nürnberg. The picture had been lent to the Germanisches Museum by the owner for a period, and now a high price has proved too tempting an offer to refuse, and this, one of the three finest and best-preserved portraits from Dürer's hand existing, passes away from the Holzschuer family, who have hitherto faithfully retained their ancestral treasure; and Nürnberg loses one more relic of her great artist.

The small copies painted by David Teniers from the collection of Archduke Leopold William of Austria, and published in engraving with a catalogue and a dedication to his patron in 1660 by the artist, who was keeper of the Duke's pictures, came in great part into the Blenheim Palace Gallery. One hundred and sixteen of these copies, with three more pasticci of a different series, and the picture painted by Teniers to form a frontispiece to the folio, were placed on view in December at the rooms of Mr. Charles Davis in New Bond Street. Nearly all the copies are close in matter and manner to the originals, now in the Belvidere collection at Vienna; but in the case of the *Three Magi* by Giorgione, Teniers, by some freak, overpainted the stately Oriental figures, changing them into three peasants, and altered their astronomical instruments into a bowl, a spade, and a sack. Teniers painted also a picture of the interior of the Archduke's Gallery, introducing some fifty of the pictures, and the figures of the Prince and of himself in conversation. It was this Archduke Leopold who profited by the dispersion of our Charles the First's collection, and bought so many of the paintings originally gathered by the art-loving Duke of Arundel. These Teniers' Pasticci are held to represent some twelve thousand pounds.

A copy in Salviati mosaic of Mr. G. F. Watts' design, *Time, Death, and Judgment*, has been placed in a portal of St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, as a memorial recognition of the strenuous efforts made by the Rector, Mr. Barnett, to cheer and raise the lives of the people in the East End through the influence of art, by loan exhibitions and music.

Two artists and a literary friend made a compact to travel together in North Holland, and chronicle their wanderings with pen and pencil. The two kept word, but the literary third did not. So after awhile it occurred to the artists they must be their own authors, and in the end one had to undertake the writing, not uninspired by companionable hints and additions, as internal evidence betrays. The painters were Mr. G. F. Boughton, A.R.A., upon whom the task of narrator fell, and Mr. Abbey, the clever American illustrator, and between them, in the 'Sketching Rambles round Holland,' now reissued in a volume by Messrs. Macmillan, they have furnished one of the most delightfully illustrated and racily penned books of the season. Artists look at things in their own way; they may not see more than other people, but they see different things and apprehend different aspects. If they happen to be blessed with a humour of American flavour, and an instinct for the picturesque, keen as a sporting dog's scent, the result of their traveller's notes is quite individual, as in this instance. The ground covered is north to Frisian Neuworden and south far down as Maestricht; two journeys are recorded, and in the second Mr. Boughton was without his phœnix of travelling companions, whose virtues on this head he enthusiastically enshrines in a characteristic dedication.

The Handbook on Russian Art compiled for the South Kensington Museum by Mr. Alfred Maskell aims at giving a broad outline of a very difficult and composite subject, and draws its illustrative examples not from the small collection of objects at South Kensington, but from the contents of the great Russian museums at St. Petersburg, the Kremlin, Kertch, &c. Russia, as pertinently said by M. Viollet le Duc, has been one of the laboratories in which the arts from all points of Asia and Europe have been united to form a combination intermediate between the Eastern and Western worlds. The Byzantine element is mixed with the Persian, the Scandinavian with the Mongol, the Romanesque with the Turanian. But the result is neither Byzantine, Hindoo, nor Persian; it is Muscovite. Authorities differ as to the preponderance of one element over another, but all agree that the various races which have come in contact with Russia as conquerors or vanquished have left the stamp of their character on the art of the Muscovite; nay, that he is himself the result of intermixture, with no pure race about him. First in order of record comes the art of the Graeco-Scythian colonies, about the coasts of the Crimean Peninsula, and the tumuli of Scythian kings and nobles have yielded up their treasures to enrich the museums of the empire. The famous silver-gilt Nikopol Vase, which M. Thiers said was worth a war with Russia to obtain, was found in one of the galleries of the Kourgan, or tumulus, near Nikopol on the Dnieper, excavated in 1858. A decoration, distinctly Greek

is associated with a frieze of draped archaic figures breaking in horses, separately cast, *repoussé*, and soldered on. In the

THE NIKOPOL VASE.

Royal Tomb of Koul Oba, near Kertch, a quantity of precious metal ornaments and objects were found, among them bracelets with winged, harpy-like figures, in style resembling the gold armlet from the banks of the Oxus recently purchased by our Museum. The tombs of Siberia have been emptied of the precious things buried with Tartar and Cossack princes, objects various in character, and accumulated doubtless in various ways by the nomadic peoples. Persian or Sassanian influence is traced in antiquities found within the Government of Perm. A vast amount of metal-work in Russia is distinctly Byzantine, and the artists of the present day continue to manufacture upon conventional models, accepted as inseparable from certain traditional modes of worship or thought, which have become part and parcel of the national life. The well-known Russian pectoral crosses, also the plaques and triptychs of metal *repoussé* and enamelled, and the *icons* or sacred pictures, by

SCYTHIAN VASE, FROM THE KOUL-OBA TOMB.

which the pious console themselves for the veto of the Eastern Church against image-worship, are no whit modernised from the sacred models of the monks on Mount Athos. The points of contact between Muscovite and Scandinavian art are not entered into in this handbook, neither does Mr. Maskell treat of modern art. He adds, however, an interesting but at first sight irrelevant chapter on the objects of British and modern Continental workmanship in Russian museums. The *raison d'être* of this is presumably to be found in the Preface, which states that a request was made by our Government in 1880 for permission to copy fine examples of English plate and other works of art in Russian Imperial collections. The Imperial consent was followed up by like willingness on the part of guardians of private or ecclesiastical treasures. Hence the origin of the collection of Russian art at South Kensington; hence, also, the extra leaves of the handbook on English German, and Dutch plate and hall-marks now in Russian Museums.

DETAILS OF SCYTHIAN VASE.

A STREET IN ROUEN.

ETCHED BY MAXIME LALANNE.

THIS is a group of the old houses characteristic of Rouen, and which are now so rapidly disappearing to make way for broad, new ways like the modern streets of Paris. There must have been an immense amount of building activity in Rouen in the fifteenth century, as the greater part of the old houses belong to that period. The houses in M. Lalanne's etching are of that century, or very near it. They are either entirely or in great part of wood ; and M. Viollet le Duc explains the smallness of the windows by the difficulty of keeping large openings air- and water-tight in a wooden structure, on account of the swelling or shrinking of the timber : but if the windows could not be large they could be numerous, and some of these old houses are as well lighted as any modern ones, whilst they are decidedly more picturesque. They are often modernised on the ground-floor to suit modern shop-keeping ideas, but in many cases the old shop is still visible in its main structure. When the basement of the house is of stone, the opening for the shop is usually protected by a strong arch, of which two instances are clearly visible in M. Lalanne's etching. When the whole front was of wood, a strong oak beam sufficed with a supporting pillar where it could be conveniently introduced, just as in our day shops are built with iron beams and pillars. In the fifteenth century French street-houses were usually, though not invariably, made to gain in area of floor as they went higher by causing the beams to project, where they were supported by corbels, always interesting as an architectural variety, and often seized upon as a good opportunity for carving. There are examples of these in the house that faces us in the etching. The taste of the fifteenth century included a strong appreciation of the gable, which modern French architecture rejects, and the old architects were fond of curving the visible timbers under the gable till they took the ogival form which contrasted pleasantly with the straight lines of the roof. They also liked to make their roofs project both in the gables and the eaves.

In the picturesque old streets of Rouen it is hard to resist the impression that the old house-builders actually plotted and contrived in a conscious manner for the picturesque. They were artists, and they simply schemed for what they thought would look well ; and no doubt they really appreciated the picturesque, though the word was not in their vocabulary. We ought, however, to remember that the signs of age, and the disorder, which are attractive to an artist like Lalanne, would not exist when these houses were perfectly new and the shops under them quite neatly kept and fashionable shops. Old times were modern in their own day, and the love of apparent order was probably as strong as it is now, notwithstanding the inferiority of unseen sanitary arrangements.

M. Lalanne gives us a glimpse of the Cathedral—the most romantic cathedral in France, full of the most exuberant, imaginative invention ; but a sore misfortune has happened to it in the erection of the great cast-iron spire of which M. Lalanne has exactly expressed the character, though he has not troubled himself to imitate its details. The last time I was at Rouen, in 1882, that spire was such a plague to me (it is visible from every place in the neighbourhood) that at last I was glad when the railway train took me out of sight of it, far over the flooded fields. And yet it has the merits of extraordinary elevation and much apparent lightness, whilst it is safe enough, for the wind can whistle through it as it whistles through the cordage of a ship. Again, at such a distance from the ground, it seems hard to say why a cast-iron spire should be offensive, and a wooden one, covered with lead, should be unobjectionable ; but the mere notion of cast-iron on a Gothic edifice is inadmissible ; and even at a distance too great for details to be really seen, we still *know* that the cast crockets and tracery are all mechanical, and we wish that the whole thing would tumble down some windy night—or rather, as that might do harm to far more precious architecture, that the Father of Lies might gently relieve the tower of its weight and fly away with it.

P. G. H.

WINDSOR.

II.

Edward the Confessor at Old Windsor—Forged Deeds—The Grant to Westminster—William the Conqueror at New Windsor—The Norman Castle—Henry I.—The Constables—Wars of John—The Braoses—Magna Charta—Henry III.—His Buildings—His Treachery to the Citizens of London.

THAT Edward the Confessor resided at Old Windsor, at least occasionally, is certain from the dates of documents, and from the assertions of almost contemporary historians. One of the documents in question is a grant of land in Somerset to Gisa, bishop of Wells, and was signed and attested at 'Wendlesore.' The copy of the parchment is of later date, and, as is the case with an enormous

mass of mediaeval charters, it may be a forgery. It occurs among the Cottonian manuscripts at the British Museum, and Kemble doubted its genuineness. Another document, of the authenticity of which there can be no doubt, is unfortunately without the year, though it was 'made at Windleshora on the fourth day of the Paschal Week,' and was witnessed by Queen Eadgitha, or Edith, and by Earl Godwin and Earl Harold. In a third document mention is also made of Windsor. It is a long and pompous deed, of very questionable character, in which Edward is made to recapitulate many of the events of his reign, to refer to his projected visit to Rome, and to give, in satisfaction of his vow, a number of estates, one of them being Windsor, to the Abbey of Westminster. The date is January, 1066, the fatal year of the King's death and of the conquest by the Normans. Fortunately, however, we have a shorter charter, undated, in old English, easily turned into our modern language with the exception of a sentence or two, of the trustworthiness of which there can be no question. As an example it may be quoted whole, a few words only being altered:—

OLD WINDSOR CHURCH.

'Eadward Kynge greet all mine bishops, mine earls, mine thegns on Barrocscire [Berkshire] on Middlesex friendly: I kith [make known to] you that I have given Christ and St. Peter into Westmynstre Windlesoran and Stane [Staines] and all that thereto herth [belongs] within burh and without, with sac and with soc, with toll and with team, and with infangthief, on wood and on field, by strand and by land, on street and off street, and on all things so full and so forth as they stood with myself [as fully and as extensively as I myself held them], and I will not suffer that there any man any power shall have or any thing but the Abbot and monks for St. Peter's need. God you heal.'

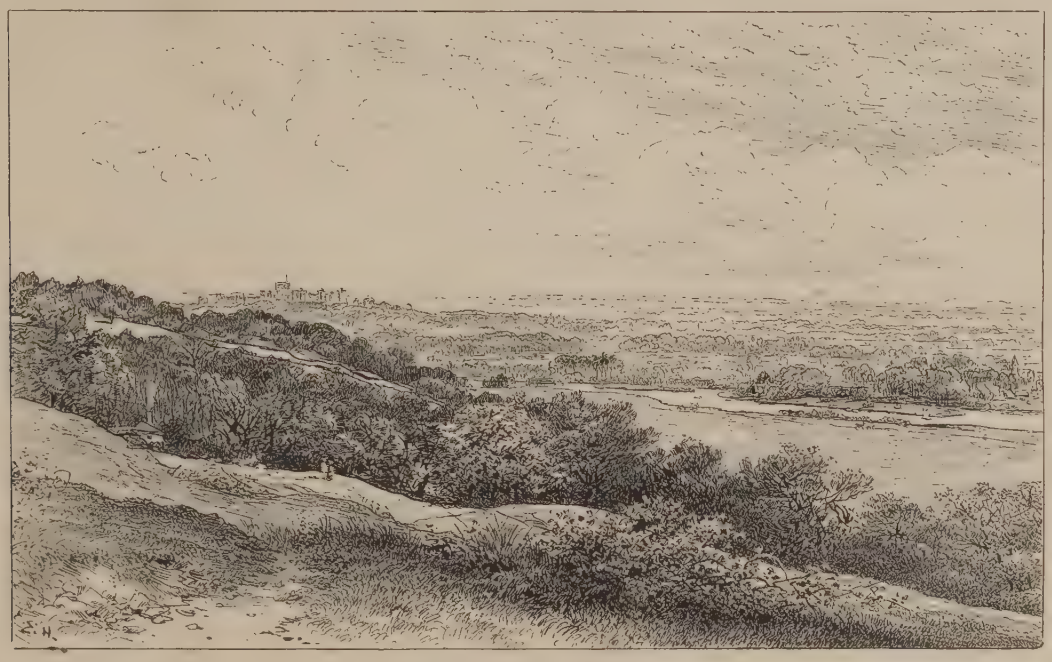
Such are the terms of the grant, which resembles more the curt directness of some of the Conqueror's charters than the long-winded bombast in which the native English kings were wont on these occasions to indulge.

It was evidently towards the close of the reign of the Confessor that the grant was made; and the date of the larger deed, 'this fifth of the Kalends of January, 1066,' or, as we should say, 'the 28th December, 1065,' may very well be correct, as that was the day of the consecration of the great church at Westminster, the completion of which, far more than the good government of his kingdom, had been Edward's chief object in life. He was already so ill that he could not attend the ceremony, and he died on the 5th January.

It is not very easy to determine with any certainty the exact situation in Old Windsor of the house of King Edward. Yet the place is as little changed since his day as any place of the kind can be. The Thames still winds past the low, green meadows; the great trees still hang over the water; the weir and the ferry and the fishing-ground remain where they were. The ninety houses of the Survey have partly disappeared, and there is now no well-defined village. It is impossible to imagine a sleepier little place. The road from the ferry winds through it between brick walls and palisades, and there is a perfume of flowers and of the leaves of aromatic shrubs. You come suddenly on the old, plain church, and remember that a church was on the spot—probably a wooden building—as early as the reign of the Confessor; and long before, no doubt. Near the church may be traced the moat of Tile Place Farm. It is not quadrangular, nor is it very large, nor is it, again, even traditionally, the Manor House; yet here, according to many authorities, was the 'palace' of Edward the Confessor.

In fine weather Old Windsor is a pleasant and quiet nook, surrounded by the scenes of all kinds of great events, yet itself without anything, except its

own simple beauty, to excite the interest of the traveller. One of the daughters of George III. made herself a residence here, at first a mere tea-cottage, afterwards a house; but there are very few monuments of interest in the church, and what is left of the village consists chiefly of small isolated houses, with pretty gardens and tall trees. The parish is very small, but there is, or was, an outlying district beyond the Great Park. So utterly has the original Windsor been eclipsed by the half hide on the hill above it, in the parish of Clewer, upon which William built his castle, that after this point in history Windsor means the Castle of the Conqueror and the town which grew up at its foot.



RUNIMEDE, FROM COOPER'S HILL.

Yet William must certainly for a short time have made it his residence, and it is not always possible to decide whether charters and writs were dated from the Old or the New Windsor. William took Old Windsor into his own hands from the first, on account of 'the pleasantness of the situation,' as he says, and compensated the Abbot and monks of Westminster by the gift of two manors in Essex and certain other lands. Exchanges to which a king of England was one of the parties —as in this case, and as in the case of Hyde Park and its appurtenances in the reign of Henry VIII.—were not unfrequently of a somewhat one-sided character.

'On the day King Edward was alive and dead,' as the usual formula in the Domesday Book expresses it, then, Old Windsor was owned by the monks of the newly finished Abbey of Westminster, and the neighbouring Manor of Clewer was the estate of the new King Harold. As Harold had been earl of that part of the kingdom which lay south of the Thames from beyond Oxford to Chertsey, the stronghold on the chalk-hill in the great bend of the river must have been a conveniently situated place of residence, the more so on account of its nearness to the occasional dwelling of King Edward at Old Windsor. But it was probably the forest which determined William of Normandy in his choice of it for one of his castles. There is less mention of New Windsor in the chronicles of the time than of many other fortresses not so important in later years. We do not know when William first began to build on the Saxon earthworks. Several of his charters and other acts are dated at Windsor; but we have no means of making sure which Windsor is meant until we come to the line as to the Castle, quoted from the Domesday Survey in our last chapter.

From that time there is no doubt. Norman remains, pointing to the existence of very extensive buildings on the south side of the Upper Ward, lead to the supposition that the quadrangle was completed, counting the mound as its western side. No Norman remains have been identified with certainty in the Lower Ward, the oldest buildings only going back to the time of Henry III. Strange to say, it is impossible to find out what building, if any, William placed upon the mound. As it is 125 feet in diameter, there would be room for a considerable tower; but no record of such a tower exists, and it is possible, and not altogether contrary to analogy, that nothing stronger than the Saxon palisade crowned it before the time of Henry III. Its height of 70 feet above

the ditch would be a great element of strength in itself. There would, moreover, be nothing unusual in postponing the erection of a stone keep on the mound. Mr. Clark ('Mediaeval Military Architecture,' 42) is clear on the point, though he does not name Windsor as an example. The Normans, he says, where the site was old, and there was a mound, as at Lincoln, Huntingdon, Rockingham, Wallingford, or York, 'seem to have been content to repair the existing works, usually of timber only, and to have postponed the replacing of them with a regular shell till a more convenient season, which in many cases did not occur for a century.' If any timber fortress in England was likely to be strong and well built, it would be at Clewer, where wood was plenty, and where so martial an earl as Harold was lord of the manor. Certain it is, that even in the reign of Edward III. no building of importance stood on the mound until he founded the Order of the Garter, and very few Norman remains were found when Wyattville dug into the chalk, and they were of a late type. Yet, whatever may have been the character of the fortification on the summit of the mound, there is now no doubt that the earliest builders of Windsor Castle chose not the Lower, but the Upper Ward, for their principal works; and although nothing remains above-ground of the Castle as it stood before the reign of Henry III., traces have been found in recent years of subterraneous passages, with distinct features of Norman architecture, beneath the modern building on the southern and eastern sides of what are now the private apartments of the Sovereign. One of these, very nearly under the private entrance of the Castle, consists of a passage in the chalk which formerly constituted a secret outlet towards the ditch. Such passages are, of course, not generally accessible, and the ditch itself has been obliterated, at least on that side; and as there are in numberless places, wherever a house of ancient date still stands, traditions of secret entrances and secret exits, the existence of one which is not only real and still extant, and which moreover leads through the royal residence itself, is well worth noting.

William Rufus assembled a council at Windsor in 1095, and there imprisoned Mowbray when he had taken him in the north. It is impossible to say in what part of the Castle Mowbray lived out the remaining thirty years of his life; but the King held his Christmas the next year at the Castle, and William, bishop of Durham, died there during the week's festivities. The King was back at Easter and Whitsuntide in the following year, and thence made his march into Wales. Henry I. also constantly visited Windsor, and is said by several authorities to have built the town, and to have greatly enlarged and improved the Castle. Henry also built a chapel, which he dedicated to Edward the Confessor, providing it with five priests, but without endowments, the priests being paid out of the Exchequer. This chapel in all probability stood on the site now covered by the Albert Memorial Chapel, formerly known as Wolsey's Tomb-house; and it must have been here that, in 1121, Henry married his second wife, Adelicia of Louvain, the 'Fair Maid of Brabant.' Henry must have been but a melancholy husband, if it is true that he never smiled after his son was drowned. He had been a widower for two years. The wedding was the cause of a singular dispute. Windsor at that time was in the diocese of Salisbury, and Roger le Poor, then its bishop, was not the man to renounce any privilege which he possessed, or thought he possessed. He claimed the right to perform the marriage, but the council decided that Ralph, the archbishop of Canterbury, should officiate.

A similar contest took place during the Christmas festival in 1127. Henry received at Windsor the homage of all the great officials, both clergy and laity, whom he caused to swear allegiance to his daughter and heiress, the Empress Maud. As was usual on such occasions the coronation ceremony was repeated, and Thurstan, archbishop of York, thought himself entitled to officiate, to the prejudice of William de Corboyl, the archbishop of Canterbury. He was, however, prevented, 'and his cross-bearer, who had carried his cross into the king's chapel, was turned out, together with the cross he was carrying.'

The office of Constable of Windsor had been granted by the Conqueror to Walter Fitz-Other, the lord of the manor of Eton, on the opposite side of the Thames. His family assumed the surname of Windsor, and several of them seem to have enjoyed the office; but when, in 1153, the treaty of Wallingford confirmed the peace between Henry, afterwards Henry II., and King Stephen, Windsor was delivered to the custody of Richard de Lucy. The mention of the fortress in Stephen's charter is peculiar. It is called *Mota* de Windsor. It would perhaps be going too far to assume that this means that the mound was not covered by a keep, but it increases the probability which I have mentioned above; and which is further strengthened by the fact that the Castle does not figure at all in the annals of Stephen's wars. It seems to have been a favourite residence of Henry II., and in his tenth year we read of the expenditure of 30*s.* on the kitchen. Henry here received the Irish ambassadors of Roderick, king of Connaught, and, 1185, he here knighted his son John, previous to sending him on his expedition into Ireland. One of the chroniclers tells a sad tale connected with Henry's works at Windsor. 'It is recorded,' says Fabyan, 'that in a chambere at Wyndsore he caused to be painted an eagle, with four birds, whereof three of them all rased [scratched]

the body of the old eagle, and the fourth was scratching at the old eagle's eyes. When the question was asked of him what thing that picture should signify? it was answered by him, "This old eagle," said he, "is myself; and these four eagles betoken my four sons, the which cease not to pursue my death, and especially my youngest son John, which now I love most, shall most especially await and imagine my death."'

John himself was destined to suffer much at Windsor. His father had left the buildings in good repair, and, during the absence on the Crusade of Richard I., it was handed over to the keeping of Bishop Pudsey of Durham, while the Tower of London was given similarly to his rival Longchamps, bishop of Ely, who was Chancellor; but Pudsey was no match for Longchamps, who soon obtained possession of the Castle, and, even after he had been once deprived of it, he took it again, and it was from Windsor that he made the memorable flight to the Tower which led to his temporary deposition. The Castle was placed in the custody of Walter, archbishop of Rouen. Walter was dispossessed of it by John, when he returned from France in 1193, but took it again after a short siege, and put some of its defenders to death, John retiring again to France. When he became King he was frequently here. In 1205 he writes hence to Reginald de Cornhill, an eminent London merchant, to send him two small casks of wine, and a book called the Romance of the History of England ('Romantium de Historia Anglorum'). It would be impossible, without unduly prolonging the notice of this reign, to detail all John's doings at Windsor; but two transactions cannot be passed over. According to some of the chroniclers it was here and not at Corfe that the King starved Maud de Braose and her son to death. There are great discrepancies in the story, which, though it is told by many different historians, may be entirely false, although no one doubts that John, who certainly imprisoned some members of the Braose family at Windsor, was quite capable of such a crime. The second event of this reign with which Windsor is prominently connected is the granting of Magna Charta.

Between Old Windsor and Staines, on the London Road, but within the boundaries of Surrey, is the flat meadow of Runimede. The towers of the Castle are visible from it, and John, during the conferences which preceded and followed the ratification of the charter, went backwards and forwards each day. The charter is dated, '*in prato quod vocatur Runimed*,' on the 15th June, but was probably not signed before the 23rd, when the conference terminated. It has been asserted that the word Runimede signifies 'Council Meadow,' which would point to some previous meeting of the same kind there; and Edward the Confessor is said to have met his Witanagemot at the spot. But these stories, like the identification of Magna Charta Island, are either conjecture or local tradition and very unsafe foundations for history. After the conference John remained three days longer at Windsor, whence he departed to Odiham. He was back at Windsor when he heard of the landing of Louis in 1216, and this was his last visit.

One turns with relief from the reign of John; but Henry III. made Windsor the scene of as shocking a piece of treachery as any ever perpetrated by his father.

When he had been five years on the throne and had reached the mature age of fifteen, he began to turn his attention to the repair of the Castle. Vast sums were spent in a few years, both here and at Westminster, on buildings. The old hall, which was among the Norman buildings in the Upper Ward, was abandoned for a new and larger one which stood in the Lower Ward, near the north-western corner of

the cliff. It has been identified, in part, with the library of the Dean and Chapter, and the rest of Henry's domestic buildings seem to have been close by. Henry IV., when the 'King's house' was once more in the Upper Ward, granted the site for canons' residences, and the charmingly irregular and picturesque row of dwellings of various dates which lies north of the nave of St. George's Chapel, contains many relics of the time of Henry III. In 1272 he roofed the Keep, and, for aught we know to the contrary, he may have been the first to place a stone tower on the mound. His tower cannot, however, have been of a very substantial character, as Edward III. found no building on the mound suitable for the celebrations of the new Order of St. George. If Edward's own building, the Round Tower, was an improvement on its predecessor, Henry III. cannot have constructed anything of much importance, for until Wyattville raised it to its present height it was by no means worthy of its lofty and conspicuous situation.

Instead of going minutely through the progress of Henry's works at Windsor, it will be best briefly to describe the probable appearance of the Castle when he first took it in hand, and again at the conclusion of his reign. The buildings as they stood when he inherited their possession had probably very slight and meagre defences on the west side towards the town. The outer ditch was shallow, and of towers along the wall we know nothing. It was, in fact, merely the first defence of what was literally the outer court. A second ditch seems to have been drawn across the court, and I understand that Mr. Clark is inclined to think that the Horse Shoe Cloister marks an inner ring of the ancient earthworks. There was a deep ditch round the mound, and possibly the present so-called Norman Gate marks the principal entrance to the better fortified portion of the Castle. It was approached, no doubt, by a bridge and portcullis. Another gate stood on the south side, very near the modern George the Fourth's Gateway. It also was approached over the great ditch of the Castle by a bridge, and a third bridge is mentioned in early records. The eastern side of the upper quadrangle, as well as the northern and southern, probably contained apartments protected by towers. What is now a sunk garden and the eastern terrace was then a steeply-scarped cliff of chalk. The old hall of the Castle was in the Upper Ward, and the chamber used by the King's eldest son must have been on the north side. All these buildings, and whatever stood upon the mound, were at this time very much dilapidated. Except a small chapel we cannot speak with certainty of any buildings in the Lower Ward.

When Henry had completed his alterations the old walls of the Upper Ward were renewed and crenellated, and the chief residence of the King transferred to the Lower Ward, which was divided longitudinally into two parts, the place of the present St. George's Chapel being occupied by the western end of a smaller chapel. The new great hall, the kitchen, and other domestic buildings, were connected with the Bell Tower at the north-west corner at one end, and with 'a certain apartment for the King's use,' which must have looked down over the steep cliff, where are now the Hundred Steps. Beside it, and under the same roof, were the Queen's apartments, and between them and the chapel there was a grass-plot. The chapel had a porch, a cloister, and a bell-tower. Part of the cloister still stands as it was then, and a portrait of the King, part of the painted decoration, was not long ago discovered and glazed over. This wall-painting, although it is unquestionably not unlike the King's portrait on his tomb at Westminster, may be the face of a sacred personage, other than the King, forming part of a large composition. It is

within the arcade of Henry's work on the northern face of the old wall of what is now the Memorial Chapel.

On the town side of the Castle three great towers were built, and a postern made beneath them. On the north side, near the Keep, was a new tower, on the same site as that now known as the Winchester Tower. A gateway was probably constructed at the same time, at or near the place now occupied by the Gateway of Henry VIII. The fortifications on the south side of the Lower Ward were completed by a tower still known by the name of Henry III. All these buildings were handsomely decorated with painting and the windows filled with glass. In the latter years of Henry's reign some improvements were made in the Upper Ward, where new rooms were built for the Queen, with an oratory and private chapel.

In one of the new towers on the western side was possibly the dungeon, which Henry used for the imprisonment of the Londoners after the death of Earl Simon. Henry had a terrible quarrel with the citizens. They had long resisted his exactions, and among their number there was none who had carried himself so bravely towards the tyrant as Fitz-Thomas, the Mayor. When, in 1265, the King had been in a kind of semi-captivity in London, while Simon di Montfort governed the kingdom in his name, Fitz-Thomas had addressed to him in St. Paul's words which Henry took as a personal insult. When the battle of Evesham set him free to reek his vengeance, he summoned the Mayor and the principal citizens to Windsor, giving them a safe-conduct. They set out on Friday, the 5th of October, 1265, to the number of forty, and reached Windsor in a couple of days. The King sent messengers to say that he was not ready for them, but that they were to enter the Castle, and that on the morrow they should learn his will. Upon this they entered, and were immediately taken to the Keep as prisoners, 'the letters of safe-conduct from the King availing them nought.' There they remained throughout that night and the next day. In the evening the greater number of them were allowed to descend into the Lower Ward, where they were lodged; but the Mayor and four of his companions were detained in the custody of 'Sir Edward le Fitz-Roy,' afterwards King Edward I. From this imprisonment it does not seem that Fitz-Thomas ever emerged; the others were eventually released, but his name does not occur in the list of those pardoned some years later; and whether he died in the dungeons of the Clewer Tower or lived out a long imprisonment in the Keep on the mound, we have no further information about him. The King went to London and confiscated the houses and property of his principal enemies, and though the people clamoured for the Mayor of their choice they never beheld him again. That Henry, in spite of the magnificence of his buildings and the purity of his taste in art, was a worthy son of his father, King John, could be proved from this treacherous act alone.

W. J. Loftie.

LANDSEER, THE DOG-PAINTER.

THE Friend of Man' not only deserved, but had the happiest and aptest illustrator in the artist, to whom Mr. Ruskin, writing long ago in 'Pre-Raphaelitism,' and not without a sigh of aesthetic Philistinism, was pleased to ascribe 'a healthy love of Scotch terriers,' as if that had been the best motive of one who, when he was quite a child, Fuseli had delighted to call 'my littel dog boy.' It was well for the sardonic wit of the Keeper of the Academy thus playfully to designate the ringleted urchin, in a large collar, his pupil, whose ingenuous air and earnest face charmed that 'old Swiss bear' himself.

Mere dog-painting was, however, not Landseer's limit, he had to deal with his materials in a noble way, to justify his noble training and wealthy opportunities of study, and to develope his rare gifts of nature. Those opportunities were greater than Fuseli could take account of, because he knew next to nothing about the Elgin Marbles in their relation to the future of design. I doubt, if, scholar as he was in general, and student of pictorial style as he was bound to be, having, besides, much enthusiasm for the so-called 'loot' of that 'semi-barbarous Scotch peer' whom Byron 'viciously' and falsely denounced, the Keeper really knew much about the sculptures which have not only given us insight to the most glorious phase of antiquity, but have supplied the standard of noble design, and are the touchstones of art pictorial not less than art sculpturesque.

However these matters may have been with regard to Fuseli, surely the above-quoted opinion was, when given thus at large, worth revision by that 'Author of Modern Painters' whose dicta had often guided us far and well. 'Edwin Landseer is the last painter,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'but one whom I shall name: I need not point out to any one acquainted with his earlier works the labour or watchfulness of nature they involve, nor need I do more than allude to the peculiar faculties of his mind. It will at once be granted that the highest merits of his pictures are throughout to be found in those parts of them which are least like what had been before accomplished; and that it was not by the study of Raphael that he attained his eminent success, but by a healthy love of Scotch terriers.' Without challenging much of this authoritative expression of opinion I may be allowed to say that, although Landseer did not owe much to the study of Raphael, he undoubtedly owed more to that very master than Mr. Ruskin suspected while penning this striking passage in support of a theory concerning Pre-Raphaelitism. A theory which, even if I could, or would do so, it is not, in this place, my business to controvert.

In regard to Landseer's indebtedness to Raphael the truth may be told without question when it is once admitted that the world at large knew very little about his early life when, in 1859, the Pre-Raphaelites were chivalrously defended by Mr. Ruskin. No one ever conceived a healthier love of Scotch terriers than that of Landseer, who drew those animals with surpassing skill and designed them with ever-abundant sympathy; but we must look beyond generalities to facts before we aver without fear that he owed nothing to Raphael in respect to the nobler elements of his style when that style was at its best. It is true that the 'Landseer' who, in 1859, was distinctly visible to the 'Author of Modern Painters' might seem to owe little to noble types. This year belonged to a period which produced *A Kind Star* and *The Prize Calf*, while the art of the painter had, during the previous decade, been distinguished by nothing grander or better than *Alexander and Diogenes*, *Titania and Bottom*, *Night and Morning*, and the like, all works acceptable in their way, but not to be compared with the masculine and sincere *Suspense*, *Sleeping Bloodhound*, *Odin*, *The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner*, *Dignity and Impudence*, and *A distinguished Member of the Humane Society*. *Eos*, Prince Albert's most beautiful of dogs, lacked nothing of grace or style in draughtmanship, while *The Stag at Bay* had fibre in its passion not unworthy of Rubens, and Snyders need not have been ashamed of the hurry and emotion of the *Otter speared*.

The subject of the etching before the reader, a work which represents *Spaniels of King Charles's Breed*, painted in 1832, is, of course, trivial, but it is surely a fine illustration of what is technically and admiringly called style. Broad and simple in effect and composition, harmonious in tone, and massive in the disposition of its light and shade, a marvel of that handicraft which painters call 'handling,' and so charmingly homogeneous throughout, that, if we were told the 'Spaniels' were by Velazquez, there would be no grounds for denying its intrinsic value, nor for saying that it is deficient in any of those much-honoured elements of style which distinguish the noblest Spanish master. I do not, in short, know many finer examples of style proper than this.

What could an animal painter, whose devotion to nature Mr. Ruskin has gladly and fully honoured, and who was not a colourist *per se*, expect to learn from the study of Raphael unless it were style, and style, and style? Colour we do not find manifest in the graver works of the Urbinate. But that Landseer, possessing such a faculty in respect to style as the comparatively small example engraved here proves him to have possessed, could have studied Raphael without gaining knowledge of what is grand, sedate, and good, is what few observers

will venture to assert. Knowing that he owed a very great deal to something that was greater than Raphael I do not say that the Englishman owed much to the Urbinate; but as he undoubtedly made careful studies from the Cartoons, I think we must admit that Landseer could hardly have helped owing something to that universal model.

A few weeks since, while jotting notes on the British Institution, I reminded readers of the PORTFOLIO that, to use his own words, Haydon 'rode to Hampton Court on Wilkie's horse.' It was on September the 27th, 1812, that he did so. Haydon, according to his wont, boasted that much came of this ride, or rather of the raptures which attended 'a delicious four hours with the Cartoons,' then hanging in the gallery built for them, and for them only, by rulers it is the custom to describe as hating art.

From that hour Haydon averred he had no rest till, by hook and by crook, the masterpieces of Raphael were brought to London, and, two at a time, lent to the British Institution in 1816–7–8. *The Sacrifice at Lystra* arrived in 1819. The satirical print called *A Master in the Grand Style and his Pupils*, of which this journal contained a facsimile in December last, showed at least two of the Landseers—either Thomas and Charles, or Charles and Edwin — standing up and copying a Cartoon with all their might. The figure of the little fellow was said to have been meant for Edwin: of this assertion the proof is wanting, although it is probable that the tale is correct. At any rate we know that Edwin Landseer studied these Cartoons zealously, although the names of his brothers only were officially given among those of students who, in 1817, copied the *Elymas struck Blind*, and, in 1818, *The Beautiful Gate*. Elmes's 'Annals of the Fine Arts,' 1818, p. 360, names 'Mr. E. Landseer' among those who drew in chalk from the last-named Cartoon. Elmes was the hearty ally of Haydon, and knew everything about the doings of the teacher and his pupils. We may, therefore, be certain that Edwin Landseer copied, and this with him meant studied thoroughly, a Cartoon by Raphael.

He had, moreover, greater models than the Cartoons, and learnt more from the Elgin Marbles than could have been gained had he copied the whole seven examples and the *Transfiguration* to boot. By way of affirming their admiration for Haydon the brothers Landseer made a large cartoon and presented it to him. Haydon, when Edwin Landseer's father took his three sons to Marlborough Street and asked advice for their studies, set Edwin to study dissections of lions the master had delineated, and he induced all three of the youngsters to draw and draw again from the *Theseus*, *Ilyssus*, and *Fates*. Such were the sources of the noble style which, however vitiated by 'fashionable' influences in later life, enabled the so-called 'Shakespeare of Dogs' to delineate his much-loved animals in a way which is never less than precious, and,—while flourishing grandly as in such pictures as *Suspense*, and the *Sleeping Bloodhound*,—not less than justly noble. The massive and masculine treatment and style of these works is largely due to Phidias. Their wealth and learning attest their technical motive's source. Edwin Landseer's love for, and knowledge of, dogs were distinct in his earliest years. Apart from pencil studies and etchings made from them when yet a child, the painter made dogs his chief resource.

Born in 1802, his first public appearance was made at the British Institution in 1815 with *Portraits of a Pointer Bitch and Puppy;* after this came a fine likeness of his boyhood's friend *Brutus the First*, —an austere white terrier, whose sons and sons' sons flourished about the master's table for several generations, and were painted again and again. He painted not little dandy lions and lapdogs, but life-size, stately, and passionate beasts from nature, and did so in a style which was refined without being weakened. The *Lion Disturbed*, the *Prowling Lion*, and others, are as large in style as *Neptune*, a noble Newfoundland as huge as life, and they were depicted in a grave mood, with abundance of learning. Year after year he painted dogs in a masculine style, very unlike that of the 'oiled and curled' favourites he delineated when his hands became courtly and his taste was 'polite.' When, while still in his youth, smaller canvasses were called for, Landseer did not minimise his style, but depicted the combats of dogs and rats with amplitude of energetic delight in their ways and in a manner which since the days of Snyders had not been attempted.

It was in the formation of his style that Landseer owed most to Haydon, Raphael, and the Elgin Marbles. The grand examples named above, differing as they do from any that had preceded them in this country, represent exactly what we should expect from studies in the school of Phidias applied to animals in a state which may be called that of passionate repose. The superb head of *Odin*, the stately form of the *Distinguished Member*, the fiery, but suppressed, anxiety of the listening dog in *Suspense*, initiated types of design and broad and simple motives which, irregularly, it is true, but still frequently, occurred in Landseer's practice in the *Spaniels* before us (1832), *Suspense* (1834), the *Sleeping Bloodhound* (1835), *A Distinguished Member* (1838), *Dignity and Impudence* (1839), *Laying down the Law* (1840), *Otters and Salmon* (1842), the *Otter speared* (1844), the *Stag at Bay* (1846), the *Monarch of the Glen* (1851), the *Children of the Mist* (1853), the *Flood in the Highlands* (1860), *Wild Cattle* (1867), and, lastly, the belated *Swannery invaded by Sea-eagles*, which appeared in 1869, but was begun many

years before, while the painter's hand retained its mastery, and his mind held the full fruits of studies of the Cartoons, the Elgin Marbles, and the dissecting table.

Zealous love for the canine race at large, prompted that frank devotion to the dog kind which Landseer displayed even in the outset of his career. At every turn we find him studying dogs; *Brutus*, the curly white terrier, was his first love, so that likenesses of that handsome beast appeared in many modes of design, on a snuff-box, on canvasses, little panels, and as etchings. *The Cat Disturbed* or *The Intrusive Visitor*, *Alpine Mastiffs*, were early instances. *Ratcatchers*, a picture of a furious scrimmage in a barn, the incidents of which are delineated with Homeric zest, is now at Lambton Castle, Durham. It was painted in 1820, when Landseer was eighteen, and is a fine example of what he could do in the exposition of pictorial principles at large, although the canvas is a small one; after this came the *Pointers*, *To-ho!* which, with great applause, was engraved in 'The Sporting Magazine;' *Neptune*, the head and shoulders of a large Newfoundland dog, came next and immediately preceded that famous *Catspaw*, the buying of which, by the Earl of Essex, established a turning-point in Landseer's career. It was at the British Institution in 1824.

The artist, although then in his twenty-second year, had, notwithstanding his already great reputation, not left his father's roof, the hospitable, well-ruled establishment in Foley Street, close to which he was born. The affectionate deference Landseer paid to his father had never till then been broken, and things were as they had ever been. The tempter appeared at last even in this paternal paradise, and, so to say, with a dog in his hand. How this came about I learned from the lips of the tempter himself, in the following manner: Years ago when seeking far and near for details of Landseer's biography, and inquiring at all sources from duchesses to dog-fanciers, chance directed me to a small brick house in a by-road of Shepherd's Bush, where among the curious and valuable *débris* of a picture-dealer's business then lived the late Mr. William Mayor. This once well-known personage told me that although Landseer was far from being a timid recluse he gave to his father the greater portion of his earnings and lived at home; the paternal exchequer being honourably benefited on all sides, and the son's duty admirably performed to that father who, from the merest babyhood, had devoted himself to the training and education of his numerous children, the boy, lad, youth, and young man, Edwin being neither the last nor the least recipient of his loving regards.

In order to paint the *Cat's Paw* with greater convenience than the house at home admitted Edwin occupied a room in the neighbouring Fitzroy Square region; it was, according to Mr. Mayor, part of a house in Upper Conway Street, now Southampton Street, near where Mulready and a score more painters had sojourned in Cleveland and Charlotte Streets. Thither went the tempter because he had been much moved by the *Cat's Paw*, then recently hung at the British Institution, and saw profit in a bargain of which he could be intermediary, to say nothing of other potential bargains in the time to come. He found the young man in a young man's studio, a common room, ill-suited to the service required, bare, comfortless, depressing to the stranger and would-be buyer, and without the slightest accommodation for a dog. '*Why are you in this place*,' demanded Mayor, '*without a table, carpet, or proper chairs? Why not have a place where you can keep a dog or two, and have a garden, and so on?*' The answer was, that the painter lived with his father, and occupied the place only to paint in. A hundred pounds was offered for the *Cat's Paw* on the spot, a price satisfactory to the artist, but rejected, and Landseer did not conclude the bargain, nor set himself free from paternal control in favour of Mr. Mayor. Lord Essex bought the picture for a hundred and odd pounds. It is now at Cassiobury, and worth at least three thousand pounds.

Mayor, despite his failure in this instance, returned to the charge with an offer of pecuniary aid, by means of which Landseer might establish himself. The offer was accepted, and, as I have already stated in the biography of Sir Edwin, a small house was found in St. John's Wood, where a barn would serve as a capital studio. But a premium of a hundred pounds was demanded by the owner, and as the young Landseer had no such sum, the bargain would have been broken off if Mayor had not come to the rescue with, '*Go to the lawyers, and tell them to make out the lease, and that as soon as it is ready for signature you will pay the sum required. I will lend you the money, which you can repay when it suits you, without interest.*'

This thing was done—doubtless interest was paid in some form or other—and Landseer removed his household gods to the then little place with the barn that 'would do for a studio,' with a garden where dogs might be kept. The premises were occupied, enlarged, rebuilt, and re-fitted. They became known as No. 1 Cunningham Place, St. John's Wood Road, *vice* Red Hand Farm, promoted. Here Landseer lived, did the greater part of his life's work, and here he died. The house and studio are now occupied by Mr. W. H. B. Davis, R.A.

F. G. Stephens.

SIENA.

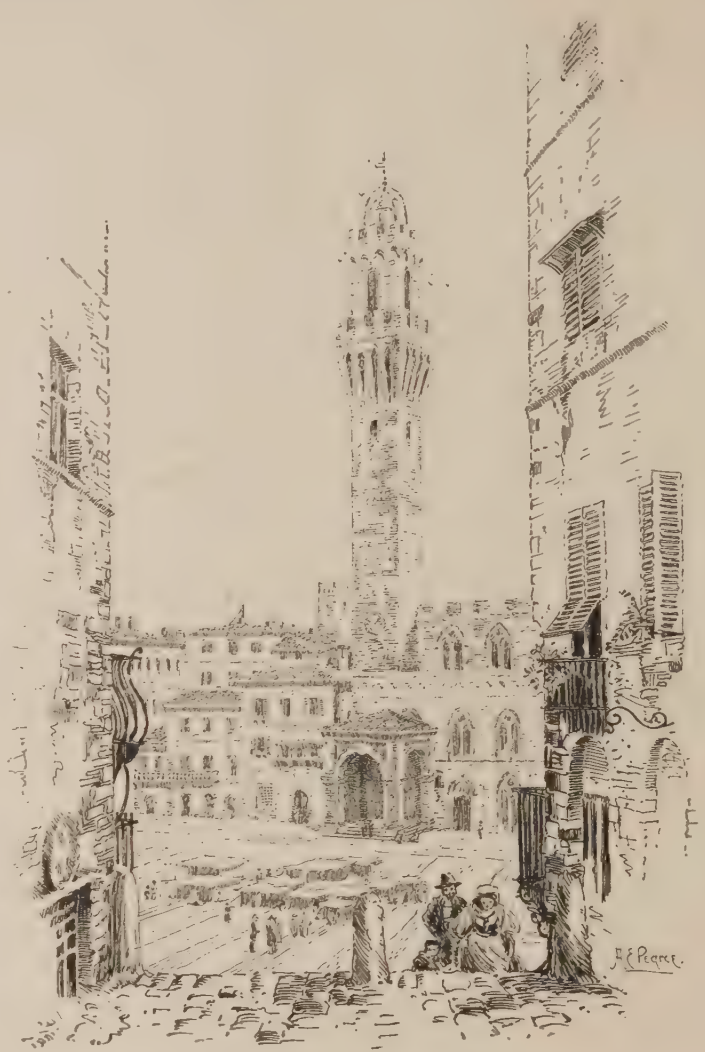
ON reaching Siena it is probable that you will take up your quarters at the Grand Hotel. In this case, and if you do not fear a few stairs, ask for a corner room at the top of the house, and you will be rewarded by such a view as hotels can rarely furnish. On one side the town rises gently, and at the top is crowned by the Cathedral, lying nobly against the sky. Bringing the eye downwards again, over a tangle of roofs and sunny green-shuttered houses, you are confronted by an ugly brick building, so large and ungainly that it looks a blot upon the general fairness. This is San Domenico, the church inseparably connected with St. Catherine, and containing Sodoma's great picture of her ecstasy.

SIENA, AND THE CATHEDRAL.

There are points in the town from which San Domenico possesses a sort of unwieldy picturesqueness, but here, in spite of its background of pale blue mountains, it is to the eye merely a high-shouldered red block, with a fourteenth-century tower. Beyond the church the mountains sweep on, but now for foreground you have the broad walks of La Lizza—the favourite promenade of the Sienese—and the bastioned walls of the citadel. People are coming and going, there is plenty of life; the unbecoming great straw hats flap in the fresh breeze; presently a girl goes by with a prettier handkerchief headdress, and carrying a 'broca,' the beautiful old earthenware jug of the country; but to see these figures in variety, you must make your way through the tortuous and narrow streets, stone-paved, along which splendid cream-coloured oxen, with horns so wide-spreading that hardly is there room to pass, drag wicker carts—deep in front, rounded, and open at the back—evidently, in shape, survivors of the ancient Roman chariot.

The city of oxen now, Siena was in old days the city of wolves. Wolves serve as fountains, wolves are sculptured on pillars, and, when you have threaded the streets, paused to look at the beautiful Loggia dei Nobili, and caught a glimpse of the Great Piazza, a she-wolf stands in the way before you reach the Cathedral. It is best, at first, to take the Via del Capitano; afterwards, the steep ascent which brings you up by the Casa dell' Opera may be preferred, but, by means of the above-mentioned street, the full splendour of the glorious western front rushes at once on the eye. Gothic—but what strange Gothic is this! Instead of solemn gloom and deep shadows, infinite richness of detail, an airy lightness, an almost tumultuous gladness of colour. The lovely lines of the arches of the great porch, line after line receding and leading the eye to the softness of marble, or the gleam of mosaics; the vast rose-window, the admirable stonework, are beyond the power of colourless words to describe. Orvieto, which glows like a page of a missal in stone, may be more delicate, but this magnificent fragment—for, in the mind of the original architect, it was but the transept, and his completed

building should have been the world's wonder—has about it a strength and a splendour which Orvieto can hardly rival. Go inside, and this effect becomes almost overwhelming. It is impossible to think of detail, to notice the fine basins for holy water at the entrance, until the eye has, in some measure, become accustomed to the forest of great pillars—all bands of black and yellowish marble—which line the aisles; to the strange effect of the solemn faces—faces of dead Popes—gazing down from above the pillars of the nave; or, if you are so fortunate, as we were, as to see the whole unique and precious pavement, without the ugly boarding which generally protects it, to that mass of most soft and harmonious colouring—grey, yellow, and reddish marble—beneath your feet. By-and-bye it is possible to notice how fine and varied are the capitals, how interesting the chapels, how exquisite the woodwork of the choir, carving and tarsia work alike. Donatello's bronzes, Quercia's fonts, Duccio's altar-pieces, Pinturicchio's and Raffaelle's frescoes, Pisano's pulpit—they are all here. In the Libreria are some of the most beautiful illuminated choir-books in the world; the great odd notes stand boldly out, framed by delicate scrolls, painted in pure colours, which these long years have not robbed of one jot of freshness. As for the initial letters, they are marvels of design and grace.



PIAZZA DEL CAMPO, SIENA.

The pavement, which is a kind of inlaid and outline work in marble, of the mellow colours mentioned above, represents, in large squares, wonderfully spirited scenes from the Old Testament. Some of these scenes are beautifully grouped and crowded with figures, others are more quaint than beautiful; but all are interesting. We see the wars of the Judges and of the Kings. Pietro del Minella, whose work dates from the thirteenth century, gives us a representation of Absalom hanging on a tree and transfixed by spears. His hair, so materially the cause of his trouble, flows out like an aureole, always excepting the fatal locks coiled round the branch; he gazes down on his enemies with a singularly wistful and patient expression. Grotesque as the treatment is, and smile as you will, it is well to notice the varied character of the faces of Joab and his men-at-arms, and the careful details of the armour.

Under the choir of the Cathedral is the Baptistery, the Church of S. Giovanni, with a fine Gothic front, with Quercia's font, and *bassi-relievi* by Ghiberti and Donatello.

Leaving the wonderful church behind, to come back day by day, to see it in the first fresh morning lights, or in the gathering gloom of early dusk; crowded on a festa, or empty of all but a few silent figures—always to have the same impression of splendour and wealth of colour, and marvellous harmony; always to find some new detail of extraordinary beauty in unexpected corners, and to rejoice in the crown of some man's noble work—we go slowly out again into the streets, at first conscious of a certain relief in staring at what is homely and insignificant, and wander off into narrow, ill-paved *viccoli*, with their supporting arches thrown across overhead from house to house. From the crevices of the brick, tufted weeds and grasses spring out; flowers hang from the windows; the sky, framed by these high deeply-shadowed houses, is of intensest blue; and often some delicate Gothic ornamentation,

flung, as it seems, here and there from mere wantonness of bounty, astonishes the eye. By-and-by, one scarcely knows how, for the streets draw one on, and their complications are many, we find ourselves at the head of broad steps looking down at the centre and pride of Siena, the great Piazza del Campo. Here, in the midst, is held the principal market, a few white booths still remain, and the people who swarm about them are dwarfed to pigmies by the general largeness of things around. Directly opposite is the Palazzo Pubblico, with its fine tower, more imposing than that of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, but not so graceful or flower-like in its lines. The little black chapel in the front is fourteenth-century work, a thank-offering for deliverance from the plague.

In this Piazza, twice a-year, are held the famous horse-races, and then the vast space is so crowded that it is said that a straw thrown into the Piazza would not reach the ground. The excitement begins two or three months before the races, when the principal houses in the city are visited by the captains with drums and men. Siena is divided into fifteen *contrade*, each *contrada* provides a horse, but as only seven horses run, the selection is decided by lot. The *contrade* are distinguished by the name of an animal, there is the *Lupa*, *Oca*, *Draco*, *Tartaruga*, *Pantero*, Giraffe, Ostrich, Snail—the rivalry between them is immense. Each *contrada* also has its captain. When the great week arrives Siena goes mad; drums and trumpets and eight or nine conflicting bands, thump and bray and bang all day, the captains with their men and their standards march from house to house, and no other subject is talked about. Indeed, standing in the Piazza and looking at its size, its very considerable slope, and its slippery paving-stones, and hearing that they go three times round in five minutes, it is easy to realise that it is not a trifling affair. The riders are called *fantini*.

When the day comes, nothing can be more picturesque than the sight, for the Piazza itself and all its windows and every point of vantage are packed with a dense, many-coloured crowd, and the quaint and brilliant dresses of the different *contrade* with the summer sun pouring down upon them, and the beautiful buildings round, all dominated by the magnificent Palazzo Pubblico, the strange mediaeval effect, joined to the intense, living excitement of the moment, make up a curious scene, not easily equalled. Through the mass of people runs like a ribbon the space along which the horses are to rush; meanwhile, and till the signal is given, they are kept back by bands held before them. There is the usual breathless expectation, there are the usual false alarms, suddenly—the bands are down, the horses are off! Then the excitement becomes maddening, women shriek to their men to encourage or urge them to get into the way of the others—for half the skill of the race lies in blocking one another in the narrow course; and it is in this manner that so many serious accidents happen to the men and animals,—and the air rings with cries of *Corragio*, Wolf! Bravo, Snail! Well run, Goose! *Avanti! Avanti!* The great crowd surges backwards and forwards, handkerchiefs flutter from the windows, everything is thick with turbulent cries and excitement. It culminates at last in a wild yell of triumph from the *contrada* whose horse has won.

And now comes the strangest part of all to unaccustomed eyes, for in a moment horse and *fantino* are the centre of a struggling crowd, women and children covering them both with kisses. By this time it is pretty certain that he must be dead, but a few years ago it was a white horse—the property of a priest, and twenty-five years old—who was the hero of many such triumphs. It was said that he had won seventeen races, and the *contrada* of the *Oca* was tremendously proud of him. He was a wonderfully clever beast, and when the kissing threatened suffocation, defended himself by biting right and left, while the poor rider held his head as high in the air as he could, to escape being strangled. In the July races, about twenty men then seize the horse, and carry him bodily up to and into San Martino (the church of which the tower shows to the left of the Palazzo Pubblico), where a litany is chanted. In August, when the grander races take place, horse and *fantino* are marched to the piazza of the Cathedral, where the horse is left, while the *fantino* goes in, and kneels before the altar. By this time, the church-bells of the victorious *contrada* have rung out their triumph—San Domenico doing this office for the *Oca*,—and soon the horse with gilded hoofs is led to the principal houses for congratulations. Unfortunately, these occasions often bring bad blood and quarrels among the *contrade*, so that in the evening it is not unusual for knives to be drawn and lives lost. But when it is peaceful, the scene at night is pretty enough. The *Oca* gave its supper in the open air, and the tables were spread all down the narrow steep street which leads to St. Catherine's house; little lamps twinkled in the dusky blue of the summer night; at the foot of all stood the old horse in a gaily-decked stall, and above him two geese looked stupidly down.

Enough has been said elsewhere of the great painters of Siena to prevent any detailed account in what is no more than a sketch of the place. Those who have made acquaintance with the Memmi at Florence will study with interest the grand frescoes in the Palazzo Pubblico by Simone. Those who had not realised how distinct were the characteristics of the Sienese school will look with amazement on the glorious allegories of Ambrogio Loronzetti's in the

Sala della Pace. In the *Belle Arti* the school may be admirably studied, from Guido da Siena, the forerunner of Cimabue, to Francesco Vanni; yet, as you look at the altar-pieces, you feel how much they lose from being stuck in rows against the wall instead of remaining in the places for which they were painted. The eye protests against these repetitions of wry-necked Madonnas. And yet again, though they are wry-necked they are never inane and always reverent. The faces are of a peculiar type, unlike that of any others of the Italian School, full of holiness, purity, and a certain sweet childlikeness; and the spirit of these early pictures so impresses you that you think only of the subject and nothing of the power of the painter.

WROUGHT-IRON LAMP.

By the time you come to Sodoma that charm is lost. Beautiful and unutterably pathetic as is his fresco of the *Flagellation*, we cannot while we look so lose ourselves in the awfulness of that Divine suffering but that we see at the same moment the marvellous painting of the marble pillar, and all the details which he knew well how to render. Much has been gained, but something also is gone. It is in San Domenico that the other most exquisite frescoes of Sodoma are found, though, indeed, they are scattered through many churches. But the beautiful life of St. Catherine—her purity, her devotion, her ecstasies—gave his genius subjects in which it rose to its highest pitch. From the first St. Catherine was dear to her fellow-citizens; when her short life ended her memory became an inspiration, all that she had touched or worn was treasured. You will not have been long in Siena before finding your way to the narrow street where a small, deep-eaved house with two loggias running above the door is shown as the place where she lived. Some masons who were working here had with them one of the old lamps, beautiful in form, which swing underneath the carts in Tuscany; they used to be made of wrought-iron, but now are of nothing better than base tin. Still we were anxious to secure a specimen, and fell upon the masons with an offer for the one they had in use. Evidently the offer caused both amusement and satisfaction, but unfortunately it belonged to the *padrone*, who was absent. Would we come back again? We returned, but in vain, for the *padrone* was still missing. It required a very close overhauling of the ironmongers and antiquity-dealers of the town to find what was wanted; at last we secured a real old one of iron, with a delicate pattern round the rim.

For those who like to prowl about the streets and neighbourhood of a town rich in history and in art Siena has plenty of interest. In spite of the strange volcanic country encircling it, or rather in the midst of this country, there are charming walks winding about hills, under hawthorn trees or between budding vines, along which you may wander until you come perhaps to an old convent, and going in may find angelic Luca della Robbias adorning the walls of the church. The heavenly choir are there, singing and praising, and from their midst the most beautiful of all Robbia's Madonnas looks down with a calm, sweet dignity. If you like you may make a day's excursion to San Gimignano, the strange old hill town with its thirteen towers, where Savonarola lived for a time, and where the magnificent frescoes of Memmi and Gozzoli glow; or to Monte Oliveto, where are the famous Sodomas and Signorellis. But even to walk about Siena itself is to make a hundred discoveries—of iron-work in all spirited and grotesque devices springing out from some palace wall; of old fountains of rich Gothic design, grouped with picturesque people; of old book-bindings painted by famous masters; of *ricarelli*, the good little cakes of Siena, at the pastrycooks'; of admirable workshops of modern carving; of lovely arcades at the end of a dark *viccolo;* of bits of curiously twisted glass in the dim corners of some curiosity shop; of frescoes over

PALAZZO DEI DIAVOLI.

gateways, and towers on walls, and fair blue distances where the road unexpectedly turns, and men carrying axes such as now we only see in heraldry, and surprises of all sorts.

Outside the Porta Camollia is the soldier's exercising ground, but it is worth while to brave the dust and heat and the mile and a half which lies

between it and the Palazzo dei Diavoli, a very striking round brick tower, set with medallions of terra-cotta, after the fashion of other buildings here. No one can give a very clear account of how it came by its name, but there is a vague tradition of fighting, and of a number of men falling by shots from this tower. When at last it was surrounded and the soldiers rushed up no enemy was to be found. Any way it stands itself uninjured, a beautiful object, with the hills sweeping down behind, and the long grass starred by flowers in front. The nightingales are singing, it is all very calm and peaceful.

Quiet, indeed, it is everywhere, where the turmoil of faction swayed angrily in past old days, and the people who do not care for the things I have mentioned hurry away from Siena, tired to death of it all, so soon as they have cast a sweeping glance at the Cathedral and the frescoes in the Palazzo Pubblico. But there are others who linger, attracted by the beautiful art around them; who return again and again to the Cathedral, till its stones become dear, and, by the help of the great workers, they learn more of Him for whose glory all was given. For such as these, Siena, 'opening her heart with her gates,' holds rare secrets, which are only to be disclosed to the seeker. And, if they love books, here they will find the first edition of 'Dante,' published in 1481, at Florence, by Niccolo dalla Magna, with eighteen vignettes by Sandro Botticelli; and another 1477 book by Bettiai da Siena, with three engravings on copper by this same Botticelli.

FRANCES M. PEARD.

RIDOLFI.

WE take up the 'Maraviglie dell' Arte' with a pleasant expectation, conscious that in the lives of the Venetian painters our author has a fine subject, and with a recollection of having heard him styled the 'Vasari of Venice.' So we open the book with a glamour of old Venice before our eyes, and see upon the time-stained pages not printers' ink but a vision of the Grand Canal, gay with silk-curtained gondolas, and flanked with frescoed palaces, at whose bright flower-fringed windows sit lovely women with the gorgeous clothing and the gracious mien we know so well from the paintings of Titian, Bordone, and Paul Veronese. We have a vision, too, of a more distant past of quainter figures, faintly washed in tempera, of a simpler but no less charming life.

Vasari has peopled Florence for us with long-dead friends; we meet them at every turn in the market-place and the old streets, and know them by their walk—by the turn of the head. Those two little old men, one wizened and the other rather stout, both with a kindly keenness in their clear old eyes — we know them well: they are our honoured masters, Brunelleschi and Donato, his life-long friend. None the less honoured or dear to us because they have not the great air; for ever since we knew them we have been aware that 'in their day artists had not begun to play the gentleman.'

There is another figure, shuffling because he is so down at heel—a big, loosely built young man, with a square, honest, handsome face, and a thick shock of ruffled hair. Do you not recognise Masaccio, going to work on his frescoes in San Spirito? Dear human, faulty friends, we must not recall you now! we are about to know your brethren at Venice. Will they be half as dear to us? Carpaccio, for all the severity of his handsome nose, must have been a quaint fellow enough; and those two friends and brothers, learned Gentile and gifted Gian, we shall be glad to add them to our list of friends. Titian will, I suspect, remain the revered master (nothing more) that he has always been; but the religious, high-souled Veronese, the generous nature and the lofty mind that contrast so quaintly with his worldly imagination and courtly art, gladly we will hear more of him.

Our new Vasari's portrait faces the title-page. One look suffices to show us that Ridolfi is not Vasari after all. The brow is high though narrow, the dark eyes well shaped; but there are bitter lines about the nose and peevish mouth, and the small round chin recedes—a formation rare in persons of quick imagination and wide sympathies.

We feel at once that this person thought Vasari frivolous, gossip foolish, scandal a sin, that he will not disclose his neighbour's business, if only because he has never felt sympathy or curiosity enough to learn about it. Yes, this Ridolfi is a grave and solemn personage, and as we read we find that his writings do not belie his face. He has a disregard for externals, curious in any one, but strange indeed in a painter. Neither by word or hint does he ever allude to the beauty of Venice, and his descriptions are so devoid of local colour that were it not for the name and language we could as easily believe we were hearing of Bilston or Manchester as of Italy. With persons it is the same: a handsome face, a graceful carriage or an eccentric bearing, these and the like things find no place in his biographies. Even his accounts of pictures, of which the work mainly consists, are devoid not only of criticism—a wise precaution—but of description: the subject is described again and again, the treatment seldom or never. We open Ridolfi at chance, and find before

us the following, an extract out of one of the many long lists of artists' works:—

'In S. Matthias at Bologna there is an Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin by him; and in S. Peter Martyr a Visitation of the same to S. Elizabeth.'

'At Brescia, in the church of S. Afra, he painted the Transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Tabor between Moses and Elias, with the disciples dazzled by the splendour of the cloud, in an excellent manner—a picture accounted one of the rarest things of that city.'

'For the fathers of S. Dominic at Chioggia he represented the Crucified, who says to S. Thomas Acquinas, *Bene scripsisti quæ de me Thomas scripsisti: quid ego retribuam tibi?* and he replies, *Nil aliud te, Domine.*'

These are characteristic descriptions. Each time a Transfiguration is mentioned we are told that it occurred on Mount Tabor, that it was our Lord who was transfigured between Moses and Elias, that the disciples—often the three disciples, Peter, James, and John—were dazzled by the brightness of the cloud; but the manner of the presentment is left to our imagination. We do not hear whether it was in oil or fresco, what the composition or the colour scheme; rarely even so much as that it was in an excellent manner, or that the figures were the size of life. And as with sacred so with classic subjects. Penelope is always the faithful wife of Ulysses, king of Ithaca, the model of female constancy, as Lucretia is the ideal of wifely chastity, who, having been robbed by Tarquinius of her honour, deprived herself of life. The outward appearance of so much virtue is of small account; and if Ridolfi has a little space to spare he devotes it rather to a rhapsody on virtue than to a description of composition or technique. With the painters we are made no more familiar than with their works; we are given to understand that these gentlemen have not forfeited their right of privacy, and that any slight acquaintance we may have with them ceases outside the picture-gallery. The picture-gallery—for Ridolfi seldom takes us to the studio; the paintings are finished, framed, and in their places before we see them. We hear nothing of heartache or disappointment, failures or despairs. Even of Tintoretto and Veronese, with whom we are allowed some studio acquaintance on the understanding that we are strangers, when they take off the painting-blouse, we are told nothing more definite than that they worked quickly, it being their habit to finish at the second painting. There is in the whole book no such detailed account of an artist's method as that invaluable description which Palma Giovane has given us of Titian's manner; nowhere do we find the ground such an one preferred or the colours with which another set his palette, and those technical anecdotes which abound in Vasari find little place in Ridolfi's sterner work.

The destiny of man here and hereafter, these are the matters with which our author chiefly concerns himself; and it is well for us that he had this interest, for were it not for the oases of philosophy, which here and there spring like wells of refreshment in the desert of fact and catalogue, the 'Maraviglie dell' Arte' would be dull reading indeed. From these we gather that Carlo, having pondered much on these things, had developed into a philosopher of what we may call the pessimistic-astrologic school. Virtue, talent, industry, wealth, station, beauty—all these, he tells us, are powerless to secure fortune and happiness to him that is born under an unlucky star. But the reverse, Ridolfi judges, does not hold good; for, even without the malign influence of the planets, we are born to sorrow. For he tells us, 'Of all creatures man is the most unfortunate, bearing from his mother's womb nought but a load of miseries and ills. So soon as he is born he weeps distressed for want of food, and chilled by the rigour of the air; then heaven affrights him with thunderbolts and storms; the sun scorches him with inclement heat; the earth torments him with monsters and with serpents; the sea with rocks and shipwrecks. Great are the miseries to which he is exposed, for ofttimes cruel tyrants deprive him of his sustenance, usurp his honour, and bind him with fetters and with chains. The virtuous are persecuted, the foolish scorned, the rich envied, the poor derided. Love does not fail to add his torments, Ambition urges him to prevail, Avarice impels him to hoard up riches. Wherefore, wearied by the sorrows and infirmities with which this life abounds (being nothing but a sea of troubles), we say with the poet:—

'Nascimur in lacrymis, lacrymis quoque vita madescit,
Et vitam rursus linguimus in lacrymis.'

But there are degrees of misery: some men are more unfortunate than others, and of woeful humanity the artists are the most dismal company, for Ridolfi goes on to inform us that 'among the callings which the Almighty has suggested to human intelligence for the interpretation of His divine omnipotence, there is none in which a man can assure himself less happiness or content than the art of painting; in which, before he can arrive at any degree of perfection, a man must endure toil and labour past human belief: nor, after all his striving and his sweat, can he secure for himself even a little praise, unless the winds of good fortune guide him into port.' Yet Ridolfi attained a great measure of success: this is not the embittered opinion of one who has failed, but rather the confession of one to whom success has not brought content. Of his own life and labours he writes as mournfully as of those of others: 'Long were my labours, scant my reward, hard my profession, many the vexations, small the human dis-

cretion : I found teachers envious, rivals numerous, pretenders many, friends few, the world a liar, and hope delusive—founded on vanity and empty air.' This, he tells us, is the summary of his life.

Seen in detail, the autobiography loses much of its impressive tragedy ; his sorrows do not appear unusually great, nor the stars to have been unduly malignant at the moment when Carlo Ridolfi entered the world. He was of German descent, his ancestors having come to Italy during the Lombard wars, and settled in Vicenza in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Near Vicenza, in 1594, Carlo was born, and in early childhood he had the misfortune to lose his father. His mother, 'Angela no less by nature than by name,' was driven by money difficulties into the necessity of a second marriage. 'Stepfathers, as a rule, feel little kindness for their stepchildren, because in these blood does not work its natural effect.' This sentence makes us tremble for the little Ridolfi, but Carlo quickly reassures us, for 'in this instance the reverse was the case, for our stepfather did not fail to care for us as his own children;' and when at about the age of thirteen Carlo begged to be trained as an artist, the stepfather (whose name is never mentioned), 'more to rid me of this desire than for any other reason, took me to Venice, and placed me in the house of the painter Aliense, who at that time had one of the best establishments of that city.'

Of his impressions of the new city and the new life Ridolfi tells us nothing ; he does not devote a single sentence to the five years which he passed under Aliense's roof, and this from no wish for conciseness, since he devotes two entire pages to a poem he wrote on the occasion of his nephew's death, and finds many places for long poetic quotations. When his five years' apprenticeship was over Carlo went for a holiday to his home, and then, returning to Venice, set up for himself. Then followed a few years of struggle ; but he can never have been absolutely friendless, for when, in 1629, Aliense died, his pupil writes of him: 'I honoured him as a father, I loved him as a friend, I deplore him as a part of my own self.' By that time Ridolfi was past the stage of hardships, and, despite the number of those rivals and pretenders whose existence he deplores, seems to have always found a market for his work. Nor can we agree with him that he found friends few, for over and above the stepfather and Aliense he, when he published his book in 1648, counted among their number 'Gio: Francesco Loredano and Pietro Michele, noble Venetians, the one the Demosthenes of eloquence and the other the Ovid of Tuscan poetry ; Nicolò Crassa, illustrious poet and most fertile orator ; Giulio Strozzi, most famous Italian poet ; Marcantonio Romiti, the delight of the Latin Muses ; Jacopo Pighetti, the renowned eulogist ; the most learned father Angelico Aprosio Vintimiglia, the honour of the Augustinian Order ; and my dearest Alessandro Berardelli, the type of courtesy and virtue.' Yet, in this seventeenth century, Parnassus (on which, you will observe, no painter except Carlo Ridolfi finds a place), life is still a grievous burden, and, confident that we too would gladly lay down the load, and need much consolation on our thorny way, Ridolfi calls to mind the following considerations for our comfort, and in these words wishes us farewell : 'In the tomb the bones of the corpses are not distinguishable. There Caesar is no greater than the vilest slave ; and in it all men are equals ; and he only can be accounted happy who should have spent his time in righteous actions.'

F. Mabel Robinson.

ART CHRONICLE.

The sixteenth Exhibition of Works by Old Masters and deceased British Artists at Burlington House is comprised this year within four rooms. The order of arrangement is the same as in former years ; Gallery IV. is hung with examples of the earlier schools ; the second room is devoted to Dutch and Flemish art of the flourishing time ; Gallery I. is exclusively British, and the central *salle d'honneur* receives selected examples of all schools and pictures of outside scale. The chief attraction this winter is the large *Adoration of the Magi* by Jan Gossaert, called 'Mabuse,' from Castle Howard, which fortuitous circumstances enabled the Academy to borrow from the Trustees of the Earl of Carlisle. This splendid picture, measuring 3 ft. 7 in. by 5 ft. 6 in., and signed in two places, exhibits the fullest attainment of the artist in his first period, before his visit to Italy. It sets forth the incidents of the Gospel story within the ruins of a palace,—the lowly mother and the Holy Babe, the offerings of the three Kings from a far land, and the worship of the Shepherds, with multiplicity of figures, human and angelic, elaboration of sumptuous garments and objects, the beasts of the stall below and celestial visions in mid air,—all with that strange admixture of homeliness and dignity that belong to the early Flemish school, together with a rich, sonorous colour and a solid, well-fused impasto that make pictures beside it look thin and pale. This picture is the central point, not only in the fourth room, but in the whole collection. Nevertheless, each section contains much that is notable.

Among several loans from the gallery of Mr. William Graham is a beautiful *Virgin and Child*, enthroned against a golden background, and surrounded by angels poised one above another, the angel at the apex, as it were, looking over the Madonna's aureole. The radiant and varied colours, the quaint arrangement, and the cheerful human faces, justify the authorship to Benozzo Gozzoli, though there are here neither the reddish flesh-tones nor the widened countenances common to the master. Mr. Graham sends also a large *Entombment*, attributed to Bartolommeo Vivarini, brilliant in isolated and opposed colours, and composed with figures of exaggerated type and energetic action. From the Marquis of Lothian comes a beautiful and nobly decorative panel, the *Coronation of the Virgin*, the lunette of some altar-piece, assigned to Filippo Lippi, but by some eminent writers held to be the work of Botticelli. Two angels draw back the folds of a crimson curtain and disclose Christ and the Virgin supported, in a sitting attitude, by cherubim. A large and interesting fresco

of *St. Catherine of Siena* presenting a book to Dominican nuns, and surrounded by saints and biblical personages, is entered as the work of Cosimo Rosselli by the owner, Mr. Charles Butler. An important picture of the early German or Rhenish school, ornate in detail and close in execution, *Marriage of the Virgin*, is lent by Mr. John Maple, and fondly set down as by Van Eyck. Many obvious misnomers always crop up in this section of old masters, and fitter authorship will be doubtless found and fixed for the *Allegory* lent by the Marquis of Lothian, in which the treatment of many nude figures has not the learning or the energy of Luca Signorelli, to whom the work is assigned; but might, with probable accuracy, be set down to Piero di Cosimo, or his scholars.

In Venetian art this exhibition is unusually weak; the pretty little *Virgin and Child* in a landscape, from the Marquis of Lothian, being the nearest approach to the glory of Titian; and the *Punishment of Actæon*, from Captain Hankey, and *City of Venice in Adoration before the Virgin and Child*, from Lady Milford, doing duty as representative of Veronese.

The school of Bologna is seen in a large panel, lent by Sir W. Farquhar, of *St. Roch*, life scale, standing, in a weak-kneed attitude, amidst a landscape, listening to a voice from the vision of the Almighty in the sky above. On a scroll is a signature of 'Francia aurifaber,' with the date 1502, and the picture is accepted as a genuine, though not a favourable, example of the greater Francia.

The worthiest illustration of Flemish and Dutch art, as usual, is to be found in portraiture; representative canvases may be briefly cited as follows:—The stately half-lengths, by L. de Heere, of *Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk*, and of his *Duchess Margaret*, set forth against tapestry background, and probably once forming a single panel, as the pattern and mottoes are continuous from one to the other; the Earl of Westmoreland and Lord Braybrooke are now the respective owners:—the masterly effigy of *Queen Mary*, by Antonio More, from Castle Howard; two excellent half-length portraits, *A Man* and *A Lady*, name unknown, by Cornelis Janssen, lent by Mr. Sellar; the splendidly painted, though hardly pleasing portrait of *Anne of Austria*, Philip the Second's daughter, by Rubens, from Blenheim, and worth the two subject-pictures—*Venus and Adonis*, and *Departure of Lot and his Family*—put together; the lady is seated in a black dress and spreading lace ruff, against an architectural background toned in golden brown. From Blenheim comes a showy Vandyck group of the *Duchess of Buckingham and her Children;* and from the Marquis of Lothian the colossal, but inferior, version of *Charles I. on Horseback*.

Further: an admirable portrait of an elderly Dutch lady, by Frank Hals, dated 1685; lent by Mr. Sellar, a more credible example than Lord Braybrooke's *Fiddler*. Lastly, a portrait, half-length, of *Admiral Hoche-Pied*, by Van der Helst, lent by Mr. W. Agnew, M.P. In Dutch genre this exhibition is not so strong as usual, in spite of *Le Corset Bleu* of Metsu, from Buckingham Palace; the *Lady at her Toilet*, by Terburg, from Sir N. M. de Rothschild, Bart.; a version with differences of the *Water Doctor*, by Gerard Dow, in the Belvedere, lent by Mr. Haywood Lonsdale; several capital Jan Steens, and the consummate specimen of technique by S. Koning, *A Merchant*, lent by Captain W. A. Hankey, who also contributes a brilliant figure subject *The Hard Bargain*, by Jan Weenix. Dutch landscape is well represented; Sir Edward Sullivan sends a perfect example of Albert Cuyp's quiescent evening effect on riverside meadow, with hazy golden distance, in *A Landscape with Cows*. The trustees of the Duke of Newcastle lend *A Forest Scene*, by Aart Van der Neer, of unusual scale and power, and Captain Hankey's Ruysdael, *Squally Weather*, is one of the most interesting examples in a good group.

Although in the sixteenth year of demand the supply of canvases by Reynolds and his contemporaries seems unfailing; and numbers some of the best yet shown. In the large room hangs the lovely full-length fancy portrait of *Mrs. Musters as Hebe*, standing bare-foot on clouds, pouring water for Jove's eagle, a study of gracious line and colour harmony of soft bloomy reds and greys, cunningly cast in shadow and light: the picture is lent by Mr. J. C. Musters. In Gallery I. the well-known child picture, *Penelope Boothby*, lent by Mr. Thwaites, and *The Dead Bird*, from Mr. Tennant, M.P.; *Mrs. Quarrington as St. Agnes*, from the Earl of Normanton; and, lastly, the noble and refined half-length study of *Bennet Langton*, the very type of such 'sweetness and light' as may be found in a scholar, from a group fitly representative of Reynolds in his best mood and strength. The Academy has secured, and the Grosvenor exhibition has missed, certain distinguished examples of the art of Gainsborough. Notably among these the full-length portraits of Squire Hilliard and his wife, walking arm in arm in a landscape, a freely painted and strongly effective piece, full of space and admirably composed. Two out of the narrative series by Hogarth, called *The Four Times of Day*, and the rollicking *Southwark Fair*, illustrate the painter's satirical manner. Mr. Frederick Davis sends a favourable example of Morland, *The Dancing Dogs*. The Earl of Normanton is the happy owner of a tiny study for Wilkie's famous *Reading of the Will*, in Munich; this little canvas, seven inches by ten in size, is an absolute gem. Two notable animal paintings hang *vis-à-vis* in this English room; *A Lioness*, by James Ward, R.A., dryly painted, somewhat wooden, yet curiously dramatic in fierce action, the sentiment forced up by wild mountain background and angry sunset sky: opposite, on the south wall, under the title *A Fallen Monarch*, the life-scale form of a royal lion, lying dead in a rocky place, its limbs outstretched and stiff, the great maned head grand in the stillness of death. Mr. Agnew, M.P., has the ownership of this magnificent study by Edwin Landseer, an example of his most direct nature study, unmannered and splendidly painted, with a brush-work broad as it is masterly. The landscape of the English school is not in strong show, the examples of Wilson and Callcott are insignificant; the Samuel Scotts are uninteresting; the Constable's *Arundel Mill*, lent by Mr. Gaskell, is over-full of mannered flicker, and rather crude. Four examples of Turner may, however, be said to redeem this division of subject. In the large room, the painter's last and firework style is aptly seen in Mr. Gaskell's *Burning of the Houses of Parliament*, painted in 1835; as pendant hangs *Old London Bridge*, cool in tone, busy in composition, the thick impasto well kneaded and without sparkle. In the first room we have *The Devil's Bridge, St. Gothard*, dated 1815, also lent by Mr. Gaskell, with dramatic sky and deliberately thought out effect; and, finally, the earliest picture of the four, dated between 1812 and 1814, *Saltash, Devon*, lent by Miss M. Miller, a study of buildings, wharfage, and boats on the Tamar, with rising river-bank and church towers on the farther side, wrapped in gradations of soft haze. The whole scene swims in warm, half-veiled sunshine, that penetrates everywhere, yet leaves everything in mystery. Out of the roughest and homeliest material, and on a colour scheme of red and golden brown and tender greys, Turner has wrought a poem that satisfies the mind and the eye with a sense of variety in unity.

THE exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, illustrative of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., though not wholly successful, is an acceptable and fairly representative tribute to his talent. Some two hundred and sixteen pictures have been got together, including portraits, landscape, landscape genre, and animal paintings. The catalogue is copiously annotated by Mr. F. G. Stephens with historical and biographical detail, much of which is useful and interesting. Somewhat fuller comment of a purely artistic or descriptive kind, for reference and reminder, would have been welcome. It has been remarked that Gainsborough's art does not 'furnish' well, and certainly the aspect of these galleries as hung with this painter's work is curiously dusky and cold. Except the sapphire iridescence of Master Buller's coat in the Duke of Westminster's famous *Blue Boy*, and Lord Chancellor Camden's scarlet and ermine robes, hardly a salient mass of colour strikes the eye. Among celebrated full-length portraits, the Director of the Gallery has been fortunate in securing the lovely double portrait of *The Painter's Daughters*, one of the most

gracious and artistic pieces that ever came from the Gainsborough easel; also the distinguished *Lady Margaret Lindsay*, lent by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, standing with folded arms, draped in black robes, which throw up the pearly flesh-tints and spiritual aspect. Among those sketch studies in which Gainsborough's happy facility of handling and freshness of manner are most delightful, there is here the bust portrait of *The Painter's Youngest Daughter* (Mrs. Fisher), playing a lute, lent by Mr. Loder, which is hardly more than rubbed in excepting the face; further, the *Boy's Head*, lent by Mr. Newton, a swift impression of the face of a village lad who ground the painter's colours, and accidentally assumed a look which caught Gainsborough's eye; also the tender study of *Miss Juliet Mott, aged twelve*, lent by Mr. E. Backhouse. Among graver portraiture of famous men are four pictures of *William Pitt*, notably the interesting half-length of the youthful statesman, lent by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn. As an example of the close modelling and character study which Gainsborough could produce, no better example could be found than the shrewd, cynical head of the aged *Philip Dormer*, fourth Earl of Chesterfield. A number of portraits of musicians, by the music-loving painter, who would give a picture to hear a well-played solo, have interest of their own; notable are *Fischer, the Hautboy Player*, lent by H.M. the Queen; *Giordini, the Violinist; F. C. Abell, Performer on the Viol de Gamba;* and *Tenducci, the Italian Tenor*, a most vocal portrait. Gainsborough's love of animals, too, finds record in the capital study of *Pomeranian Dog and Puppy;* and of his landscape and rustic pieces, between fifty and sixty are gathered, good, bad, indifferent, or of dubious authorship. Mr. Bassett's *Cottage Girl*, praised by Leslie in his 'Hand-book,' is one of the sweetest and freshest creations of the painter in this popular class of subject. Mr. G. W. Reid lends a relic of Gainsborough's versatility and impulse in art as in other matters: his camera with thirteen landscapes on glass, memento of the craze which possessed him at one time for De Loutherbourg's transparencies, exhibited under the mystic title of *Eidopheusikan*.

A second attraction in the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition is furnished by two small rooms full of water-colours and drawings by the late Richard Doyle, which to many people will prove an unexpected exposition of that genial artist's versatility and invention. Mr. Doyle drew imps and fairies as if he believed in them, and this enthusiasm is catching when we look at the irresistible, serio-comic dramas of the *Battle of Elves and Frogs* or of *Elves and Crows*, or watch the eery wiles of *La Dame Blanche*, or the weird spell of the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. The fun of the designs for 'Punch,' or the pictured satires, lent chiefly by Miss Doyle, is of keener wit. In some of the landscape work, though technically mediocre, a true and poetic sense of the sentiment of a scene is shown; in such sketches, for instance, as that of the melancholy *Howarth Rectory*, the home of the Brontés, beside the churchyard, or the purple evening over the mountains above *Isel Hall*.

THE special exhibition of work in oil and water colour by Mr. J. D. Linton, of the Royal Institute of Painters, arranged at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, gave opportunity for the *ensemble* display of the series of pictures illustrating the career of a soldier of fortune in the sixteenth century, which the artist has painted for a private mansion, and exhibited, year by year, in the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Galleries. The collection served also to bring into notice the character of Mr. Linton's labour over many years, the development of his romantic, yet passionless, style upon the study of Flemish and Dutch schools warmed by the glow of a rarely rich and sonorous palette. In technical completeness and the higher artistic qualities the painter shows himself throughout most at ease, if less ambitious, in use of the water-colour medium.

MR. R. THORNE WAITE, English landscapist, and Mr. William Collingwood, known for delicate transcripts of Alpine scenery, have recently been elected full members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour.

MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE, and Messrs. Napier Hemy, and F. S. Millet, have been made members of the Institute of Painters in Oil.

AT the sale of the collection of the late Mr. William Russell, trustee of the National Gallery, two pictures were purchased for the collection, viz.: a portrait of Mary Wollstoncraft, the mother of Shelley's wife, by Opie, bought for 231*l.*; and the portrait of a Jesuit, seated at a table, on which are books and a crucifix, by the Dutch artist, William Van der Vleit, signed and dated 1631, the first example of the painter acquired for the National Gallery: this picture fetched 241*l.* 10*s.*

Among other pictures to change hands at this sale were Reynolds' *Simplicity*, and Romney's portrait of *Lady William Russell*. The eighteen 'spiritual portrait heads,' by William Blake, in grisaille, went at low figures.

A MEMORIAL Portrait of Professor Palmer, painted by Mr. John Collier, has lately been placed in the Hall of St. John's College, Cambridge. Professor Palmer is represented in a Bedouin dress, such as he wore on his last fatal journey through the Arabian desert. In the background is seen the rocky scenery of the Sinaitic peninsula. The difficulties of painting a posthumous portrait are great, but they have been very happily overcome by Mr. Collier in the present case.

THE competition for the erection of a new Bourse at Amsterdam has resulted in the selection of five plans, for final decision in May next, out of the two hundred designs sent in. The successful applicants are of varied nationality, two being German, two Dutch, and one French. One hundred and sixty designs were rejected at once, because not after Renaissance style.

M. EUGENE MUNTZ, known in England by the translation of his 'Life and Works of Raphael,' succeeds M. Taine in the Professorship of Aesthetics and History of Art in the École des Beaux Arts, Paris.

Mr. WILLIAM PATERSON, of Edinburgh, sends us his edition of 'Une Journée d'Enfant,' a number of lively and graceful drawings of children, by Adrien Marie, reproduced in photogravure by Dujardin. The plates are printed in a variety of tints, and the author of 'Helen's Babies' contributes a Preface.

BASTIEN LEPAGE, whose early death at the age of thirty-six, occurred in December, was one of the strongest individualities among the younger French artists. He was a Government clerk at Dansvilliers, but at nineteen threw up office work to follow the bent of his talent, and entered Cabanel's *atelier* in Paris, and in 1875 began to exhibit in the Salon. His line was portraiture and scenes of rustic life, which were portraiture also, not only of people but of places. A searching literalism, held in check by and subordinated to definite artistic aims, extraordinarily vivid actuality, forced sometimes to an imitative point that suggested use of the camera, and deliberate exclusion of not only cheap allurement, but of that prerogative of selection and elimination which the disciples of the ideal hold dear: these were some characteristic qualities of his art. We have seen nearly all his chief pictures in England, *The Wood Cutter, Rustic Courtship, The Beggar, Pas Méche, The Haymakers, My Parents, Portrait of my Grandfather, Sarah Bernhardt;* while the curious little portraits of the *Prince of Wales* and of *A Gentleman*, hung in the Royal Academy, indicated more expressly the close technique and clinching epitome of characteristics, which perhaps are found at strongest pitch in the portrait of *Albert Wolf*, editor of the Paris 'Figaro.' It is said that his sitters' patience was severely taxed by the numberless poses demanded by the artist, and that the portrait of Victor Hugo never reached completion owing to the poet's inadequate endurance on this head. Lepage has been accused of using his undeniable power to depict, by choice, only the sordid and

repulsive side of the rustic life which he studied in his hard-won holidays from Paris. His village lover is a lout who picks his nails, and is not too clean; his haymakers look stupid from over-much cider, as well as from labour in the hot sun; his old woodsman is pinched in soul by poverty and toil. Yet it must be allowed that there was pathos beneath the pain of these things, and beauty and freshness in the painting of out-door nature which enframed and enforced them. M. Lepage may have mistaken the mission of art and missed his way in company with some of the realistic writers of the day, but, at all events, his teaching was pure in its honesty, and his work was the genuine and laborious outcome of a strong artistic individuality. At the recently opened galleries, called the Salon Parisien, in Bond Street, the last work of the artist, left unfinished upon the easel, has been on view. It is a vigorous study of a chimney-sweep, grimy from work, eating his dinner in a wretched room, with cat and kitten for company.

LADY BRASSEY'S second book of sea travel, 'In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties,' published by Messrs. Longman, is likely to receive as warm a welcome as her first 'Voyage of the *Sunbeam*,' from an indulgent audience. The track,—by Madeira, across to the coast of South America, Venezuela, Jamaica, the Cuban Coast and the Bahamas, and home across the North Atlantic, by Bermuda and the Azores,—gives the authoress plenty of subject-matter for her cheerful pen. A sufficient average of descriptive power, a real love of nature, and no little scientific enthusiasm, evidence of lots of 'pluck,' and strong social enjoyment, these are genial elements in the making of Lady Brassey's book, and redeem its absence of special artistic or imaginative qualities. Much of the matter is novel, and the free and easy style, half diary, half letter, that takes the reader into confidence, and makes sure of receptive interest, levies, at any rate, no tax upon the intellect. Lady Brassey seems to have cherished from childhood a longing to see the tropical vegetation of the West Indies, and when she reaches Trinidad her delight in the gorgeous gardens at Port of

PICNIC AT CAPE GIRÃO, MADEIRA.

Spain, and the wild splendours of forest growth, breaks into vivid description. Though evidently most at home on board the now celebrated *Sunbeam*, and discoursing of sea and shipping with nautical familiarity, this enterprising lady takes to all means of locomotion like a born traveller; she is carried in a hammock over the romantic steeps of Madeira; crosses the Pitch Lake of Trinidad on a quaking plank; rides mule-back on an excruciating Mexican saddle up the forest-clad mountain sides to Caracas, after a night of sea-sickness on the water; and travels on to La Guayra, without a thought of dismay, by a corkscrew railway that seems to hang off rather than on a ledge in the cliff;

PONTA DELGADA. LANDING PLACE, ST. MICHAEL'S.

sails on the squally edge of a circular storm in the Sargasso Sea, and plunges on horseback among the volcanic gorges of Las Furnas in the Azores—all with the same wideawake observation and high-spirited enjoyment. After all, we must remember, the roughing encountered by such a *grande dame* is tempered

LAGO DAS FURNAS, IN THE AZORES.

by the mitigating influence of wealth and companionship. Sir Thomas Brassey alone would be a host in himself of instruction and management, but his lady has also a retinue of faithful associates. Wherever she goes follows the clever illustrator of her books, Mr. R. T. Pritchett, to whose graceful and intelligent pencil no scene or object seems to come amiss, and whose ingenious little sketches, so prettily intermixed with the letter-press, and so beautifully engraved by Messrs. Pearson and Cooper, fill up most happily all voids in the narrative.

LOW TIDE IN THE CHANNEL.

BY AUGUSTUS HAGBORG. ETCHED BY AUGUSTE MASSÉ.

MR. HAGBORG is of Scandinavian origin, having been born at Göteborg in Sweden. He was a student at the Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm, and afterwards a pupil of Palmaroli. Amongst the numerous modern naturalistic artists who have painted rustic subjects Mr. Hagborg is one of the simplest and most direct in manner, and one of the most truthful. The picture in the Luxembourg that M. Massé has etched for us has for its landscape subject a bay in the north of France, at low tide, seen under one of those effects of grey cloud and uncertain light which, in nature, are much more fatiguing to the eyes than the steady glare of sunshine. The figures, without being idealised, are well chosen and well placed, and have a healthy, lively appearance, besides a sort of rude beauty, which makes them pleasant representatives of the north-French fishing population.

THE TOMB AND CHANTRY OF THE BLACK PRINCE AT CANTERBURY.

ON the 8th of June, 1376, the eyes of all England were turned with sorrowing attention towards the royal palace of Westminster. For within its stately halls the hero of Crecy and Poitiers, the idol of the whole nation, 'le très noble Monsieur Prince Edward, Prince de Galles et d'Aquitaine,' and heir to the throne of England, lay dying.

At length the lingering disease, which had been slowly consuming his vigour during eight weary years, had done its deadly work, and the end had come.

The touching scene has been painted for us in vivid colours by the old chronicler, Chandos Herald, himself the companion of the Prince in his victorious wars and now the witness of his last moments. We see the weeping attendants, unable to keep back their sobs and tears, the aged king—'Decus Anglorum'—whose long reign was closing in gloom and trouble, watching by the bedside of his first-born son. We see the Prince's devoted wife, the beautiful Joan of Kent, crushed by the overwhelming burden of her grief, the little Prince Richard, his only son, 'qui moult est joesnes et petitz;' and all around the crowd of retainers, counts, barons, knights, and squires, coming and going through the great doors thrown open by the dying hero's orders, that these faithful servants might hear his farewell words. To them he spoke in a clear, firm voice, giving them each a hundred thousand thanks for their loyal services—

> 'Par la foy que je vous doy,
> Vous m'avez loialement servi,
> Si ne puis-je de droit demy
> Rendre à chescun son guerdon;
> Mais Dieux par son saintisme nom
> Ens es ciels le vous rendera.'

At this the tears and sobs of all present broke out afresh. There was a hush as the Prince spoke again, commending the wife and son he loved so well to their care, and praying them to serve his orphan child as they had served him. Then, turning his thoughts from the world he was leaving, the dying man uttered a last prayer to heaven for pardon, and at three o'clock that afternoon the Black Prince passed away. It was, Chandos reminds us, the high feast of the Blessed Trinity, a day which, from early youth, the Prince had reverenced with peculiar devotion, and which he had never failed to keep holy with melody in the church choir.

Last year Trinity Sunday happened to fall again on the 8th of June, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, preaching in his Cathedral church, reminded his hearers of the warrior-prince, who had died on the same day five hundred years ago, and whose ashes slept in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity.

Many are the memories which cluster round the great church of Canterbury, whether we take our stand on the hill of St. Martin, whence the little band of Roman monks descended bearing the Cross aloft and chanting their Christian song in a strange land, or else look down from Harbledown from the self-same spot where Chaucer's goodly company of pilgrims, or the more critical travellers of a later age, Erasmus and his friend Dean Colet, first saw the shrine of St. Thomas and the Angel on the topmost tower, bright in the rays of the evening sun.

Many are the splendid pageants which those crumbling yellow walls have witnessed, royal marriages, coronations, funerals, processions of foreign kings and ambassadors who had travelled from far lands

> 'The holy blissful martyr for to seeke.'

Not a stone in the fabric but has its tale to tell. The chair in which St. Augustine's successors are enthroned, the massive piers of Ernulf, still bearing marks of the disastrous fire which Gervase the monk has described in his pathetic language, the Norman

mouldings of Anselm's Tower, and the soaring arches of English William's crypt—they have all their story. We walk through the Transept of Becket's Martyrdom, on the very pavement stained with the blood of the ambitious prelate. Above us in windows glowing with ruby and sapphire hues, we read the pictured legend of the wonders and miracles wrought at the martyr's shrine, and the older story of St. Alphege's murder and the sack of Canterbury by the Danes.

But among all these traditions, among all the historical and legendary memorials which the eloquent pen of Dean Stanley has revived for us, none is dearer to English hearts than the memory of the Prince, who, loving the church of Canterbury and the shrine of St. Thomas from his cradle, chose it for his last resting-place.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Canterbury is closely associated with three memorable events in the career of the Black Prince, his return from France after his famous victory of Poitiers, his marriage, and his death.

His first visit there, and the only one of which any authentic record exists, was paid in the month of April 1357, when, after landing at Sandwich on the 16th, he stopped at Canterbury on the 19th with his royal captive, King John.

Together, the Black Prince and the French monarch, with his young son, Philip, made their offerings at the chief stations in the Cathedral, the Tomb in the Crypt, the Altars of the Head—Caput Thomæ—in the Corona, of the Sword's point in the Transept of the Martyrdom, and the actual Shrine in Trinity Chapel, which since Becket's days had been enriched by the costly gifts of so many royal pilgrims. Here was the great jewel or Regale of the Crown of France, which, two centuries before, another King of France had offered at the Tomb of St. Thomas; here, too, was the royal crown of Scotland, itself presented at the shrine by the Black Prince's ancestor, Edward I.

Besides these sacred places there was another spot in the Cathedral which became the especial object of the Black Prince's devotion. This was the Chapel of the Virgin in the Crypt, commonly called Our Lady of the Undercroft, a shrine which had recently attracted many pilgrims and had been endowed with precious gifts by the royal family. Edward I., we find, offered a gold brooch to the Image of the Virgin every year; Edward II. sent a wax candle to be lighted before the image, and sums of money at different times; and while the Black Prince was still a child Edward III. offered a wax candle, five pounds in weight, at the same altar, and presented other gifts by the hands of his chaplain, who also paid two shillings to 'certain divers minstrels who made minstrelsy before the Image of our Lady in the Vault.'

In 1352, the Black Prince's own mother, the good Queen Philippa, had been at Canterbury with her younger son Edmund, afterwards Duke of York, and had made offerings at the Virgin's altar; and now the hero knelt himself in this shrine, which in after years he adorned, and where in the will he made on his death-bed he gave orders that his body should be laid.

Tradition points to another place near Canterbury in connexion with this visit of the Black Prince. As he left the town to make his triumphal entry into London, his way lay past Harbledown village, on the crest of the hill under the forest of Blean, the last halting-place of travellers, immortalised by Chaucer in his lines:—

> 'Wist ye not where standeth a little toun,
> Which that ycleped is Bob up and Down
> Under the Blee in Canterbury way?'

Here was an ancient hospital for lepers, built by Lanfranc in 1084, and visited by most royal personages on their return from the pilgrimage to Canterbury. Henry II., Cœur de Lion on his release from captivity, Edward I. and Eleanor of Castille on their return from the Holy Land, had all stopped to give alms at the hospital, and see the crystal of St. Thomas's shoe—a relic which was to rouse the ire of Dean Colet in after ages, and is still shown to visitors at the present time. And here, too, the Black Prince and King John halted to visit Lanfranc's old lazar-house, and the chapel of St. Nicholas attached to it. The French King did not forget the poor lepers when he visited Canterbury a second time, on his way back to France after his release from captivity, and dropped ten crowns into the hands of 'Les nonains de Harbledown.' At this time, it is said, the Black Prince drank of a spring on the hillside behind the hospital, of great repute for the healing virtues which it was supposed to possess. The story adds that years afterwards, when he lay sick of the wasting illness which ended his life in the prime of manhood, he sent to Harbledown for a draught of its wonder-working waters. Not even their influence could arrest the progress of the fatal illness that was slowly sapping his strength, but this tradition of England's hero has clung to the spot. The spring still bears the name of the Black Prince's Well, and ferns and flowers are planted round the steps leading down to the water.

We pass over a few years—years of sumptuous feastings and tournaments held in honour of Edward's victories, when Windsor was the scene of one revel after another, and the captive Majesties of France and Scotland witnessed the festival of the Round Table of the Knights of the Garter. Once more, in 1360, the Black Prince led another victorious army to the gates of Paris, and after a short winter campaign dictated terms of peace to his vanquished foes:—

> 'Au temps que le russinol chante
> Oep jours en joli mois de may.'

In the autumn of the following year he married his father's first cousin Joan, Countess of Kent in her own right. This 'dame de grant pris,' as Chandos calls her, was the only surviving child of Edward III.'s uncle, the unfortunate Earl of Kent, who had died on the scaffold in the first years of this monarch's reign, a victim to the intrigues of the Queen-mother and her favourite Mortimer. So deep was the popular feeling which this act of injustice aroused, that during a whole day no executioner could be found to carry out the sentence, and heavy penalties were imposed on all who dared to say that the King's uncle had not been guilty of treason.

The child of this innocent nobleman was now the object of the Black Prince's choice. From his earliest years he had been passionately attached to Joan, whose great beauty had won for her the name of the Fair Maid of Kent, and who had obtained a divorce from the Earl of Salisbury, to whom she had been betrothed in her childhood, in order to marry the Prince. As ill-luck would have it, both the King and Queen were strongly opposed to this marriage, which was contrary to the laws of the Church; and, if we are to believe Froissart, Philippa was further prejudiced against Joan on account of her gay and pleasure-loving character. After remaining unmarried for love of her cousin until her twenty-fifth year, the Fair Maid accepted the hand of Sir Thomas Holland, to whom she was married in 1351, and had two sons, whom the Black Prince held at the font as sponsor.

His constancy to the lady of his love had never wavered. Other marriages were proposed to him in vain; and when in 1361 the death of Sir Thomas Holland left Joan a widow, he lost no time in renewing his suit. 'Inspired rather by the grace of God than by the persuasion of man,' as he has himself recorded, he chose her among all other women for his bride. This time the royal consent was at length given, and the wedding was celebrated with great pomp in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on the 10th of October, 1361.

In order to remove the impediments of kinship, of the earlier contract of Joan's infancy, and of the Prince's relationship to her children, a dispensation was obtained from the Pope, who issued a bull legalising the marriage, on condition that Edward should found two chantries in Canterbury Cathedral. The injunction was gladly obeyed, and the cathedral treasury still contains the original charter by which he endowed two chantries in the crypt, in thankfulness for the Papal permission and in commemoration of his joyous nuptials. From this document, which received confirmation from the Prior and Chapter on the 3rd of August, 1363, we learn that two altars were to be placed in the south-east transept of the Undercroft, the principal one dedicated to the Blessed Trinity—'quam peculiari devocione semper colimus'—the other to the Virgin Mary. The same deed provides for two priests, who were to say mass daily at these altars and pray perpetually for the health and prosperity of the newly-wedded pair on earth and their eternal beatitude hereafter. These chantries were endowed with the Prince's manor of Vauxhall, in Surrey, and a residence was allotted to the priests in the neighbourhood of the Precincts, on a plot of ground which still retains the name of the Black Prince's chantry.

In accordance with these directions, we find that in 1363 this portion of the crypt, immediately under

the south-east transept of the choir, was entirely altered. The massive pillars of the Norman age gave place to graceful, pointed arches and slender shafts of polished marble; windows of elegant tracery were inserted in the chapel walls and ogeed niches over the piscinas of the newly-consecrated altars; while the lierne vaulting of the roof was adorned with richly carved and gilded bosses. The chief altar, dedicated by the Prince's command to the Holy Trinity, was placed in the northern apse, and on the vaulting of the roof above we recognise several allusions to Edward's personal history.

There his victory of Poitiers and his marriage are alike commemorated. The central boss bears the Black Prince's coat-of-arms, the lilies of France quartered with the lions of England and the Three Feathers. The large one over the altar represents Samson with his long hair and the jawbone of the ass under his arm. Under the figure of the man who slew a thousand Philistines 'heaps upon heaps with the jaw of an ass,' the slaughter of that famous battle-field, where the lane was choked with the dead bodies of the French, is illustrated. In the oak and vine leaves carved on the other bosses we may see another allusion to the vineyards and woods behind which the English archers took their stand and rained their deadly arrows on the French, while in two other bosses a lion trampling on a griffin is an evident emblem of the day which proved so fatal to the arms of France. And there, too, on a boss in the centre of the western bay, we see the face of the Prince's beautiful wife, the Fair Maid, who had inspired him with so deep and so enduring an affection. 'Bele, plesante et sage,' as the poet describes her, she appears to us here, the fair brow and regular features framed in by the square outline of her jewelled fillet.

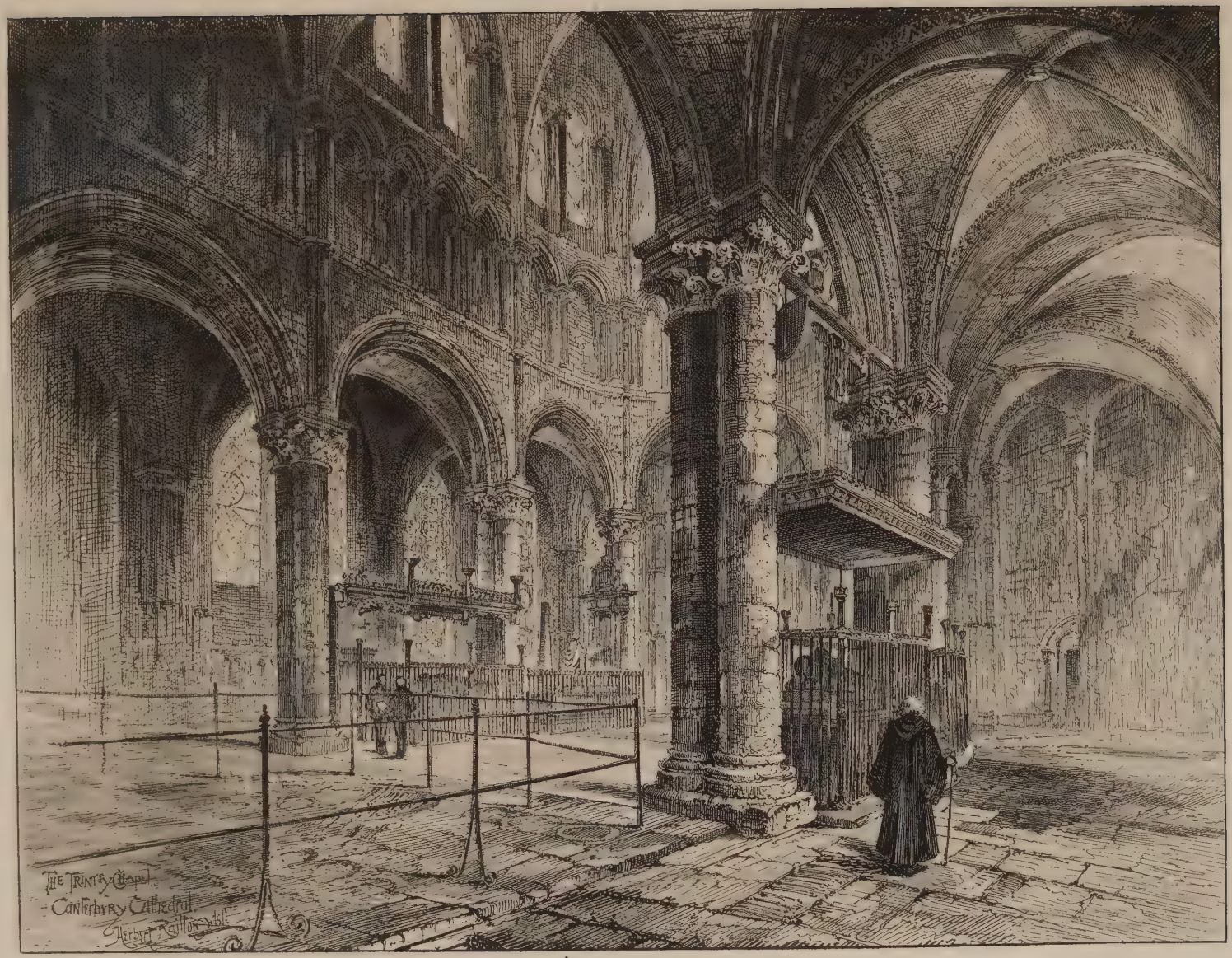
In the southern half of the chantry, where the Virgin's altar stood, we see the arms of King Edward III. on one of the bosses, a pelican feeding her young on another, besides several examples of admirably carved foliage and varied devices.

The generous zeal of the Black Prince did not end here. At the same time that he founded the chantries which celebrate this romantic episode in his eventful life, the neighbouring Chapel of Our Lady in the Undercroft was decorated with stone-screens and a reredos exquisitely carved and richly ornamented with gilding and painting. No record remains of the erection of these works, but since they are clearly of the same date as the chantry, and since the Black Prince's armorial bearings are emblazoned on a pillar close to the east wall, there can be little doubt that Canon Scott Robertson is right in his conjecture that they were executed at the same Prince's expense. On his death-bed we know that Edward showed a marked interest in the Virgin's Chapel. In his will, dated the day before he died, he bequeaths to the altar of Our Lady in the Undercroft a white vestment diapered with a vine-pattern in blue silk, a tabernacle and frontal adorned with a golden picture of the Assumption, a chalice enamelled with the arms of Aquitaine, two large silver candelabra, two cruets in the shape of angels, and his own missal and book of Hours. More than this he chose this spot for his last resting-place, and commanded that his body should be buried in the centre of the little chapel, ten feet from the altar, a grave which great benefactors or founders alone had the right to claim. For some reason unknown to us, his last wishes in this respect were not obeyed, but the fact that his son Richard II. repeatedly offered rich gifts and jewels at this shrine makes it the more probable that it is to the Black Prince the Chapel of the Virgin owes its chief decoration.

This was the shrine glittering with gems which dazzled the eyes of Erasmus in the darkness of the crypt, and made him cry out with wonder at the display of more than royal splendour which he saw within the iron railings that protected its riches. The sight, we may well believe, was not one to be forgotten when hundreds of lights twinkling in the darkest corners threw their lustre over golden frontal and jewelled tabernacle, and illumined with their rays both the intricate tracery and delicate mouldings of the screen and the glowing colours of the reredos, where, under a stately canopy with richly-crocketed pinnacles, the silver statue of the Virgin reigned supreme in her central niche above the altar.

The treasures which Erasmus saw have vanished long ago, the nine statues of the Virgin's altar are gone, and scarcely a trace of colour or gilding now remains to be seen on the vaulted roof and skilfully wrought reredos. Those ogeed arches and cusped hoods, the slender shafts which supported them, the crockets and pinnacles which enriched them, have been terribly shattered and ruined, but even in its present mutilated condition, enough of the stonework remains to show us the grace and beauty of the original design.

The chantries are in a better state of preservation, although sadly disfigured by the coat of thick white-wash which covers pillars and vaulting and bosses alike. Strange to say, the minute instructions which the Black Prince left as to the services to be said daily at these altars, soon ceased to be observed. Already, in 1376, the year of his death, we find that only one priest was appointed to serve both altars, contrary to his express directions, and in the time of Henry VIII. this office was suppressed. Where of old his two altars stood, and priests were to pray for him and his wife perpetually, to-day we see a bare and deserted space and whitewashed walls, while a wooden


The Trinity Chapel
Canterbury Cathedral
Herbert Railton del.

partition encloses the southern apse, which serves as vestry to the French Protestants, who, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, have held their services in the cathedral crypt.

The same year which saw this dark alley of the crypt transformed into a fair chapel worthy of the joyful event it was destined to commemorate, witnessed the departure of the Black Prince for his new principality of Aquitaine, with which his father had invested him. He took with him his bride, unwilling to part from her again:—

'Pur ce que durement l'ama.'

Whatever may be the truth of Froissart's gossiping tales as to Joan's conduct before her marriage, no one has ever ventured to cast a doubt on the truth of her love for the noble husband to whom she was at length united. Chandos Herald, who never speaks of the Princess but in terms of the highest respect, and tells us again and again how wise and good and fair she was, draws a touching picture of the parting scene between her and the Prince, when he started on his perilous expedition to Spain. Filled with gloomy forebodings, she cried:—

'Las! quei feroie,
Dieux et Amours, si je perdoie
La droite fleur de gentilesse,
La fleur de trés noble hautesse,
Celi qui en monde n'ad pier
De vaillance, à voir recorder?—
Mors, tu me seroies prochaine.'

The Prince, Chandos goes on to say, comforted his wife, kindly bidding her dry her tears and be of good cheer, since his heart told him they would meet again with joy. "Dame, encor nous nous reverrons;" but still her grief and complaints were very bitter.

Again, when he returned from that unhappy war, we find the Princess of Wales hastening to meet him with her young son Edward.

'*Right sweetly did they embrace when they met together, and they held each other by the hand as they walked to their house.*'

Together, then, the Black Prince and his wife set out for Aquitaine, and here, in the sunny South, they reigned seven years—

'En joie, en paix, et en solas.'

'There,' says Chandos, speaking of the jousts and revels of their brilliant court at Bordeaux, 'was found all nobleness, all joy and merriment, bounty, freedom, and honour. And all the Prince's lieges and his people loved him passionately, for he did them much good. They looked upon him with one feeling as a good lord, loyal and wise; and I may truly say, that since the birth of Christ never was such good entertainment nor more honourable than then, for every day at his table he had more than eighty knights and four times as many esquires.'

But all too soon these bright hours fled, and darker days followed. First came the Spanish expedition, with all its disastrous consequences: ruined health for the Prince, and heavy burdens for subjects. Then one blow after another fell in rapid succession: the death of his eldest son, a promising boy, who bade fair to tread in his father's steps; discontent and insurrection among his subjects; reverses abroad and sorrows at home. Last of all, the sad return to England, and the long years of slow and wasting sickness.

Still the strong spirit wrestled with death. Once again, after four years spent in retreat, he left his castle of Berkhampstead and came to the Palace of Westminster, that he might be carried into the chambers where Parliament met to defend the rights of the people and resist the evil influence of the favourites, who wasted the revenues and had gained possession of the King's ear in his old age.

But now the end was near. Then, as he lay dying in his father's palace, his thoughts turned once more to Canterbury. He remembered his triumphant return from France in the pride of youth and conquest, the happy days which followed his nuptials. There, in that hallowed sanctuary, he would sleep safely in the care of the Holy Trinity and the shadow of St. Thomas' shrine, where his own fair chantry bore record to his deeds of prowess in war and love, and where priests would sing daily for the repose of his soul.

And so on the 7th of June he gathered up his falling strength for one last effort, and with powers of mind not yet enfeebled by the approach of death, 'étant en bon et sain mémoire,' and conscious, he adds touchingly, of the shortness of this mortal life, —'de la briéve durée de humaine frêletée,'—he made a will, giving minute instructions as to the disposal of his property, the exact spot in the Undercroft where his body was to be laid, and the ceremonial to be observed at his funeral. Nothing is forgotten, the very words of the epitaph to be inscribed upon his tomb are given, and the black, red-bordered tapestries adorned with ostrich-feathers and swans with ladies' heads, which are to be hung around.

Among a long string of bequests to the Virgin's shrine in the Undercroft, the chapel of his castle at Wallingford, and other sanctuaries, we find mention of a great silver cross, a gold-embroidered, green velvet vestment, a golden chalice, two gold basins and cruets, and an image of the Trinity, which are left to the high altar of Canterbury Cathedral—called, in this document, as in many contemporary records, the Cathedral Church of the Trinity.

Besides John of Gaunt, several bishops were appointed executors of this will, foremost among them William of Wykeham, the great Bishop of Winchester, during many years a faithful friend to

the Black Prince, and who had stood by him manfully in his bold attempt to resist the wasteful expenditure of the King's worthless favourites. On the next day after the will had been drawn up, the Black Prince 'passed out of this age,' amid the lamentations of the whole empire.

'With him,' says a contemporary writer, 'died all the hopes of Englishmen, who, during his life, had feared no invasion of the enemy nor encounter in a battle, inasmuch as he went against no army that he did not conquer, and attacked no city that he did not take.'

Far and wide the mourning spread, as the writers of the day love to record; even in France prayers were offered in the Chapel of St. Louis for the repose of the hero's soul.

During more than three months the body lay in state at Westminster, until Parliament met at Michaelmas, when it was borne on a hearse drawn by twelve black horses, and followed by the whole Court and both Houses of Parliament to Canterbury. Along the Pilgrims' Way, and the road trodden by Chaucer's story-telling cavalcade, the great procession moved, up and down many a steep hill and through dense forests, past Lanfranc's lazar-house at Harbledown and the well which bears the Black Prince's name, until the West Gate of Canterbury was reached. Here, at the old City gateway, then crowned by a chapel and a tall cross, they were met by two armed riders, one in an embroidered surcoat bearing the arms of France and England in which the Prince had been wont to ride to battle, the other in the black armour with his favourite badge of the three ostrich-feathers which he wore at tournaments.

These two horsemen, whose presence had been commanded by the Prince in his will, one 'pur la guerre,' the other 'pur la paix,' rode before the hearse, followed by four black banners with ostrich-feathers Thus escorted, the funeral train moved on through the High Street, across the winding Stour, past many an ancient hospital for the shelter of sick and weary travellers, under the broad eaves of the 'Chequers of the Hope,' where Chaucer's pilgrims lodged, and between the covered arcades and booths, which in those days lined Mercery Lane.

Here, at the old Norman gate of Christ Church,

which has since then given place to Prior Goldstone's majestic structure, the procession stopped, and the mourners followed the body into the Cathedral, where it was laid on a bier erected between the high altar and the choir, while the funeral rites were celebrated.

So the greatest of the Plantagenets was borne to his rest:—

> 'To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
> Mourning when their leaders fall,
> Warriors carried the warrior's pall,
> And sorrow darkened hamlet and hall.'

On one point alone his dying wishes seem to have been set aside. He had, as we have already seen, wished to sleep in the Lady Chapel of the Undercroft, and had given exact directions as to the position of his tomb before the altar, charging both his executors, the Prior and Chapter, to fulfil his last

commands in this respect as they must answer to God in the Day of Judgment. But this the feeling of the nation would not allow. Their hero and cherished idol, who had been mourned as never prince before or since, should not be hidden away for ever in the dark crypt, where the light of tapers or lanterns was needed in order to see his tomb. And so, either at this time or else, as appears more probable, a few years later, when the tomb was completed the body of the Black Prince was laid in a more fitting place, high aloft in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, close to the shrine of Becket.

In that most sacred spot, at the top of the stone steps, hollowed by the knees of every pilgrim who sought the wonder-working shrine, a tomb of grey Sussex marble, 'de bone masonerie,' as he had decreed, was raised above his grave.

The sides were adorned with twelve richly enamelled escutcheons, bearing alternately the arms of France and England and the Three Feathers, inscribed separately with the mottoes, '*Houmut*' and '*Ich diene*,' which he had used for his seal, and which, Dean Stanley observed, well express that high courage and ready service which he had often shown.

On the top of the stone was a brass slab upon which the Prince's effigy, gilded over from head to foot, was placed, under a wooden canopy, bearing a quaint figure of the Holy Trinity, on a blue ground powdered with gold stars and studded with roses and other devices. The Father throned on a rainbow appears holding a crucifix fixed on the globe, a representation almost exactly similar to that preserved on a metal badge in the British Museum, where the Black Prince is seen kneeling before the Trinity.

In the pillars on either side we may still see the hooks formerly used to fasten the black ostrich-feather tapestry, ordered by the Prince to be hung round his tomb, the high altar and Becket's shrine, while on the iron rod supporting the canopy are some precious fragments of the two complete accoutrements, 'pour la guerre, et pour la paix,' worn by the riders who met the corpse at the gate, and afterwards suspended above the warrior-Prince's last resting-place.

Here, tattered and faded now, is the crimson velvet surcoat, embroidered in blue and gold with fleur-de-lis and lions; here, too, are the wooden shield bearing the same coat-of-arms, the pointed iron helmet, ermine-trimmed cap, brass gauntlets with small leopards on the knuckles, which the Prince wore on the field of battle. The sword is gone, taken away, it is said, by Oliver Cromwell, and only the red leather scabbard and a portion of the cloth belt and buckle remain.

And here, under these relics of his victories, the Black Prince lies, his hands clasped in prayer, his eyes raised to that Blessed Trinity which he had adored all his life long. Clad in complete armour from head to foot, he sleeps—the very model of a *preux chevalier*, without fear and without reproach. On his breast the golden lilies are mingled with the lions of England, his sword is by his side, his knightly spurs on his feet, his head resting on his helmet with the leopard's crest—'the casque which never stooped except to time.'

The noble features are of the true Plantagenet type, and the touch of softness and gentleness about the lips explains the strange fascination which inspired men like the Captal de Buch and Chandos, with such enthusiastic devotion to his person. Truly, 'A young and princely gentleman!'

A NARROW STREET CANTERBURY

At the base of the monument is a French inscription, giving all his titles in full:—

'Ci-gist le noble Prince Monsieur Edward, aisnez fils du très noble Roy, Edward Tiers, Prince d'Aquitaine et de Gales, Duc de Cornouaille, Comte de Cestre, qui mourut en la feste de la Trinité questoit le VIII. jour de Juin, l'an de grâce 1376. L'alme do qui Dieu ait mercy. Amen.'

Then follow the verses, also in Norman French, which he had left in his will to be placed on his tomb, 'written as clearly as possible that all may read them.' For long this epitaph was supposed to be the Black Prince's own composition, but since it was also inscribed on the tomb of Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, in the Priory of Lewes, early in the fourteenth century, it was evidently already well known. Telling

as these verses do of the transitory nature of human greatness, of the decay of human youth and beauty, and the one hope of frail mortality, they are none the less singularly appropriate in the lips of one who, endowed with every gift that nature and fortune could bestow, died in the flower of his age of a cruel and lingering malady,

'De la mort ne pensai je mye.'

Victor of Crécy and Poitiers, little it was he had recked of death:—

'En terre avoi grand Richesse,
Dont j'y fis grand Noblesse
Terre, Mesons, grand Trésor,
Draps, Chivaux, Argent et Or.'

Now all is changed. Riches and honours, might and beauty, all are gone—fled like a dream. Poor and wretched, stripped of all his glory, a captive in a narrow house, this once mighty prince lies crumbling into dust. Therefore let the stranger, passing by with silent lips, of his pity pray Heaven to have mercy on his soul:—

'Pur Dieu, priez au Celestien Roy
Le mercy ait de l'âme de moy.'

And on all good souls who pray thus, may God have mercy and place them in his Paradise:—

'Où nul ne poet estre chetifs.'

The last line is full of pathetic significance when we remember the weary years of wasting sickness which had consumed that heroic life.

Since those days the Cathedral of Canterbury has seen many changes. The gorgeous shrine of St. Thomas, the goal of so many pilgrimages, the wonder of all Christendom, has been levelled to the ground, not a trace of it remains on the pavement where it stood. But the devouring hand of Time, and the more cruel violence of man, have spared the Black Prince's tomb. Kept safe from hurt and wrong, his ashes sleep in Trinity Chapel, guarded and cherished by his people's love. For in the words of the faithful servant, who followed him from his battles to his death-bed:—

'Search the whole world as it turns round, you will find no such Prince. For so high was his courage that he reigned everywhere in power, so that men ought never to forget him either in deed or in word.'

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ALBERT DÜRER'S *CHRISTMAS DAY.*

THIS delightful little plate was engraved by Dürer in 1504, two years before his journey to Venice, so that it belongs to the same period of his activity as the marvellous *Adam and Eve*. It was called *Christmas Day* by its author—a much better title than the more hackneyed *Nativity*. In feeling it is, perhaps, more like his series of woodcuts from the life of the Virgin than any other of his works. There is a first-rate impression in the Print-room of the British Museum; the margin is, of course, cut away, no doubt by some collector of the last century, but otherwise it is perfect. Impressions from plates of this size Dürer called 'half-sheets,' and sold at the rate of twenty for a florin, or about a penny each!

WINDSOR.

III.

A Tournament—Birth of Edward III.—Renovation of the Castle—The Round Tower and the Round Table—Royal Prisoners—The Founders of the Order of the Garter—The Death of Philippa—Richard II. at Windsor—His Farewell to Queen Isabel—Plot at Windsor against Henry IV.—James of Scotland—The Heart of St. George—Birth of Henry VI.—Edward IV.—His Body Examined—Visit of the King of Castile—Henry VIII.—The Earl of Surrey—Burial-place of Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour.

THE glories of the reign of Edward III. are connected more intimately with Windsor Castle than with any other place. Edward I., although his beautiful queen, Eleanor, seems to have resided much in the Castle, only visited it occasionally, and never kept a Christmas here. His two eldest sons were born at Windsor while Henry III. was still living, and they and their brother, Alphonso, all seem to have died here. Prince Alphonso had reached the mature age of ten, and a marriage with a Spanish princess had been arranged for him. A psalter illuminated with his arms and those of his intended bride is in the British Museum, and is interesting as giving us some early examples of heraldic bearings. In the Record Office there is a roll describing the purchases made in preparation for a tournament at Windsor in July, 1278, when the boy was only five; and among the payments is one of fifteen shillings for his shield, and another of forty pounds for his dress of coloured cloth, which may mean something of the nature of a tabard.

This tournament is described as taking place in

the Park, which probably means the Little Park, below the Castle, now traversed diagonally by the road to Datchet. The knights were dressed in leather armour, gilt or silvered, according to their rank, and wore crests also of leather, their swords being blunted so as to avoid injury. This is an early mention of crests, and whether they were figures of heraldic animals in *cuir boulli*, coloured and gilt, or were repetitions of the coat-of-arms, as in the nearly contemporary Louterell Psalter, I cannot say.

Edward II. was more often at Windsor than his father, but the events of his reign do not greatly connect him with the place, except during 1312. In that year, on the 23rd November, at forty minutes past five in the morning, 'the 6 degree of the sign Scorpio ascending, and the 18 degree of Leo culminating,' the young Queen Isabella, then only eighteen years of age, gave birth here to the prince who was destined to do so much for Windsor Castle. He was born on Monday and baptized on the following Thursday in the old chapel of St. Edward, being called after his father, and grandfather, and the royal saint, and having three bishops and four other great men as his godfathers.

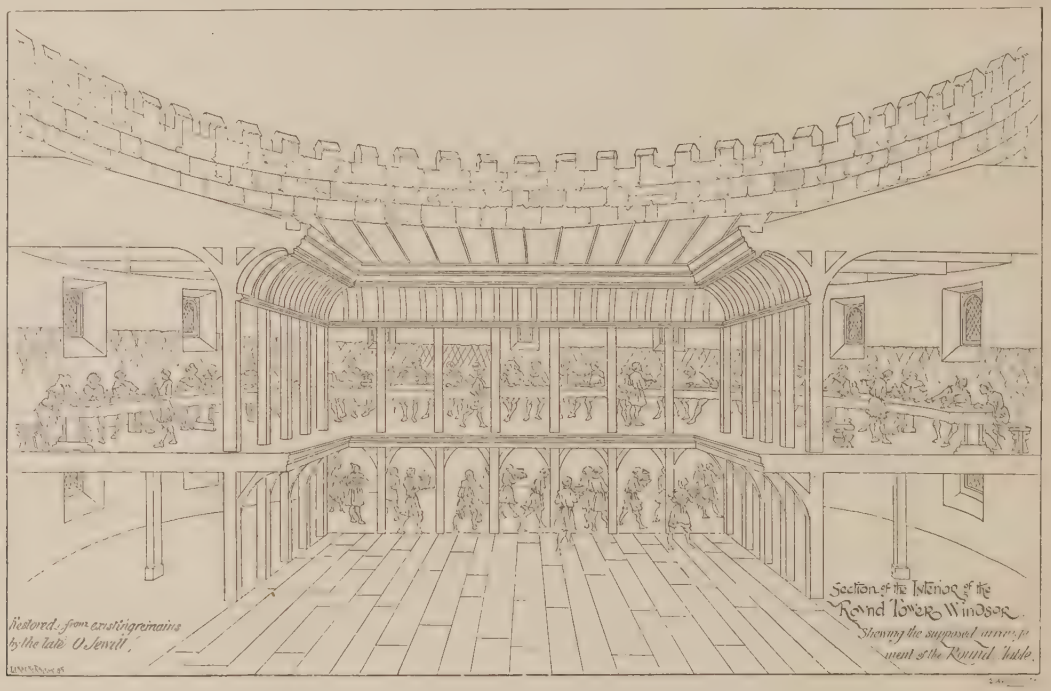
He succeeded to the throne on the deposition of his unfortunate father in January, 1326, and from that time to the end of his long reign Windsor was the almost constant scene of tournaments, processions, feasts, chapters, and assemblies, in which everything was subordinated to pomp and display. This is not the place to detail the history of the wars with France and Scotland, except in so far as they concern Windsor; but here, we know, the royal and noble prisoners were conducted after each triumph, and here Edward celebrated each victory in the enlarged chapel. The old 'Aula Regis,' the King's palace in which he had been born, was given up to be the residence of the canons of a new ecclesiastical foundation, and St. George was associated with St. Edward the Confessor as the patron saint. At first

a 'Warden,' or 'Custos,' presided over the Chapter but in the last year of the reign of Henry IV. his title was changed to 'Dean.' Besides canons and vicars there were appointed twenty-six 'alms-knights,' an institution out of which has grown the modern band of pensioners known as the Military and Naval Knights. The first 'poor knights' were nominated by the first knights of the new Order of the Garter, each choosing one valiant soldier who in his old age had fallen on evil days, and was weak in body, indigent, and decayed.

Before we come to the first chapter of the Order we must see what preparations Edward made for the reception of the knights companions. The Upper Ward was almost rebuilt, and under the State apartments built in the time of Charles II., and refaced by

Wyattville, are still to be seen the vaulted chambers of Edward's basement. The great Bishop, William of Wykeham, was the architect, and from him the Winchester Tower obtained its name. It is said that the motto, '*Hoc Fecit Wykeham*,' was placed upon it, and that the wily prelate interpreted it to the King as meaning not 'Wykeham made this,' but 'This made Wykeham.'

This tradition is probably no more true than another one to the effect that the Kings of France and Scotland, while prisoners, when walking with King Edward in the Lower Ward, pointed out that the Upper Ward lay on higher ground, and commanded a finer view, and that the King 'approved their sayings, adding pleasantly that it should so be,


Restored from existing remains by the late O. Jewitt.
Section of the Interior of the Round Tower Windsor
Shewing the supposed arrangement of the Round Table.

and that he would bring his castle thither, that is to say, enlarge it so far with two other wards, the charges whereof should be borne with their two ransoms.' Stow, who tells this story, adds, 'as after it came to pass,' but though it is possible enough that the not very refined manners of the age permitted King Edward to talk and even to joke with his captives as to their ransoms, it is certain, as we have seen, that the Upper Ward was in existence long before, and that Edward's greatest works in that part of the Castle had been in progress for many years before either King John or King David came hither as prisoners.

It is asserted on better grounds that some time in the beginning of his reign Edward with his queen visited Glastonbury, where the abbot showed them the tomb of King Arthur, and, opening it, displayed the gigantic bones of the legendary king. Although Froissart may be in error in making 1344 the date of the institution of the Garter, it is certain that the story of King Arthur and his Round Table had already obtained universal credence, and the addition to it which made his knights assemble at Windsor was willingly received. 'At this time Edward, king of England, resolved,' says Froissart, 'to rebuild the great castle of Windsor, formerly built and founded by King Arthur, and where was first set up and established the noble Round Table, from whence so many valiant men and knights have issued forth to perform feats of arms and prowess throughout the world.' We need not take up our space by recapitulating the arguments for and against Froissart's date, but it is more than probable that the idea of a brotherhood of this kind gradually grew up, and that by 1348 it had taken complete shape. Through all the country proclamations were made summoning builders, and carpenters, and other workmen to complete the building. The old tower on the mound was removed, whatever it may have been, and the Round Tower was constructed for the Round Table. It was built in haste, of chalk faced with better stone from Wheatley, 'which the Dean of St. Paul's had collected for his own building operations, but was persuaded to give up to the King, and three shiploads brought direct from Caen.' The table itself was set round the courtyard, and seems, from what can be made out, to have been in the shape rather of a horseshoe than of a full circle, so that the attendants could stand in the middle to serve the guests. Fifty-two oaks were brought from Reading to Westminster, where the King's workmen made the table, and forwarded it to the castle.

Here assembled the founders of this famous order,

and we can picture them as they filed in, each knight wearing over his armour the long surcoat embroidered with his arms. His helmet has a visor, which, when seen in profile looks like the beak of a bird, but it is probably carried by his squire, and he wears upon his head a bonnet of velvet or silk, perhaps also embroidered with his arms. His armour consists chiefly of ring-mail, but breastplates and back-pieces were coming into use, and gauntlets, as well as the defences of the arms and legs, were frequently of plate.

Besides the warlike King himself and his heroic son, the Black Prince, there assembled among the other twenty-four founders many of the heroes of Froissart's delightful pages. There was Warwick, who made prisoner the Archbishop of Seinz at the battle of Poitiers, and afterwards obtained the enormous sum of 8000*l.* for his ransom, and who, when he died of the plague in 1369, left 'not behind him his equal.' There was the young Earl of Salisbury, whose beautiful mother has so often, in a story of the sixteenth century, been said to have given rise to the motto of the Garter. There was Thomas, Earl of Kent, in right of his wife, the 'Fair Maid,' who afterwards married the Black Prince. There was Sir Neile Loring, who had contributed so largely to the great naval victory at Sluys. There was Sir James Audley, who was so badly wounded at Poitiers, where he had made the first assault. There was Sir Sanchet D'Abrichecourt, whose father and mother had succoured Queen Isabella and her son when Edward II. drove them into Flanders. There was Chandos, who twice took prisoner the French champion, Du Guesclin. There was the young Mortimer, to whom the King had restored the lands and titles of his grandfather. But we cannot go through the whole list, nor can we even mention those who came after. Before Edward's long reign was ended the stalls had been occupied by sixty-three knights, the last admitted being Henry, Earl of Derby, who afterwards became himself, as King Henry IV., Sovereign of the Order.

Windsor was the scene of the last parting of Edward and Philippa, so touchingly described by Froissart. It was on the 'Vigil of the Assumption,' 15 August, 1369, and

'there fell in England a heavy case and a common, howbeit it was right piteous for the King, his children, and all his realm. For the good Queen of England, that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succoured, and ladies and damsels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goods to her people, and naturally loved always the nation of Hainault, the country where she was born; she fell sick in the castle of Windsor, the which sickness continued on her so long that there was no remedy but death. And the good lady, when she knew and perceived that there was with her no remedy but death, she desired to speak with the King, her husband. And when he was before her she put out of her bed her right hand, and took the King by his right hand, who was right sorrowful at his heart. Then she said, "Sir, we have in peace, joy, and great prosperity used all our time together. Sir, now I pray you, at our departing, that ye will grant me three desires." The King, right sorrowfully weeping, said, "Madam, desire what ye will I grant it." "Sir," said she, "I require you first of all that all manner of people such as I have dealt withal in their merchandise, on this side the sea or beyond, that it may please you to pay everything that I owe to them or to any other. And secondly, sir, all such ordinances and promises as I have made to the churches as well of this country as beyond the sea, whereas I have had my devotion, that it may please you to accomplish and fulfil the same. Thirdly, sir, I require you that it may please you to take none other sepulture when so ever it shall please God to call you out of this transitory life but beside me in Westminster." The King, all weeping, said, "Madam, I grant all your desire." Then the good lady and Queen made on her the sign of the cross, and recommended the King, her husband, to God, and her youngest son, Thomas, who was beside her. And anon after, she yielded up the spirit, the which I believe surely the holy angels received with great joy up to heaven, for in all her life she did neither in thought nor deed thing whereby to lese her soul, as far as any creature could know.'

With the death of Philippa Edward's good fortune

seemed to desert him. They had been married more than forty years, and their eldest son, the Black Prince, was now thirty-nine. In the following year he was invalided home from the army in France, and never served again. But there is little to connect the melancholy remainder of this reign with Windsor.

Some of the most important scenes of the life of Richard II. are laid in Windsor Castle. Here, in 1386, while he was celebrating St. George's Day with the usual pomp, the deputation of London citizens waited on him and insisted on being heard as to their grievances. Here he imprisoned Suffolk, releasing him, however, as soon as Parliament was dissolved. In 1390 he appointed Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet, to superintend the repairs of the chapel. A second time, in 1391, the Londoners came to Windsor to remonstrate with the King, and he appears to have held two ex-mayors in custody here at the same time. The great dispute between Henry, Duke of Hereford, who, as I have said, was the last Knight of the Garter admitted by his grandfather, Edward III., and the Duke of Norfolk, took place at Windsor, where, in the courtyard of the Castle, King Richard sat upon a platform with his bishops and lords about him, and called before him the two dukes. Shakespeare erroneously places the scene in London, but the Duke of Norfolk was at that time actually in the custody of the Governor of Windsor Castle, and had obtained leave to summon armourers from London to make his coat of mail for the intended combat.

Richard bid a last farewell to his child-queen Isabella of France, on the 25th of April, 1399. She was only eleven years of age at this time. The scene is affectingly described in a contemporary chronicle, which tells us how 'Richard and Isabel walked hand in hand from the Castle to the Lower Court, and entered the Deanery, passing thence into the chapel.

'The canons chaunted very sweetly, and the King himself chaunted a collect, and afterwards made his offering. He then took the Queen in his arms and kissed her twelve or thirteen times, saying sorrowfully, "Adieu, *ma chère*, until we meet again; I commend me to you." Thus spoke the King in the presence of all the people, and the Queen began to weep, saying to the King, "Alas! my lord, will you leave me here?"'

We are then told how the King and Queen partook of wine and comfits at the Deanery, and how he again kissed her many times, lifting her in his arms.

'And by our Lady, I never saw so great a lord make so much of nor show such great affection to a lady as did King Richard to his Queen. Great pity was it that they separated, for never saw they each other more.'

After Richard's death Isabella was detained some time by Henry IV., who would have married her to his eldest son. Eventually she married the Duke of Orleans, reversing her own position with Richard II., for she was much older than her second husband.

One of the numerous conspiracies against Henry IV. came to a head at Windsor, when the Duke of Exeter and others seized and searched the Castle, hoping to find and kill the King, 'but, as it fortuned, the King had warning, and anon he rode to London and made him strong to ride on his adversaries aforesaid.' Among those concerned in this abortive rebellion was the unfortunate Sir Bernard Brocas, who was shortly afterwards beheaded in London. During the whole of Henry's reign the young Earl of March was kept a prisoner in the Castle. He was of course the senior male heir of Edward III., and his descendants subsequently ascended the throne in the person of Edward IV. Here he had a companion in misfortune in James Stewart, the young King of Scotland, who, after being some time in the Tower of London, was brought to Windsor in 1413. He was lodged in the tower immediately south-east of the Mound, from the top of which he saw and fell in love with Joanna Beaufort, the King's niece, whom he eventually married. The scene of his famous poem, 'The King's Quair,' is laid at Windsor. He had much liberty during his nominal captivity, and attended the coronation of Queen Katherine, afterwards serving for a short time under Henry V. in France. This was probably the happiest time of his life. His return to Scotland was marked by the execution of his nearest relatives, and he was himself assassinated in 1437.

The prisoners of Agincourt were also detained at Windsor. In 1416 the feast of St. George was deferred until May in order that the Emperor Sigismund might be present at it. He brought as an offering the heart of St. George, which remained in the chapel till the Reformation.

A curious anecdote is concerned with the birth of Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry VI. It is related by three of the chroniclers that as the King was besieging Meaux he received the news of his son's birth.

'But when he heard reported the places of his nativity, were it that he, warned by some prophesie, or had some foreknowledge, or else judged himself of his son's fortune, he said unto the Lord Fitz Hugh, his trusty chamberlain, these words, "My lord, I, Henry, born at Monmouth, shall small time reign and much get, and Henry, born at Windsor, shall long reign and all lose: but as God will so be it."'

Henry of Windsor spent all his early years at his birthplace. The fabric of the Castle was much neglected, and the lands about were let out to farm. On his marriage with Margaret of Anjou some necessary repairs were made, and during the King's illness in 1453 he lived here. Of his great foundation at Eton we shall speak in a later chapter. Edward IV. was

the first king buried at Windsor, where his little daughter, Mary, and his son, George, had been buried before him. He desired in his last will that over his sepulchre there should be made a vault of convenient height, and over it a chapel with a tomb, on which was to be his figure in silver, and 'about the same tomb scripture made convenient, remembering the day and year of our decease.' But all that was ever carried out of these directions was the placing of a curious screen of elaborate ironwork at the north side of the choir. About a hundred years ago George III. directed the name of Edward IV. to be cut on a tablet in the north aisle. In 1492 Elizabeth Wydeville was buried beside her husband by direction of Henry VII., and a curious account exists of the funeral, which was celebrated without pomp 'or costlie expenses doune thereabought.'

THE KITCHEN COURT, WINDSOR CASTLE.

In 1484 the body of Henry VI., who had been buried at Chertsey Abbey, was removed to Windsor and buried on the opposite side of the choir from Edward IV. under a monument, of which nothing remains. In 1789 both his grave and that of his rival were opened by workmen. The coffin of Edward IV. was examined only:—

'It was of lead, seven feet long, and was much compressed in some parts, and a little decayed. On opening it the entire skeleton was found, measuring six feet, three inches and a half in length. Some brown hair was found lying near the skull and neck. The coffin also contained a liquid, which at the feet was three inches deep, and which Dr. Lind, who examined it, pronounced to be the result of the decomposition of the body.'

The remains appear to have been treated with very scant respect. A lock of the hair is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and a bone of the leg was publicly sold with the museum of a private collector by auction in London a few years ago. It was understood at the time that the dishonoured relic was taken back to Windsor and restored to its proper place.

The great work carried on by Edward IV. and Henry VII. which made the chapel what it now is, must be noticed separately in a subsequent chapter.

Philip, king of Castille, visited Henry VII. at Windsor in 1506, when there were great solemnities, all of which are fully chronicled in a paper among the Cottonian MSS. From it we learn 'that his Grace rode towards the said King of Castille a mile or more out of Windsor, and there, in an arable field, met with him;' and that when the King of Castille 'perceived the King he took off his hat, and in like manner the King took off his, and with a loving and glad countenance each saluted and embraced other.'

When they reached the Castle they went through the royal apartments, which are described for us. First there was the Nether Gallery, next they went up the stairs, and then through the Upper Gallery to the King's great chamber, which was richly hung with arras, and contained 'a rich bed.' Here the knights and esquires remained, and the barons and bannerets attended the two kings to the next chamber, and from thence to a third, 'which was hanged with a very rich arras, in the which there was a cloth of estate and as rich a bed as I have seen.' Here the bishops and earls stopped, and there was a contest of politeness between the two kings as to entering the last chamber. For the 'King of Castille excused him, and said that the King should not take the pains to convey him to his lodgings.' Eventually, 'for any words or thing the King could do, he would convey the King to his lodgings, and so he did,' that is, he accompanied Henry; and the King 'would have somewhat reconveyed him, but the King of Castille would not suffer it.' Of the Park we read that on

the third of February 'both Kings heard mass in their own closets, and after dinner went a hunting in the Little Park, where every each of the Kings killed certain deer, their own hands, with their own crossbows.'

We also read of a new tower, from which King Philip witnessed the baiting of a horse, and of a tennis-court which seems to have stood on the western side of the Upper Ward, close under the Round Tower. Philip was admitted a Knight of the Garter, and the writer speaks of a great cupboard which 'continually stood in the great hall with all gilt plate.'

Henry VIII., in the first year of his reign, built the gateway which still bears his name in the Lower Ward, but this appears to be the only improvement he made, although the works in the chapel were continued for several years. The poet Earl of Surrey was much at Windsor in his early years, and was a prisoner there about the year 1546. In one of his poems he gives a description of the large green courts, the stately seats, the secret groves, the wild forest, and other delights of the place. He was not long confined on that occasion, but on the 12th of December of the same year he was again arrested, and early in 1547 was beheaded, a few days only before the death of the King, whose last formal act was to appoint a commission to give the royal assent to the bill of attainder against the Earl and the Duke of Norfolk, his father.

Another victim of Henry's tyranny flits across the stage at Windsor for a moment. This was Anne Boleyn, who was here created Marchioness of Pembroke with great solemnity in 1532. We are not told the reasons which led to the burial of Queen Jane Seymour at Windsor after her death at Hampton Court in 1537. Her funeral was conducted with great pomp, a life-sized figure of the deceased being upon the pall, with a rich crown of gold upon the head, the hair all loose, a sceptre of gold in the right hand, and adorned with finger-rings and a necklace of gold and precious stones.

The long tragedy of the closing years of Henry's life was enacted rather at the Tower of London than at Windsor Castle. Why he should have chosen Windsor for his tomb we do not know, except that Queen Jane had been laid in St. George's Chapel. At the time of her death he showed for once in his life genuine grief, and retired, we are told, to a solitary place, not to be spoken with. His councillors 'took order' about the funeral, so that it is possibly owing to them that neither she nor Henry rests in the gorgeous mausoleum at Westminster erected by Henry VII. The tomb at Windsor was never completed, though the King left elaborate directions about it in his will, together with sums of money to the Dean and Chapter, to the Poor Knights, and others, entreating to pray for his soul, and appointing regular masses to be said for his repose. After an appeal to the Blessed Virgin and all the company of heaven to pray for him, he goes on to direct that his body and that of his 'true and loving wife, Queen Jane,' should be buried in the same place, and that an honourable tomb, with a fair grate about it, should be provided. This was never done, though Stow says he saw the railings in copper cast, but they were probably destroyed at the same time as the bronze ornaments of Wolsey's sarcophagus, under the Commonwealth. So completely was the place left unmarked that when, ninety-eight years later, they

sought a grave for the body of Charles I., it 'was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them' where was the vault which contained the remains of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. According to another account it was one of the aged Poor Knights who found the spot, and, according to a third, it was found by trying the pavement 'to see if a sound would confess any hollowness therein.' The vault was once more opened for the interment of a child of Queen Anne, and again in 1813, when the Prince Regent was present at an examination of the body of Charles. On that occasion the great coffin of Henry and the small one of his queen by its side were seen for the last time.

W. J. Loftie.

MR. DICKSEE'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO 'ROMEO AND JULIET.'*

As a writer in the 'Saturday Review' has lately reminded us (*àpropos* of an illustrated 'Elia'), Charles Lamb was dead against illustrations—at least illustrations of Shakespeare. It was Boydell's costly and unfortunate enterprise that moved him to exclaim, in a letter to Rogers, 'What injury (short of the theatres) did not Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery do me with Shakespeare? To have Opie's Shakespeare, Northcote's Shakespeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakespeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakespeare, wooden-headed West's Shakespeare (though he did the best in 'Lear'), deaf-headed Reynolds' Shakespeare, instead of my and everybody's Shakespeare; to be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! to have Imogen's portrait! to confine the illimitable!' 'I am jealous,' he adds, 'of the combination of the sister arts. Let them sparkle apart.' A writer in the 'Magazine of Art' has recently uttered a still stronger denunciation of illustrations:—'But there is another kind (of illustration) common in modern days, unknown to the Greeks, save possibly in their latest decadence; a kind which I believe to be wholly, and without mitigation, bad and false. The kind consists in drawing from one kind of art the inspiration for a wholly different art; *e.g.*, in taking a poem and in the current sense *illustrating* it, reproducing the poem pictorially.'

Despite, however, all objectors, there will be more illustrators yet, just as surely as, according to Mr. Austin Dobson, there will be 'more poets yet.' Writers should at least be fair, and as long as they, both in prose and in poetry, draw so much inspiration from pictures, they must not be too hard upon designers, who pay them the compliment of lighting torches at their altar-flames. Would any one prefer 'Alice in Wonderland' without the illustrations? or 'Pickwick?' And does not the charm of the pictures in these cases consist in drawing from one kind of art the inspiration for a 'wholly different art?'

May it not be said that illustrations are something like wives, and the more imaginative the nature of the husband or poem the more difficult it is to get the perfect match? But they are also of two kinds (like wives again, as Coleridge said), and in default of the absolute complement we may delight in a very pleasant companion. So, while sympathising much with Charles Lamb, it is quite possible to enjoy frankly Mr. Dicksee's illustrations of 'Romeo and Juliet;' and, without allowing ourselves to be tied down to his face of Juliet as authentic, we may properly delight in its sweetness and purity. Let us, therefore, accept his twelve elegant designs as charming accompaniments to the play, without subjecting them to too rigid a comparison with our ideal of Shakespeare's ideal.

We are helped in a measure to this more rational view of the charming decorations of a very sumptuous volume by Professor Dowden's scholarly introduction to the tragedy, in which he shows us the origin, as far as it is known, of this most pitiful history, and traces the modification its germinal fable has undergone in the imaginations of various rhapsodists and dramatists, from Masuccio to Ducis. After reading this, it is more easy to regard the tale as an open source of inspiration, not the patent of Shakespeare, or of Lope de Vega, or of any other, and to own that Mr. Dicksee's conceptions have a right to be judged upon their own merits as a separate pictorial version of a universal legend—a legend which, despite the accidents of time and place with which it may be associated by different narrators, remains for all time essentially ideal. We have in it the ideal love of two beings ideally beautiful, ideally passionate, and ideally faithful—'roses,' which 'by any other word would smell as sweet,' and if our imaginations have raised for us, through our love of Shakespeare, an ideal which no painter could satisfy, we may find in Mr. Dicksee's handsome and manly young Romeo, and in his refined and tender Juliet, beings lovely and sensitive enough to have been the subjects of absorbing passion to each other and of infinite regret to those who witnessed its terrible end.

Of the drawings in which the two lovers are introduced, by far the most fresh and imaginative is the scene of the ball or masquerade, in which Romeo is uttering his first words of playful passion. They stand in the porch, the smoky light of flaring torches in the crowded hall behind them throwing up the eager profile of the lover, and casting into clear half-

* 'Romeo and Juliet.' With twelve illustrations by F. Dicksee, A.R.A. With an Introduction by Edward Dowden, LL.D. Cassell & Co. 1884.

shade the full-face of Juliet. The tension of their newly wakened passion is well contrasted with the careless figure of a torch-bearer, and the dancing crowd within emphasises their moonlit isolation. In this scene all the finer qualities of Mr. Dicksee's work, those qualities which made the success of 'Harmony,' are seen at their best and purest. In the parting of the husband and wife, and in the trance-scenes, his high elegance and deep feeling are also seen; but there is more of the Academy, more too of the stage.

But there is, perhaps, greater pictorial power, as there is certainly greater versatility and character, in the smaller and more incidental, than in any of the chief drawings. For right gesture and dramatic design the scene where the old friar is leading the way to the chapel, where he may make 'short work of it,' is especially admirable, and the purchase of the poison is even still more worthy of note. The latter could have scarcely failed to have pleased Charles Lamb himself.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE DRAMA OF THE GREEKS IN RELATION TO THE ARTS.

THE recent remarkable experiments in the way of bringing the drama of the ancient Greeks home to modern interest by living presentation of some of its most majestic masterpieces, very naturally awaken a spirit of enquiry as to what may be called their original artistic side, their relation, that is, to contemporary graphic and plastic art. The acted drama, by its nature, draws upon the services of many arts, and the Greek drama, it may be said, upon all. Lyric poetry, singing, and dancing, more or less mimetic, were accessory to the essential monologue and dialogue, in which Poetry joined hands with Rhetoric; architecture was called on not merely to provide a theatre comprising many special adjustments for hearing and seeing, but also to assist with scenery, both moveable and fixed; and, above all, the qualifications which go to form the accomplished painter and sculptor, found exercise in the invention of effective groupings and in the design of costume,—costume understood in a far wider and, in some respects even, different sense from the forms familiar to the modern stage.

Under these circumstances there cannot but have arisen a reciprocal influence and reaction between the theatre and the arts in general. In those favoured epochs which are exceptionally prolific of genius, the arts are ever found advancing concurrently and to previously unsuspected possibilities of elaboration and perfection; and concurrently also arises a passion for combining them, for enhancing the effect of one by another and linking several in such organic subordination as to complete a final comprehensive manifestation of consistent beauty. Such a result is not necessarily the work of one universal genius who can turn from one art to another with equal facility and mastery. The spirit of the time is satisfied with nothing less than such concentration. In the great cathedral-building ages, no work of sculpture was executed to stand alone; no triumph of stained glass was designed and executed to be an individual object of admiration; the building itself was but a skeleton-like framework until clothed and adorned with carving, furnished with woodwork and metal-work, enlivened by the colour of painting and mosaics—the very books of ritual enriched with illumination—nay, until the breath of vitality was infused into the whole,—until it was animated by music, vocal with chanting; and warm with the life of moving processions and crowded worshippers.

It was the same in Greece at the period when the drama both assumed its systematic form and sprung at once to its perfection. Not only architecture but sculpture was heightened by colour; the colossal statue of Athene Parthenos, of ivory and gold, was erected at the very focal point of a great assemblage of contributory arts; it was the resplendent completion of what otherwise was meaningless, an unexampled and ever after unrivalled combination of architecture most dignified, with the enrichment of sculpture. Celebrations in which the entire state was represented in procession, and recitations of the Homeric poems and musical performances, gave moving and audible expression to the general enthusiasm.

The Concurrent Development of Greek Tragedy and Sculpture.

It was after the triumphant conclusion of the Persian war, 478 B.C., and the establishment of Athens as the supreme power in Greece, that the arts,—at the same time as proper scientific intelligence,—made that sudden and decisive spring onwards which at last put the progressive development of humanity beyond the reach of fatally interfering accident. As regards the arts, the most astonishing developments were those of sculpture and the drama at the hands of Phidias and of Aeschylus. It is difficult to say in which case the achievement was in most surprising contrast to antecedent preparation, estimate this as liberally as we may. It is no less difficult to conceive that the genius of either artist was not stimulated and modified in its direction by that of the other, when we observe how much there is of the sculptural in the

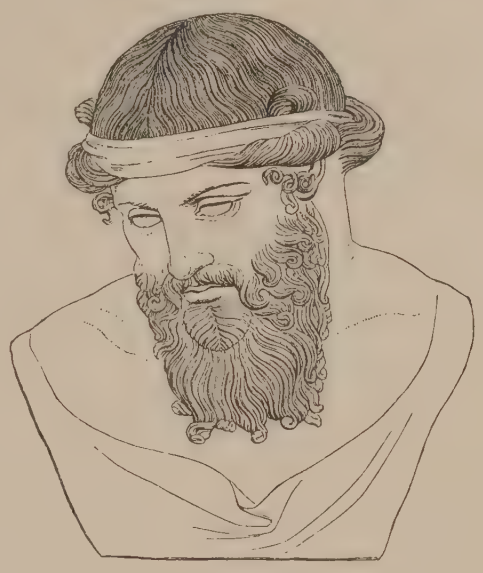
art of Aeschylus, and how essentially some of the most elaborate works of Phidias are dramatic. His great compositions in the pediments of the Parthenon are dramatic, as compared with his Jupiter Olympius, in the same sense as a cartoon of Raphael is dramatic as compared with a calm Madonna or with a portrait by the same master, of Julius II. They exhibit not only a striking incident,—the conflict of Athene and Poseidon for the land of Attica, and the first sudden manifestation of Athene in the assembly of the Gods,—but they do so most impressively by displaying the contrasted reception of the incidents by witnesses of varied degrees of participation and of interest and diversified personal characteristics. There were, doubtless, anterior to Phidias examples of sculptured figures, athletes especially, in expressive action; ideal forms and features of certain divinities had also been successfully imagined and realised, and even pedimental compositions, such as those of the Aeginetan temple, had been executed. But to appreciate how little all this amounts to, we have only to ask ourselves to what degree, as compared with the art of Phidias, does it approach, at its best, that standard of perfection in art which was set to the Greeks for all the arts by the poetry of Homer.

For Aeschylus the case was in some respects not quite the same. Enough remains of the poetry of his immediate antecessors and early contemporaries—of Pindar and others—which touched the highest level of lyric poetry; and we have sufficient assurance of the equal merit and dignity of much more that is lost. But still there is no proof on record, and no presumption of any poet having been given to Greece between Aeschylus and Homer, who combined with most vigorous inspiration such a command of scope and such an organizing capacity—a capacity which extended beyond the limits of poetic expression to the discipline of a whole world of accessory illustration.

The Dependence of Greek Drama on the Worship of Dionysus.

Pausanias relates as a statement by Aeschylus, where and how brought in he does not say, that while still a youth he once when watching a vineyard fell asleep and dreamed that Dionysus—god of the grape-vine—stood by him and bade him write tragedies; and that so it was that on making an essay as soon as he woke, he discovered his dramatic faculty. It was, indeed, as Aristotle avouches, from the enthusiastic dithyrambic poetry in honour of Dionysus that tragedy took its rise, but assisted not a little by the development of comedy at the same time from ruder Dionysiac celebrations. So it was that the Greek drama continued all through associated with Dionysus and the worship of Dionysus; that so much of Dionysiac apparatus in emblems, costume, and attributes, continued to be associated with the stage, that the drama itself was regarded as pertaining to his special celebrations within his proper precinct, and that actors and their assistants were as regularly referred to as 'the servants of Dionysus,' as Shakespeare's company were called 'her Highness's servants.'

Aristotle states that even in his own days the old celebrations out of which comedy took its rise



BRONZE BUST OF DIONYSUS FROM HERCULANEUM. NAPLES MUSEUM.

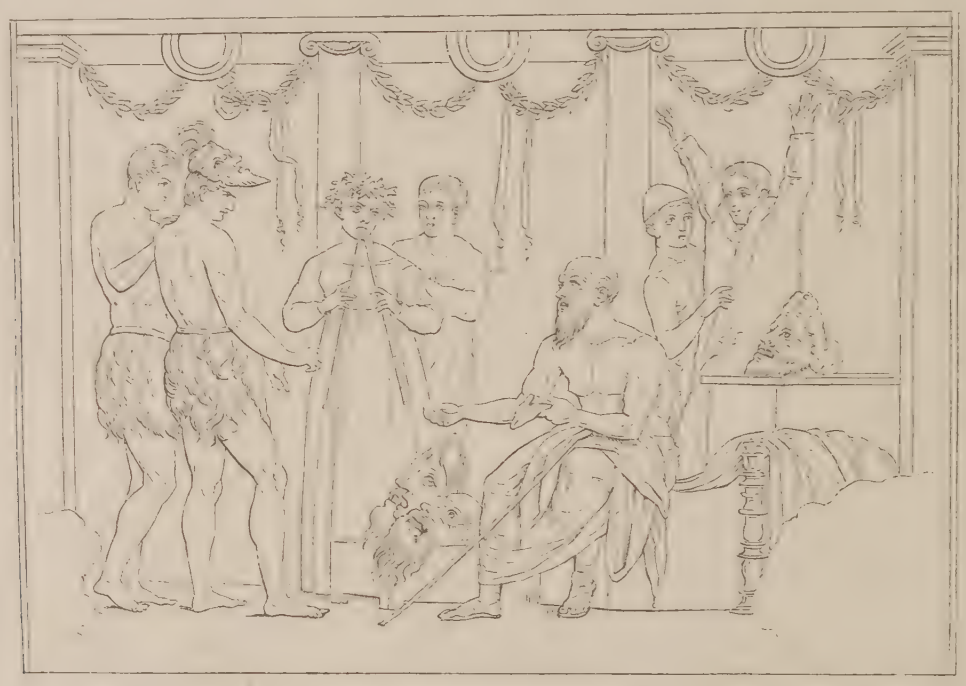
were still prevalent in country districts. The vintage was concluded with scenes of riotous and not over-delicate jollity; the tradition of indelicacy was perpetuated but too faithfully on the comic stage of Cratinus and Aristophanes. Rough merriment was promoted by dressing up as satyrs, the mythical companions of the wine-god, and intermingling songs in his praise with gibes and scoffs at individuals. This did not exclude more soberly conducted, if still hilarious, choruses; but a far more important development of Dionysiac poetry was the dithyramb. This was a title both of the god and the poem in his praise; but obscurity rules here as in so much of the antiquity of Bacchic worship, and the meaning and derivation of the word are quite unknown. The regular dithyrambic chorus numbered fifty, and the tone of the poetry was dignified, serious, but at the same time of such excited enthusiasm, as to prompt to the boldest metaphors and loftiest images. Of a vast mass of products of the highest poetic genius, but a few fragments remain. Pindar was here a master, and the loss of his dithyrambs is almost as lamentable as that of his threnes or dirges.

The Origin of the Union of Music and Dancing with Dramatic Poetry.

The combination of choral music, dancing, and song, dates from the earliest times, and from the first included a decided element of pantomime or expressive gesture, which could not but verge upon what we know as acting. The dancers represented on the shield of Achilles in the 'Iliad,' are youths and maidens alternately, who, holding each other by the hands, sometimes dance round and round in a ring, and then again, by an easy evolution, in parallel ranks, and all to the accompaniment of a song :—

'Youths were there and there were maidens worthy of dowry
Dancing, and each one held by the wrist the hand of another;
Of these the maidens had robes of fine texture,—the youths in tunics
Were attired, of delicate weft, soft shining as with oil-gleam;
And the maidens had on their heads very beautiful coronals,—side-arms
Had the young men, of gold, and pendent from silver baldrics;
And now they coursed with nimbleness round on feet very deftly,
With freedom and ease; as it may be a wheel, to his hand duly fitted,
A potter shall try, as he sits, to make proof of its running;
Then again they with nimbleness coursed in ranks with each other;
And around the delightful chorus a numerous crowd was standing,
Wrapt in delight; and amidst them a minstrel divine was there singing
To the phorminx; and a pair of tumblers in company with them,
At every commencement of song, among them all went whirling.'

Again, in the vintage scene on the same shield, a young boy sings the song of Linus as he plays on the lyre, and is accompanied by a train of dancers. In the 'Odyssey' the active Phaeacian youths encircle the bard Demodocus, and dance with 'many twinkling feet' to the ballad which he sings to his lyre, replete as it is with varied turns and incidents.



INSTRUCTION OF A SATYRIC CHORUS.

Pindar constantly refers not only to the dancing, but to the musical accompaniment to his odes of both pipes and lyre. What enrichment they might so have received is lost to us; but we still admire and marvel at the high-pitched strain of lyrical excitement, which ever drives him to diverge from direct exposition of his theme to episodes, and even episodes of episodes, in order to return with gathered reinforcement to his suspended but ever leading and governing thought. We marvel, perhaps, even more at the confidence with which he could count upon his audience following him, not only unexhausted but with delight, through all these 'winding bouts.' After this it is, perhaps, little for us to marvel at, what otherwise were in itself wonderful enough, how the words of the poet could have been throughout so audibly enunciated and distinctly apprehended.

Not more certainly in these cases than when the chorus became appropriated to the drama, must we understand that the accompaniment of music and dancing, whatever its character, was strictly subor-

dinated to the poetry. This poetry is too carefully wrought to be intended to be thrown away, and is constantly so difficult of interpretation, that it must always have required to be distinctly heard to be followed; and it even seems as if the poet relied on the expressive training of the chorus to complete its interpretation. The inference appears to be, that under the term dancing we are to understand much that was mimetic, and that, rhythmical as it might be, was equivalent to acting in the proper sense. It is, indeed, only so that we are reconciled to the idea of choruses of aged senators in the 'Agamemnon,' who are emphatic on their loss of bodily activity, or of the mourning matrons of the 'Oedipus in Colonos.'

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

ART CHRONICLE.

A Meeting of the General Committee and Subscribers for the foundation of a British School of Archaeology at Athens, took place the first week of February, Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, in the chair. The Report showed that the offer made by the Greek Government in 1882 of ground, about two acres in extent, on the southern slope of Mount Lycabettus, had been accepted, and the necessary legal assignment had been made during the summer of 1884. In answer to the appeal of the Executive Committee, 4000*l.* had been raised, which would cover the cost of erecting a suitable building for the school, resident Director's house, and library. A similar sum would be required for the formation of the nucleus of a reference library. Dr. Lightfoot pointed out the necessity of raising a capital of 15,000*l.*, or ensuring a regular income of 600*l.* a-year, for the maintenance of the institution; and recommended personal effort at appeal among the promoters of the cause as most likely to induce support. Mr. Newton moved the adoption of a statement setting forth the basis of the scheme, which includes as the aim of the school the promotion of Greek archaeology in all its departments, Greek art and architecture, inscriptions, exploration of sites, tracing of ancient roads, and routes of traffic. The school should be in the most comprehensive sense a centre of classical studies, and the Director should afford assistance to all accredited travellers. It was pointed out that the systems of archaeological research conducted by France and Germany were organized on the most thorough lines of report and activity; and that, although these countries and America had established schools for classical study at Athens, ample room was left for British enterprise. Mr. Newton, with characteristic enthusiasm, said it would be a regret to him all his life that after considerable explorations at Cnidus he had been called away without having exploited a tenth part of the city. A good beginning had been made at Cambridge of that organization of archaeological study which ought to prevail in our Universities. At present Oxford was behindhand. If the English people could be made to believe in the cause, money would be forthcoming for its furtherance. Mr. Penrose showed his plans for the proposed house, which admit of extension, and said an estimate of 3000*l.* would cover the first erection. A resolution was passed to make formal appeal to the Universities and the learned and art bodies for aid, and it was decided to commence building operations without delay on the funds already collected. The existing General Committee were confirmed in office, and the Executive nominated in 1883 entrusted to manage the funds. Professor Jebb and Mr. Escott are the Hon. Secs. of the Executive.

A small collection of French engravings of the eighteenth century has been on view at the rooms of the Fine Art Society during the last month. The appreciation of this class of work must be necessarily limited. The elegant trifling, which in Watteau was raised almost to idyllic height, degenerated into frivolous prettiness, or worse, in the hands of his imitators. The simplicity of Chardin's incidents of *bourgeois* life is with Greuze tainted by dubious sentiment. The satires of Badouin or Moreau are blotted by exaggeration and innuendo; the Olympian splendours set forth by Boucher savour of common humanity and a gross court. The French engravers of the eighteenth century therefore suffer from the indifference or the repulsion of our day, for the art which with fidelity and delicate precision they interpreted. Still, any amateur of engraving might enjoy one or two of the examples in this collection; the crisp line and tender gradations of Crépy's version of *La Perspective*, that most rhythmic of Watteau's garden scenes; or the broad translation by Duflos of Boucher's *Naissance de Venus*, or the finesse of Duclos in drawing-room interiors by St. Aubin, or the microscopic energy of Gaucher in the multitudinous detail of Moreau's *Couronnement de Voltaire*. Several of the coloured prints of the day are included, and among them a portrait of Marie Antoinette, said to be by J. F. Gautier-Dagoty, lent by Lord Ronald Gower. As an authentic portrait of the unhappy queen in the heyday of her beauty it is full of interest, and, as a specimen of colour printing, is remarkable for a bloomy and resplendent quality, resembling the highest class of pastel work.

A loan exhibition of Persian, Damascene, and Rhodian art has been organized at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and will be open during the current and following months to members and their friends. At the same time, it is understood, will be shown the series of photographic views taken during his explorations of ancient sites in Asia Minor by Mr. Popplewell Pullan and hand-painted by him.

The British and American Archaeological Society at Rome held the inaugural meeting of its reconstituted body early in February. Much enthusiasm was shown by a crowded attendance, and it is expected that good work will be done during this period of exceptional opportunities by the Society, as now reorganized.

The Society of Painter Etchers will hold an exhibition in June at the Dudley Gallery. Works sent in must be original; those published or exhibited since June 1884 are, however, eligible, and so also are such as were included in the Society's recent exhibition at Liverpool. Etchings will be received on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May. Forms and information can be obtained of the Hon. Secretary of the Society, 46 Parliament Street. The body now numbers eighty-two working Fellows and three Honorary Fellows who act in the Council.

The gallery known by the name of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, which is supposed to exist for the especial benefit of rising talent, but appears to depend not a little on the productions of by no means juvenile supporters, opened in February with a spring exhibition, which may be accepted as an improvement on its predecessors. Mr. Andrew Macullum, long known for his persistent recurrence to study of our English woods, sends a picture painted at 'Burnham Beeches,' wherein the pigment is laid on with such thick impasto that foliage and fern-fronds may be said to be modelled rather than painted. This sort of thing is not new in France, though hardly accepted in England; and if to be allowed at all should be done well, as it is here. But legitimate painting it is not.

The late Mrs. Hollond, who sat to Ary Scheffer for the Saint Monica in his picture of *St. Augustine and his Mother*, has bequeathed that work to the National Gallery.

Mr. Clarence Whaite, of the R. S. W. P., is elected President of the New Cambrian Academy of Fine Arts.

Mr. Sidney Colvin has been re-elected Slade Professor of the Fine Arts at Cambridge. This is the fourth time that Professor Colvin's original appointment to the office has been confirmed at the expiration of the regulated tenure of three years, and he now enters on his fifth period.

An Exhibition of the Arts and Industries pursued by women is now open at Bristol. Among painters who have sent are the Sisters Montalba, Mrs. Canziani (Starr), Miss Osborn, Mrs. Sassoon (Theresa Thornycroft), Mrs. E. M. Ward, &c., &c.

For some months past the enormous classic-romantic composition, *La Jeunesse de Bacchus*, by G. A. Bouguereau, from last year's Paris Salon, has been on view at the galleries of MM. Boussod, Valadon et Cie., successors to MM. Goupil, in Bond Street, who issue the photo-engraving. Nothing can be more joyous than this modern version of a Bacchanal; here are gleaming, white-limbed Bacchantes; supple, sun-bronzed Fauns; jolly Centaurs; Silenus, hoary and hilarious; and centre of all, the child Bacchus, borne triumphantly on shoulder of his votaries, beneath ilex and vine groves, through which one sees the radiant purple mountains. It is well for the English public to have opportunity of judging that one of the most extensively *décoré* of French painters can handle such a theme, and treat the life-scale nude with a frank purity that should set example to our faltering school. Something of refinement is due to the selection of type: the artist's models are clean-limbed and graceful rather than redundant, his flesh-painting is smooth, he aims at form rather than texture; but an art which seeks to combine the festive riot of Rubens with the rhythmic dignity of Greek design and the romance of modern France is committed to compromise. *Hyblis*, a nymph lying face downward to see her image in a pool, a lovely study of line, goes to this year's *Salon*. *La Vierge aux Anges*, in Bond Street, is not the best of the painter's effective sacred pictures; his capacity covers a considerable range of subject, but there is no doubt M. Bouguereau peoples Bacchanal or Idyl with a conviction that fails to give reality to his other work.

The Dudley Gallery Art Society is again remodelled, the amateur element eliminated, professional artists only on the council, and the hanging of the gallery conducted on principles of merit—not money. The present water-colour exhibition is not, perhaps, such a revolution in the way of improvement as might have been expected after such excellent changes, but at any rate there are hopes for the future. The chief mark in the way of figure subjects in the present exhibition is made by Mr. H. J. Johnstone, in a fresh study of a girl standing at an open door, with her dog; under the title, *A Rival Claim*, the artistic merits of which pass the line of mediocrity at every point, within a limit that is not exalted. The women artists muster in some strength; among flower-painters we are glad again to note the characteristic studies of Miss Helen Thornycroft.

The Salon which has been opened in Bond Street bids fair to initiate Londoners into the most Parisian products of French ateliers. The greater part of the collection hitherto has consisted of the work of M. Van Beers, who, although Belgian by birth, is thorough Parisian in taste — work which may be accepted as the quintessence of inventive impudence and technical dexterity. The lively ladies who appear to chiefly pose for the artist are set forth with a perfection of vivid manipulative skill that will atone to many eyes critical only on artistic points for the dubious taste shown in type and treatment; while the mode in which M. Van Beers carries into deliberate harmony the original keynote of colour sensitively struck, ought to give a hint to Mr. Whistler how to carry further his ghosts of a suggestion. The stifled air of the boudoir seems to suit the artist's palette best, but he shows full sense of luminous outdoor effect in such canvasses as the famous *Embarkés*, the pier-head preliminary to a dandy yacht voyage, a picture said to have been recently sold for 1000*l*. In face of M. Van Beers' *chic*, Parisian pleasantries, off-hand hints at landscape, and flying incursions into the more insane region of Wiertz-like satiric vision, it is difficult to remember that this young artist, son of the Belgian poet-laureate, and now only thirty years of age, won his first laurels as painter of large historic art, such as *The Death of Jacques van Artevelde*, *The Funeral of Charles the Good*, and so on. The present style of work doubtless brings more satisfaction to the artist's pocket, if not to his position. High art is a hungry profession, we all know, especially in the nineteenth century.

A word or two of cordial recognition is due to the Association now known as the Home Arts and Industries Association, the practical work of which is to establish class instruction for working men and women, and especially for children, in the minor branches of artistic handicrafts. Mr. C. G. Leland has for five years opened in Philadelphia juvenile classes for drawing, or, more properly speaking, pattern-designing, modelling, and metal-work. The children in this American school have been taught to invent their own designs and to draw, in the sense of working out form, whether in the plastic or on the flat, and always with a definite application in view. So excellent has been the consequent training of eye and hand that the children have been in eager demand by manufacturers and labour employers for their intelligent industry. Aroused by the success of this effort, some amateurs in the north of England started classes for cottagers and children in such artistic crafts as could be practised at home, and serve, first, to brighten their lives, and, secondarily, fit them to take higher employment than they could otherwise have obtained. Out of this local attempt grew the Cottage Arts Association, and out of that the Society we have named, which seeks to enlarge the scope of the same work. At the last meeting of the Social Science Congress Mr. Leland gave an account of his work at Philadelphia, and Mr. Walter Besant pleaded eloquently for the extension of class instruction by, at first, volunteer teachers in artistic handicrafts, and all the further developments that would grow out of such effort—the establishment of a central school, the loan of models, the practical use of people's museums, like the Bethnal Green, by connecting them with lectures and practical teaching, and so on, up to schemes of training by the people among themselves, which probably sounded Quixotic to many of Mr. Besant' hearers. It has been resolved to hold during the summer an exhibition of objects produced by pupils in the cottage classes already started in some forty towns and villages for modelling, casting, carving, metal beating and stamping, weaving, spinning, and various branches of needlework; and Earl Brownlow has promised the use of his house in Carlton Terrace for the purpose. The English labouring class may not have such artistic intuitions as some Continental or Eastern peoples, possibly not the same natural hand-dexterity; but it must be remembered that the wood-carvers of the Tyrol, Germany, and Switzerland, the potters and mosaic-workers of Italy and Spain, the weavers, and metal-workers, and embroiderers of Egypt, and India, and Japan, of Russia, and Scandinavia, learn their crafts from childhood, and practise them in their own homes. Miserable minor industries enough are carried on by English city children too, with mechanical monotony of fatigue, and starvation reward; but it is not to promote such as these that the Home Arts Association is started. Moreover, cottage industry can never again make head against the monster monopoly of machinery, despite the brightest hopes of teachers like Mr. William Morris. But any one who knows the weary stupidity of the off-work hours of the largest section of our labouring classes knows also what increase of happiness may be brought by the interest of a home occupation that awakens the intelligence and the love of the beautiful. The temporary offices of the Association are at 18 Wimpole Street, W.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

BY J. CONSTABLE, R.A. ENGRAVED BY E. P. BRANDARD.

JOHN CONSTABLE will always stand forth as one of the most original and notable personalities in the history of landscape art. Others had been reformers, but none were so radical as he; others, and especially Turner, developed it in different directions, and reached heights beyond his compass, but none made so completely a fresh start; greater genius, poetry of a higher strain, belonged doubtless to many, but to none such fidelity to what he loved. No one was ever more completely devoted to his mission, saw from the first more clearly what he wanted to do, and what he alone could do; no one more perseveringly resolved and continued to do it from the beginning to the end of his career. Such singleheartedness, such courage to keep within the limits of his own knowledge and affections, such determination to be himself and no one else, made the power of his as they make the power of all personalities. It is this that, notwithstanding the comparatively narrow area of his intellectual sympathies, and of the scenes in which they found their exercise, made him the inspirer of Delacroix, the forerunner of Rousseau, the most potent force in modern art, the establisher of a school universal rather than national, the final liberator of landscape from the lingering bonds of convention. We were not ripe for him in England when he appeared, but they were ripe for him in France. There the revolt against formal and conventional art was already strong; and such painters as Gericault and Delacroix had shown the way how to supplant the so-called classicism of David and his followers—a second-hand and lifeless art founded on tradition that was stale. The tinted bas-reliefs which they called paintings, the academic poses which excluded natural gesture, the precise linear drawing which cramped the play of the expressive brush, were sand in the teeth of the Romanticists; and in the spheres of history and *genre* the insurrection had already made way. But in landscape no such bomb-shells as *The Shipwreck* of Gericault had been exploded in the enemy's camp. Paul Huet was, indeed, doing his best to struggle with the ghost of the Poussins, but he had not found his knowledge or power sufficient till this young Englishman (and another also trained partly in Paris—the still younger Bonington) came to his aid, and taught him and his more illustrious successors to see nature, not through the spectacles of other men, but with their own eyes. In London there was no such insurgent band of artists, and patronage was in the hands of connoisseurs, tied to the love of 'brown' pictures and the rules of composition, looking upon art as something eternally and necessarily different from nature, of which the whole secret had been discovered by artists long dead, and now lay hidden in works well covered with mellow varnish. All this is now an old story, and Constable's reputation is at length vindicated in characteristically English fashion by the prices paid for his works; but even yet no one has treated as it deserves the greatness of Constable's work, either as revelation or revolution. When the history of both is fully written, it will be found that though he worked almost singlehanded, that is, without much public or private sympathy, others in England were also engaged upon the same work. The art-revolution in France was accomplished by a devoted band united in a common aim, and working together in sympathy, who had their small but enthusiastic supporters in the field; in England it was effected by units working for the most part unrecognised, and alone; unfortified by the drums of strife, uncheered by the plaudits of followers; unconscious, in a great measure, themselves that they were doing anything of importance to the world. Cotman, Cox, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Müller, these and others of our great water-colorists, were on Constable's side, developing in the shade of obscurity a new and great art, a new and great school of colour, the nobleness and greatness of which is even yet but partly acknowledged. Here this subject can but be glanced at, in connexion with a picture by the boldest and most potent of them all, whose aim and effect may be shortly summed up in this—that he expressed the beauty of familiar things.

By 'expressed' I do not mean only that he showed us their beauty, but that he pressed it out, looking upon them, not as symbols or suggestions of other beauty, but as containing inside themselves more than had ever been found or revealed by any artist. Others had fixed on and selected certain forms and effects, and others had gone on repeating them, but when he compared their worlds with those he knew, he found them beautiful indeed, but often very different to the world he knew and loved; and then they actually passed by so much that to him was of chief delight. First of all he felt, perhaps, that these worlds were all too brown. Where was the deep green of the summer foliage, the fresh green of the spring meadow, the richly varied green of the hedge and the water plants? Then they were far too still; the sparkle of light among the branches, the 'innumerable laughter' of the leaves, the scudding of the cloudlets before the wind, the slow procession of the storm-clouds, the rush of the water through the lock-gates, had these been ever truly represented? Then they were too silent; a mind as sensitive to sound almost as to sight,

missed the suggestion of rustling leaves and gurgling water, and the patter of the rain; were they not also too far, sights seen at a distance, to be admired as one might admire the landscape of a poem? was it not within the province of pictorial art, was it not its special function, which could be performed by no others, to produce a more immediate contact with Nature—a more personal sense of her presence? were not they too dry moreover? what was the world without dew and rain, the invigorator of all things, the refresher of nature's palette, the reflector of her light, that turned the gravel into ruddy gold, and hung jewels upon every leaf. Clearly there was sufficient in nature yet unexpressed to engage the attention of a whole lifetime, without any additions or alterations that an abstract sense of beauty might suggest; sufficient of its text to translate to need all his diligence and poetic sympathy, without employing his mind in scholarly commentary on hackneyed quotations, in composition with an imperfect vocabulary, or in the selection of 'elegant extracts,' after the manner of his forerunners.

The water-colourists were comparatively neglected, not only on account of the subject of their art, but because of the materials with which they worked. Constable commanded more attention because he painted in oils, and was disregarded mainly because familiar landscape was not 'high art,' and because he did not treat it with 'poetry,' that is, as viewed by the light of emotion borrowed from literature or legend, and external to his subject and himself. He was the first of the 'realists,' a name of terror even in these days, and one to be feared by true lovers in art more now than then. The early 'realists' were poets in spite of their name, but poetry in painting was thought a different thing to poetry in words. Burns, and Clare, and Bloomfield, might be poets, for there had always been pastoral poets in verse, but a pastoral poet in paint was a phenomenon, at least one who painted 'the country,' and not 'Arcadia.' Even Gainsborough could get little recognition for his landscapes, and what he got was not for their real poetry, the impression he conveyed to his canvas of the love he bore to nature, but for their elegant rusticity, by which he sweetened his 'realism,' and made his fresh observation of nature in a measure grateful to the sentimental palates of his generation. But Constable would have no sugar. As nature tasted to him, so pure and unsophisticated he would give it to others. He thereby proved to the connoisseurs that he was no poet; he thereby proves himself to us to have been one, as true and pure as any poet could be. Not as great certainly, but he 'shines in his place.' In other words, Constable loved Nature as he loved his mother, not critically but wholly, and he determined to paint her face as he saw it, without attempt to beautify it. It was once finely said of Corot that he painted not so much Nature as the love he bore her. Constable determined to paint both and nothing else.

No painter ever set himself a more difficult task. Careful student and enthusiastic admirer as he was of older masters, he had to unlearn and forget them. The old brown foundation of the Dutch masters, used by Gainsborough, and Crome, and all previous painters of landscape in England, must be abandoned. It might on the whole be the most useful for pictures in general; it was admirable for autumn foliage and for sunset glows, but it was useless for the fresh green tints of spring and for skies of steel and silver. Then he had to learn fresh touches, new handling, new methods of drawing. The precise outline of well-seen forms, the smoothness of surface, the conventional formulae for leaves and boughs, were not adequate means to express the variety of texture, the light and gloom, the tangle and roughness, the movement and life, which made up his delight. But there is no space here to chronicle the difficulties and triumphs which attended his lifelong efforts to paint Nature more faithfully than she had ever been painted before. It is quite easy to see it all at a glance in the South Kensington Museum. Any one who compares his pictures, especially his *Dedham Mill*, his views of Hampstead Heath, his *Watermeadow*, *Salisbury*, and the picture we engrave of *Salisbury Cathedral*, with those of any other artist there cannot fail to see this at least —that he presents familiar aspects of Nature more truly and fully than any one else. Others show us Nature through a window; he only places our feet in her midst.

The radical views of Constable naturally required a radical change in method of composition. He, who wanted to paint no vision of his fancy, but the real sight, could not treat Nature as a source of material from which he could pick and choose what he liked, to manufacture a 'perfect picture.' He was obliged to go to nature and find his 'pictures' there, and this was no easy work. Such pictures are indeed to be found 'ready made,' but only by an artist's eye, and always have to be disengaged, as it were, from the surrounding mass and cleared of incongruous detail; and the ever-shifting phenomena of light and shade make the exact reproduction of such a picture practically impossible, and only to be approached with the aid of a skilled memory.

But, though the theory cannot be carried out to the letter, the principle involved may be adhered to, and, in contradistinction to previous theorics, may be said to be this, that a scene, as arranged by nature, is to be altered by the artist as little as possible. But Mr. Wedmore, in his sincere and

sympathetic study of Constable, has stated the case in words which it would be difficult to improve:—

'In a sense he was following in Gainsborough's track; but that was in his choice and love of common things, not in his treatment of them. Gainsborough, by reason of his nature, exalted those things; he gave to those common things a beauty of arrangement, a freedom of line, hardly at all times their own. They appeared to him in their selected shapes. Now Constable, following that track of Gainsborough's, instead of the conventional ones, beaten well and always till that very day in England and in France, followed it with nothing of compromise to the exigencies of composition; the arrangement of natural objects was not to be altered, nor the form altered: only in altered lights and shades must the effect be obtained and the dull scene turned into a picture. (At least, that was the theory. But in painting *Dedham Mill* he always would bring in the water-wheel at a point at which it was not really to be found.)'

To this I would only add, in amplification rather than in opposition, that 'altered lights and shades' may properly be extended to include all atmospheric phenomena. In the constantly varying sky (and the variation is one not only of light and shade but also of form), Constable had an aid to composition which in a great measure compensated for his abnegation of idealism. By means of his sky he could not only alter the tone and colour, and modify the shapes of the fixed forms of earth, but he could balance these forms, concentrate or disperse them, and blend them into that unity which is essential to a picture. In this way the artist who most discards composition has been one of the greatest developers of it, and has, perhaps, more than any other except Turner, taught artists to regard the sky not as a separate part of a landscape, but an integral and dominant part of its organization. Unlike in most things, Constable and Turner were alike in these, that they looked upon the sun as the source of all light (and therefore of all colour), and upon clouds as the natural storehouse of innumerable shapes by which the balance of almost any composition might be infallibly secured. That such ideas were not prevalent in Constable's day may be argued from the following extract from one of his letters:—

'I have done a good deal of skying, for I am determined to conquer all difficulties, and that among the rest. That landscape-painter who does not make his sky a very material part of his composition, neglects to avail himself of one of his greatest aids. I have often been advised to consider the sky as "a white sheet thrown behind the objects." Certainly if the sky is obtrusive, as mine are, it is bad; but if it is evaded, as mine are not, it is worse; it must and always shall, with me, make an effectual part of the composition. It will be difficult to name a class of landscape in which the sky is not the keynote, the standard of scale, and the chief organ of sentiment.'

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE MEADOWS, WITH THE RAINBOW.

One of the many results of Constable's theory and practice in art was that he could represent the same scene over and over again without monotony. Thanks to the light and the clouds, there was to him no such thing as unchangeableness in the most familiar scene; and he could paint Dedham, and Hampstead, and Salisbury, all his life without being tired or causing weariness to those who loved his pictures. We have an instance of this in our illustration. I don't know how often Constable painted Salisbury Cathedral. There are two celebrated views of it by him; one the great view from the meadows, with the rainbow,

so well known by the splendid mezzotint of Lucas, of which we give a small suggestion, and the work in the South Kensington Museum, which we engrave in line. The latter is the less characteristic of the two as a specimen of Constable's natural tendencies in art, but it is not less noble a picture, and shows at least one quality of his mind more clearly than any other of his works. He of all men painted what he chose and what he felt, but that it was not from contradiction or from conceit this picture is sufficient evidence. Passionate, and masterful, and determined as he was, he never set himself above his subject. That, as it were, painted itself through him, and when it was a work he admired, as this cathedral, he laboured to express and adorn the work of another mind instead, as Turner would have done, to make a personal version of it. It was not an easy building to make picturesque without alteration or adjustment; the height of its spire and the length of its nave were not easily to be accommodated to the picturesque exigencies of a canvas not much too big to hold it. See how tenderly he has framed its beauty in the boughs of its own close, how the overarching trees bring out the commanding height and the delicate proportions of its spire, how its long, horizontal lines are broken with stem and foliage, and its straightness, and pointedness, and flatness generally corrected by beautiful curves of branch and bosses of cloud, and all this without an attempt to 'beautify' the structure itself. Of its more technical beauty Mr. Hamerton shall speak in a passage from the chapter on 'Painting in Oil,' in his *Graphic Arts*:—

'Of the Constables easily accessible to the public, I think the *Salisbury Cathedral* is, on the whole, the most completely and satisfactorily representative of the painter's technical excellence. The soft sky passes away imperceptibly into cloud, with repeated scumbles and glazes, and, though rather heavily loaded in the lights, it is still aërial. The trees are managed with great art. If the reader has access to the picture, he will not fail to observe the very great variety of colour in those trees, and also of light and dark, the beautiful evanescence of the thin leaves against the sky, the strong touches of light for leaves against dark spaces, the clever opposition of light and dark branches, and the fine sylvan forms, without any tight or hard drawing anywhere. The thick touches of broken colour on the lights were made to catch dragging, as in Turner, but not being so misty or so powdery, bear a nearer resemblance to nature. The field is beautifully painted. Observe the value of the rather coarse canvas and the rough paint in explaining the varied character of the field as the sun catches the grass, and think how difficult it would be to get anything like such a result with smooth, equally applied pigments. The same may be said for the cathedral, the lights on which are loaded, and give admirably the character of rough stone.'

Those who have been taught to look slightingly on Constable's tree-drawing, will do well to go to the South Kensington Museum to examine these trees. We doubt if any trees were ever drawn at once so carefully and so elegantly and with such true variation of form and colour. Others may have drawn trees with more ideal sense of the loveliness of curve, with a greater stress on indications of structure, but none has drawn them more like what they really appear to us, no one has discovered and revealed more of the truth and beauty of the individual; for, like Crome, Constable looked upon each tree as a separate being, not a thing to be idealised nor even as a type of a class. If in this lovely picture we see Constable's character, and the fidelity with which he adhered to his principles, we can see both more strongly in the view from the meadows. Of the South Kensington picture I know of only one variation. This is an exquisitely silvery sketch, lent by Mr. Louis Huth to the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1883-4. Of the view from the meadows there are several. One varying scarcely at all from the larger picture, a splendid sketch, was given by Mr. John Wilson to the Louvre; another, without the rainbow, we reproduce in little from a small mezzotint. A third, also engraved in small, has a double rainbow of larger arch, reaching the top of the picture to the right of the Cathedral. In all these Constable's fidelity to the actual locality is extraordinary. The two we engrave are taken from slightly different points of view, but we see the same houses, the same trees and bushes, the same water and posts, in relatively the same positions, and with scarcely any alteration of form. The other, with the double rainbow, is precisely like that without a rainbow, except in its sky and atmospheric effects. So much for fidelity. As to character, all these pictures, to use a word which should be suggestive of high honour instead of ridicule are Constablesque. We have his grand and magical treatment of light and shade, his noble masses of form, his enjoyment of the rich disorder of nature, of the strength of trees, of the gleam of water, and above all his feeling for the majesty of the thunderstorm. Everything is full of life, and movement, and sound; and not only the beauty, but the divine grandeur and terror of 'familiar things' are brought home to us. Those who fail to see the poetry of a scene like this would pass through life unmoved. Of the three pictures that with the single rainbow is the richest. The introduction was partly suggested perhaps to give balance to the composition and to concentrate attention on the cathedral, which might otherwise pass as little more than an incident in the composition. In that without the rainbow the same effect as to composition is obtained by the strong masses of cloud over the flat on the left, and the gleaming shafts of rain slanting towards the building. As a composition, however, I prefer the third with the double rainbow. It leaves the spire more space,

and forms, with the trees on the left, the suggestion of an arch of ampler proportion and finer curve.

'Unteachableness,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'seems to have been a main feature of his character,'—a strange charge to bring against one who was a lifelong student, both of Nature and Art. Unteachable he was indeed in one sense, as all men possessed of new truths must be; exploded dogmas and stale precepts must beat at their ears in vain. He whom M. Chesneau has lately called 'the establisher of a school of faithful landscape,' must have learnt some things to rare advantage, and must have been able to teach them to others. His lessons are not, however, all taught yet; and even some artists, and some critics too, need to be reminded by the last-quoted writer that 'art is a perpetual representation, the fact represented must be viewed by the painter through a medium which is nothing less than his own soul, which is the highest conception, the mainspring of his intellectual existence.' How much blame of artists other than Constable, by Mr. Ruskin as well as other critics, consists simply in saying that their conceptions are not so high, nor their intellects so great, as they would have been if God had made them otherwise! Luckily this style of criticism does not extend to poetry, and no one thinks of despising John Clare because he was neither a Milton nor a Shakespeare.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE MEADOWS.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

WINDSOR.

IV.

Early Views of the Castle—Queen Elizabeth's *Boethius*—Norden's View—The Dragon Fountain—James I.—Old Descriptions—The Parliamentary Army—Charles I. a Prisoner—His Burial—Examination of his Remains in 1813—Cromwell at Windsor—The Alterations under Charles II.—The Star Building—Pepys at Windsor—The Pope's Nuncio—The Duke of Gloucester's Death—Improvements under William III.—Queen Anne.

THE first contemporary view of Windsor Castle with any pretensions to exactness was made by Norden for James I. It was among the Harleian Manuscripts, and is preserved in the British Museum, but a very careful copy of it forms the frontispiece to Messrs. Tighe and Davis's volumes on the 'Annals of Windsor,' a work of astonishing accuracy, fulness, and, it must be allowed, dryness, to which I have had constant recourse in the foregoing chapters. Norden's view shows the Castle as it was left by Queen Elizabeth, who had made it a frequent place of residence, sometimes remaining all the autumn and over Christmas. In 1593 she here translated Boethius's 'De Consolatione Philosophiae,' beginning it on the 10th October and finishing it on the 5th November; or as Bowyer, the Keeper of the Records at the Tower, wrote to her, 'Accompting twoo houres only bestowed every day one with another in the translating, the computation falleth out that in fowre and twenty houres your Majesty began and ended your translation.' There were certain days when she 'rode abroad,' and so 'did forbeare to translate,' for Queen Elizabeth was fond of hunting. In an old view in Braun's 'Civitates' a deer is seen pursued by hounds along the slopes. Although this view is very interesting it is evidently not nearly as correct as Norden's, which I have mentioned above, but it supplies one missing link in the history of the place, for it shows a wooden fence along the summit of the escarpment on the north side, while Norden's view shows the stone wall by which Queen Elizabeth formed the Terrace. The same Queen's new building, which is now the Royal Library, is also seen. The beautiful oriel windows of this addition remind the visitor of the contemporary gallery at Haddon Hall, and show one of the last expiring efforts of the old Gothic school of architects. This range of building is the oldest now visible above ground in the Upper Ward. The dining-room or pavilion which Elizabeth built was at the eastern end of her new terrace, and was an octagon twenty-two feet in diameter. As she did not spend much at any time on building, it is

surprising to learn that at least 1000*l.* a-year was laid out in improvements at Windsor between 1569 and 1577.

In Norden's view, and in others down to the Wyattville period, the buildings on the north or Terrace side of the Upper Ward surround several small courts. On the south side of this block, facing the great open space, is the Hall, nearly on the site of the present St. George's Hall. It had probably a fine row of large windows towards the south, but in Norden's view, which is taken from the north, we only see a row of dormers in the roof, and two louvres. The other sides of the Upper Ward are formed of narrow buildings with towers at intervals, and there is no archway as now leading to the Park on the eastern side. The centre of the Ward is occupied by an odd-looking fountain, out of which a dragon seems to rise. This 'conduit,' as it was called, was supplied with water from Blackmore, five miles off, and was set up by Queen Mary. The accounts for the work are still extant. The dragon, which was thirteen feet in height, was flanked by five 'Beasts Royal,' namely the eagle, the 'lyon,' the 'antilop,' the greyhound, and the 'griffith.' Beyond the fountain, on the south side of the Ward, are the 'Lodginges for the Howshold;' and nearly where King George the Fourth's gateway is now, we see a small arch adjoining a large tower, and labelled 'Sowthe Porte.' The tower of Henry III. in the Lower Ward is described as 'The Lieutenant's Lodging.' Between it and the 'Gate coming out of the Towne,' are the 'Poore Knightes' Lodginges,' the last bay before reaching the archway being marked as the Colehouse, already mentioned as a prison. The Salisbury Tower is named 'The Stewards Lodging.' The Bell Tower has a curious turret, with a cupola rising from the roof. The Horse Shoe Cloisters surround 'The Kewe.' The roof of St. George's Chapel shows four lofty cupolas, one at each side of the west front, and one on each of the transepts. The 'Prebend's Lodgings' overlook 'A Breache in the Wall,' very near where are now the Hundred Steps.

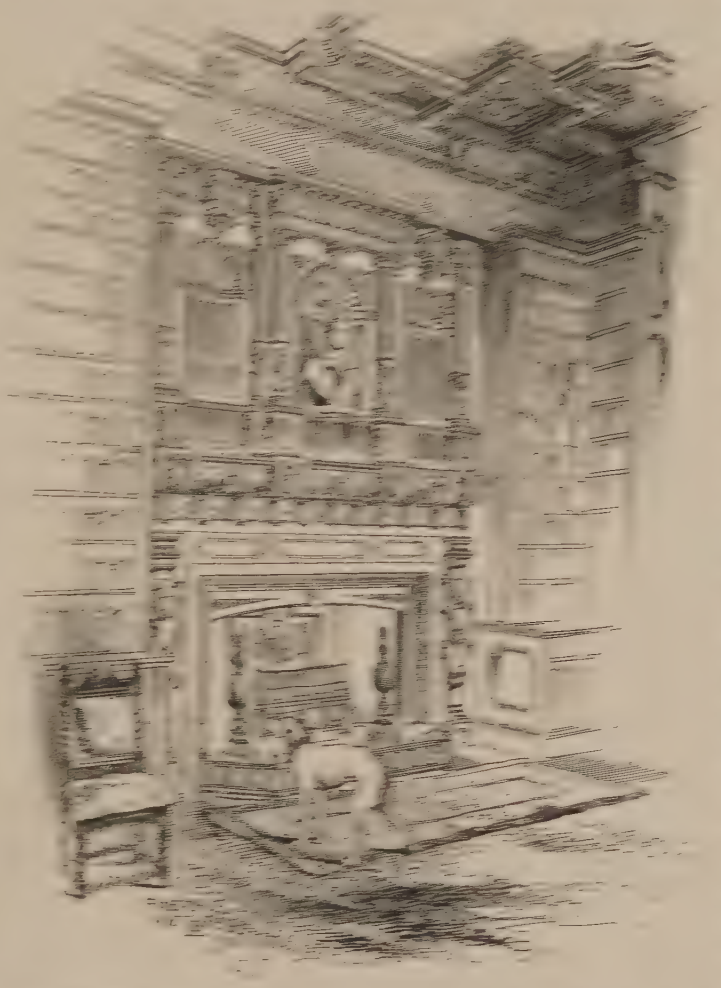
Queen Elizabeth's literary tastes have been mentioned, but it is only tradition which makes her desire to see 'Falstaff in love,' or to command Shakespeare to write the 'Merry Wives.' Still there is nothing improbable or impossible in the story, which I shall have occasion to mention again. Elizabeth's last visit to Windsor was in the autumn of 1602.

One of the first acts of James on his coming into possession of Windsor was to go to law with the Dean and Chapter. He required them in 1603 to repair the breach in the wall mentioned above. They pleaded that the wall was more ancient than their foundation, that it was part of the outer defences of the whole Castle, and that they were expressly discharged from repairs of the Castle by the charter granted them by Edward III. The Barons of the Exchequer heard the case in 1606 at Serjeants' Inn, and gave judgment against the King; but he delayed to carry out the work until about ten years later, when, with the help of 100*l.* given as a bribe to a nobleman of the court, a patch, still discernible, was made by the royal orders.

There are several old descriptions extant of the Castle at this period. Among the Harleian Manuscripts is one which Messrs. Tighe and Davis attribute to Stow. It is very much in his style. It contains the story already mentioned as to the building of the Upper Ward by Edward III. out of the ransoms of the French and Scottish kings, and a description of the buildings and surrounding scenery. Having spoken of the buildings of the Upper Ward as making it

almoste fower square, he goes on to describe the Terrace:—

"Upon the northe syde and neare parte of vnder neighe also, betweene the same and the vnowe or fall of the hill which is very steepe and highe is an excellent walke or terre, reninge all along the said buildings and the syd of the castell verie pleasant, well orderd and intermixed of some and other sweet herbe which is in length 560 paces and in breadthe 7 of suche an excellent grace to the behoulders and passers by yeelde when in the eight even aboue it, that the eyeynes pleasure, beside and the thereof semethe to ravish me with manner which if they could see be ye selues."



A good deal of the ceiling, the best part of the Terrace is the three centuries which have passed since this was composed, but it has yet to be excelled. It was written in the age of Shakespeare and Spenser.

The interior of the Castle is described by Paul Hentzner who was in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He speaks of the buildings as being "built of freestone, and extremely well furnished with hangings, of which there is a great variety in the chamber in which Prince Philip, husband of Queen Elizabeth, slept." In this room was a table of the marble with which Windsor abounds, of a green prevailing colour, and without any figure, a collection of rare birds, comprising those of Henry VIII, one in particular of Queen Elizabeth's, called Jenny Bellet, and a Edward VI, all of them shown for money, and known only to the keeper. He also saw upwards the horn of an unicorn, worth 10,000l., a bird of Paradise, and a cushion most curiously wrought by Queen Elizabeth's own hands.

There is little to connect James I with Windsor, and though James I projected many improvements, they were never carried out. Among them was a project for making a royal vault under the nave-house, a project which probably suggested the chapel as his burial-place. Windsor was occupied by the Parliamentary army as early as 1642, and in the following year fifty-five political prisoners were lodged in the Castle of which Colonel Venn was the commander. He it was, as we shall have occasion to see further on, who despoiled the chapel, while his soldiers destroyed the deer in the Great Park, and even killed a keeper. We find Cromwell at Windsor in 1643, and in that [illegible] house a bed, in the palace of the princesses, for use as a prison.

He had still [illegible] Charles followed him, and visited at Windsor, and after [illegible] the neighbourhood before he was removed to Hampton Court. After the escape from [illegible] and subsequent imprisonment at Carisbrook he was brought back to Windsor in close custody, arriving there on the 1st December, 1647. The period of his stay was [illegible] of Windsor which were [illegible] very often. On one occasion, that was [illegible] afterwards, the governor of the [illegible] was allowed an order for the expense. On the 19th January Charles was removed to London to meet his doom there.

After the execution at Whitehall the body was embalmed and placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and carried to St. James's Palace, where an open coffin of lead was provided. Herbert, the attendant, was [illegible] permitted by the Parliament to have the corpse in the chapel at Windsor. There it was [illegible] and it was found that [illegible] number of persons would be admitted to be present. Finally, on the 7th February, it was ordained that the body should be buried at Windsor in a decent manner, provided that the whole expense should not exceed five hundred

pounds.' Four noblemen, Richmond, Hertford, Southampton, and Lindsay, obtained permission to attend the funeral, but were not allowed to do so publicly; and on the evening of the same day a

hearse, driven by the King's old coachman, and attended by four of his servants, conveyed the coffin to Windsor, where it was deposited in what had been his bedchamber. The next day it was removed to the Dean's Hall, which was darkened, and two lighted candles were placed on the coffin. About three in the afternoon the lords mentioned above, accompanied by Bishop Juxon, who had attended the King on the scaffold, applied to the Governor of the Castle, showing him their permit. He would not allow them to use the Service in the Common Prayer-book, and they sadly went to choose the place of entombment. A grave had already been dug on the south side of the Communion-table, but they were anxious that the burial should be in a vault, and, as was mentioned in the last chapter, there are several varying accounts as to how they found the tomb of Henry VIII. When they had ascertained that there was room for another coffin they returned to the Hall, and prepared a piece of lead, on which the Duke of Richmond wrote the words, 'King Charles, 1648.' It will be remembered that the year was then reckoned to end on the 25th of March. The following day the body was brought out and carried round to the western entrance of the chapel. 'It was then observed,' says Wood, 'that at such time as the King's body was brought out from St. George's Hall (several of the accounts name St. George's Hall instead of the Dean's) the sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast that by the time the corpse came to the west end of the Royal Chapel the black velvet pall was all white, the colour of innocency, being thick covered with snow.' The coffin was placed on two trestles in the vault, 'the head lying opposite the eleventh stall, on the sovereign's side.' The velvet pall was thrown in upon it. 'Thus went the White King to his grave in the 48th year of his age,' without any ceremonial or service, and the Governor, having seen to the closing of the vault, locked up the chapel and took away the keys.

A funeral so private naturally gave rise to the most extraordinary stories, and the burial-place was often asserted to be at Whitehall, and even at Tyburn, but in 1813 the Prince Regent, the Duke of Cumberland, and some other authorities, with Sir

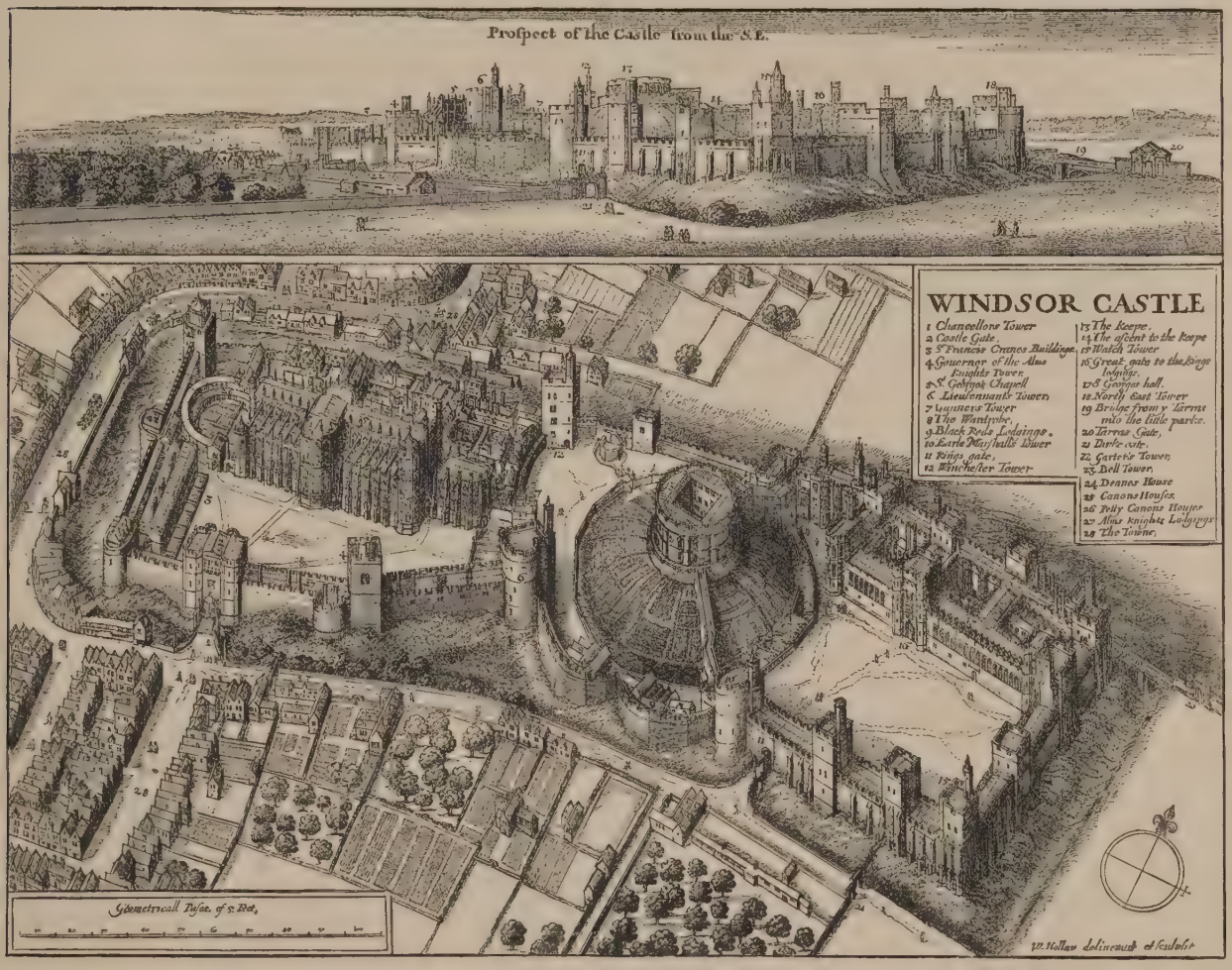
Henry Halford, the Court physician, opened the vault of Henry VIII., where four coffins were found. They were those of Henry himself and Jane Seymour, a child of Queen Anne, and Charles I. They examined the coffins of both the Kings. The body

of Henry VIII. was a mere skeleton, a little of the beard only remaining on the chin. Sir Henry Halford's account of the head of Charles I. is well known.

'It was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. . . . The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour; that of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was no more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy King. On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably, and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, having the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument.'

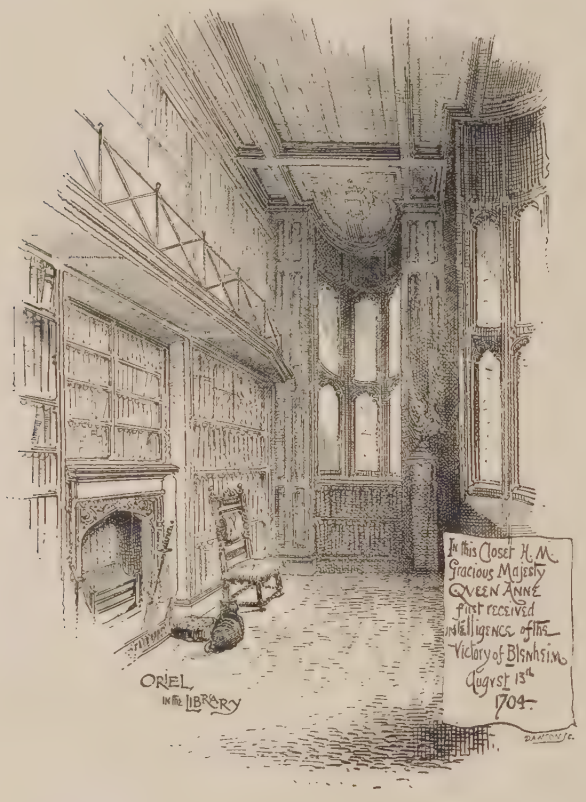
The complexion was found to be dark and discoloured, the cartilage of the nose was gone, the left eye was seen only for a moment, yet the spectators recognised the strong resemblance to coins, busts, and especially the portraits by Vandyck.

Oliver Cromwell seems to have liked Windsor, and in 1654 he caused the Little Park, which had been sold, to be bought back. The Castle was eventually settled by Parliament upon the Protector, and the Poor Knights attended the funeral of Cromwell in the Chapel of Henry VII. During the interregnum before the return of Charles II. the Duke of Buckingham was for some time a prisoner at Windsor. Bulstrode Whitelock was Constable during the rule of the Commonwealth, and on the appointment of Lord Mordaunt, he gave him the particulars I have noticed already, in my first chapter, as to the duties and privileges of the office. Strange to say, Colonel Whitchcott appears to have remained at Windsor after the return of Charles, having probably taken a house in the town. The great event of the reign of Charles II., so far as Windsor is concerned, was the remodelling of the State apartments. This work was carried out by an architect named May, who does not seem to be otherwise known to fame He probably had the assistance of Sir Christopher


Prospect of the Castle from the S.E.
WINDSOR CASTLE
1 Chancellors Tower
2 Castle Gate
3 S^r Francis Cranes Buildings
4 Governor of the Alms Knights Tower
5 S^t Georges Chapell
6 Lieutenants Tower
7 Queenes Tower
8 The Wardrobe
9 Black Rods Lodgings
10 Little Maydells Tower
11 Prince gate
12 Winchester Tower
13 The Keepe
14 The ascent to the Keepe
15 Watch Tower
16 Great gate to the kings lodgings
17 S^t Georges hall
18 North East Tower
19 Bridge from y^e Tarras into the little parke
20 Tarras Gate
21 Parke gate
22 Garter Tower
23 Bell Tower
24 Deanes House
25 Canons Houses
26 Petty Canons House
27 Alms knights Lodgings
28 The Towne
Geometricall Plate of S^t Ret
W. Hollar delineavit et fecit

WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HOLLAR.

Wren, to whom, indeed, the Star Building is usually attributed. It was so called from a colossal star of the Order of the Garter, worked in gilding and colours, on the centre of the north front. The interior was entirely changed, and the present range of State apartments erected. Wyatville afterwards altered the exterior, and brought it into accordance with the Gothic character of the rest of the Castle. Verrio was employed to paint the walls and ceilings, and Gibbons to carve the fittings. The 70,000*l.* voted



for a tomb to Charles I. was probably spent in these new buildings, and in the enlargement of the Terrace, which was continued round the east and south sides. The Long Walk was planted, in part at least, at this time. Another alteration was that the prison tower, sometimes called the Devil Tower, and previously the Rose Tower, at the south-west corner of the Upper Ward, was appropriated to the use of the maids of honour. In this reign, also, the lodge in the Great Park, now known as Cumberland Lodge, was built, and, to judge by an old view which is extant, was probably designed by Wren. It has undergone great alteration since, and shows little trace of his hand.

Samuel Pepys visited Windsor in 1666, when he was shown 'where the late king is buried, and King Henry VIII. and my Lady Seymour. This being done, to the King's house, and to observe the neatness and contrivance of the house and gates. It is the most romantique castle that is in the world. But Lord! the prospect that is in the balcone that is in the Queen's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure; and so, giving a great deal of money to this and that man and woman, we to our tavern, and there dined.'

We may pass over the remaining years of Charles II. at Windsor, merely pausing to note that one of his servants, Toby Rustat, erected in the centre of the Upper Ward a statue of the King in bronze, which is now placed close to the Mound, and which cost him 1300*l.* James II., who was fond of hunting, was very often at Windsor, and the Princess Anne gave birth here to a girl in 1686. The child was baptized by the names of Anne Sophia, but died soon afterwards, and is probably the same princess who was buried in the vault of Henry VIII. It was at Windsor, in July, 1687, that James took the fatal step of receiving the Pope's Nuncio; and in 1688, on the 14th December, the Prince of Orange arrived at the Castle from the west, and here held the consultation which resulted in the flight of James.

During the reign of William III. we hear more of the town of Windsor than of the Castle; but it was here that the little Duke of Gloucester, the only child of the Princess Anne which lived even a few years, was taken ill shortly after his birthday, in July 1700. 'His distemper proved to be a violent Feaver with a Rash. All proper remedies were applied, but without success;' and about one o'clock in the morning of the 30th of the same month he died, to the great grief of the whole kingdom. His death led to the famous Act of Settlement, by which the Hanoverian succession was established. The little Prince was never actually created Duke of Gloucester, though he was known by that title, and was only eleven years and five days old at the time of his death. His body was embalmed 'and remained in his Highness's Bed-Chamber in the South-East Corner of the Great Square Court of the Castle till Thursday at Nine a Clock in the Night, when 'twas brought down the Little Stairs and put into his own Body-Coach, the Earl of Marlborough with Mr. Sayres, the Deputy Governor, and Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to His Royal Highness, Riding only in the coach therewith.' He was buried at Westminster, in the Chapel of Henry VII. William III. made some additions to the Little Park, which brought it to the river's edge, and built a brick wall round it. This wall has not long been removed, and the road to Old Windsor, which formerly went all round outside the wall, passes diagonally across what is now called the Home Park. The ground was laid out as an ornamental garden, and had a fountain in the centre, and in the reign of Queen Anne is said to have been planted with trees which represented from the windows above a plan of the battle of Blenheim. William III. completed the Long Walk,

and in his last years employed Wren to make a great design for the south side of the Upper Ward in the 'Italian taste.'

Queen Anne received the King of Spain, Charles III., at Windsor Castle in 1703, when ceremonies seem to have been observed very like those described in a former chapter, when the King of Castille visited Henry VII. The room is still pointed out in which the Queen was sitting with the Duchess of Marlborough when the news came of the victory of Blenheim. It is a little closet, in the building of Queen Elizabeth, and forms now part of the Royal Library. Queen Anne, in fact, made Windsor her principal residence, but does not seem to have done very much in the way either of improvement or repair; but she appears to have been the first sovereign who withdrew from the state and splendour of the Castle to the comparative retirement of a house in the neighbourhood. To this we owe the 'Queen's House' or 'Lodge,' so often mentioned by Miss Burney, which for a time became really the royal palace rather than the ancient Castle. This house stood on the south side of the ditch, very near the place now occupied by the Royal Stables, and had been Queen Anne's residence before she came to the throne.

W. J. Loftie.

PORTRAIT OF PAUL PONTIUS.

ETCHED BY VANDYKE. REPRODUCED BY AMAND-DURAND.

THE original etching by Vandyke differs from the plate here presented to our readers chiefly by the presence of certain accidental defects due to what is called 'foul biting,' in the shape of lines and dots which were never intended by the artist. There are three perpendicular streaks going down from the right eyebrow of Pontius towards his nose; there are two others from his left nostril over his moustache; there are two almost vertical ones going over his thumb and fingers, and others upon his dress, especially an abundant sprinkling of black smuts upon his collar. All these were the consequences of a badly-laid etching-ground; and though the reproduction of them would prove that a Chinese faithfulness was attainable by the process of héliogravure, it has seemed to us that we should most completely fulfil what would be Vandyke's own desire if we asked M. Amand-Durand to exercise his own sure technical skill in avoiding the misfortune that happened to the original plate. By this policy we are able to present to our readers a plate which is nearer to Vandyke's intention than that which he actually executed, and we now see Pontius with a clean face and clean linen for the first time.

M. Georges Duplessis, in his valuable monograph on the etchings of Vandyke, tells us that there are six known states of this plate. Our reproduction is taken from the first state, and consists exclusively of lines etched by Vandyke's own hand, with a very few touches of dry-point upon the neck. In the second state the portrait itself is untouched, but a background has been added to relieve it, consisting of horizontal and parallel lines 'so regular, that it is very improbable that they can have been the work of Vandyke.' In the third state the plate remains as in the second, but with an inscription in the lower margin: 'Paulus du Pont Calcographus. Ant. Van Dyck fecit aqua forti.' In the fourth state the letters 'G. H.' are added below the inscription; they are the initials of Hendricx the publisher. In the fifth state the plate is entirely ruined by some engraver, who has worked all over it, so as to overwhelm Vandyke's lines completely; the background has been still further darkened by laborious vertical lines, and the word 'Antuerpiæ' is added. Finally, the sixth state is distinguished from the others by the removal of the publisher's initials.

The series of portraits of more or less celebrated people, which Vandyke undertook very much in the same spirit as that which in our own century impelled David d'Angers to execute a series of medallions, included altogether a hundred and twenty-eight subjects. This is the number of the original coppers now belonging to the Louvre; but only a few of these were etched by the master's own hand; and though Mr. Carpenter included twenty-seven in his list of autograph Vandyke plates, M. Duplessis has reduced the number to twenty-one. Of these twenty-one two are decided technical failures (*Titian and his Mistress* and the *Portrait of Erasmus*), one or two others have been more or less unfortunate, and others have been partly spoiled by formal backgrounds, added by engravers even before the earliest proofs which have come down to our own time. Vandyke appears to have been quite careless about the preservation of his etchings. He sketched a portrait on copper, with the vigour and brilliance of the one before us, and then left it to be worked upon by engravers of more or less ability—men who, whatever may have been their skill, were entirely out of sympathy with the work of a painter-etcher. Yet at the same time there is every reason to believe that Vandyke interested himself deeply in the production of the engravers' plates; and therefore, putting the two facts together, we are driven to the conclusion that a mistaken modesty caused him to appreciate

very inadequately the value of his own original work on copper. It is probable that he thought of himself only as a painter; which is the more to be regretted that, with his simple and direct method of etching, he might have left to posterity a great collection of original plates, incomparably more valuable to us than the series now in the Louvre.

Paul Pontius, the subject of the portrait before us, was one of the distinguished engravers who interpreted Rubens, and worked under his direction. The date of his birth is not precisely known, but it is believed to have been about the year 1596, so that he would be very nearly of the same age as Vandyke. Rubens was his senior by about twenty years; a difference of age which, joined to the splendid fame that Rubens enjoyed during his lifetime, would make it natural that the great master should assume the tone of an adviser. But to understand rightly the position of an engraver in the days of Pontius, we must remember that nobody then thought of engraving as an imitative art. It did not imitate the textures of painting, nor even its tones; and the object of Rubens, when advising a man like Pontius, would be simply to help him to produce a fine engraving, to which end he would make drawings and sketches very different from his paintings. Pontius, on his part, was neither a painter-etcher, like Vandyke, nor a modern engraver imitating the tones and textures of painting; he belonged to a class of engravers, now extinct, who availed themselves of the compositions supplied by the invention of painters, but adapted them to an art which was still firmly established on principles of its own.

EDITOR.

THE DRAMA OF THE GREEKS IN RELATION TO THE ARTS.

The Development of Dialogue and of the Satyric Ideal.

SCATTERED hints occur of a tentative drama at Sicyon, Megara, and elsewhere, even as earlier schools of sculpture were rife throughout Greece, and Phidias himself studied at Argos; but in both cases the inspiration of the Attic atmosphere seemed indispensable to force the germ to maturity. To Thespis is ascribed the combination with the song of the chorus, of the relief of an interlude of spoken words. The recitations, extempore or accepted as such, were naturally restricted at first to narratives of the mythical adventures of Dionysus; monologue became dialogue when Phrynichus introduced a second speaker. A more important innovation still was extension of the themes to mythical incident without the range of Dionysiac legend, or with only an arbitrary attachment to it, and most important of all—but the glory of this is shared with him by Aeschylus—the introduction of purely pathetic themes. The chorus and dancing, however, still formed the substance of the entertainment; and there can be no doubt that the drama, even in this crude form, had already elaborated many conceptions which were willingly made use of and improved upon by graphic and plastic art. To this origin we need not hesitate to refer the invention of the Satyr, the half-brute we are so familiar with in ancient art, but very variably idealised. Sometimes the creature is even shaggy and goat-footed, but when less divergent from humanity, prick-eared and with horse-tail and snub-nosed; now presented as mischievous, lecherous, frivolous—a parody of man's lower nature under the lower influences of the wine-god—but then again transmuted to the graceful and playful and piping faun, or even elevated to true dignity, as idealised in the noble Satyr of the Louvre.

BEARDED SATYR.
(DENK. D. A. KUNST 463.)

It was as if in special recognition of the primitive dependence of the drama on the Bacchic chorus, that even when it had taken forms most remote from the original, the Bacchic characteristics were retained in pronounced expression in the satyric plays, which were appended to the most serious tragedies. The 'Cyclops' of Euripides is the only extant specimen of a satyric play. It may be remarked, by the way, that the Roman word 'satire' has no relation beyond coincident associations with the Greek word 'satyr.' In this play, a troop of satyrs are found by Ulysses in the service of the Cyclops, and engaged by him—most precarious and cowardly allies—to assist his escape; the part which the intoxication of the Cyclops plays in the Homeric

story helps the propriety of their concern in it. It is quite in the spirit of this dramatic parody that Iris, whom Homer describes as evading the invitations of the several wind gods, whom she has come to summon to the pyre of Patroclus, to sit beside them and share their revel, is shown by a vase-painter escaping with difficulty from the urgent attentions of a cry of satyrs. In these instances, as in many others, the inspiration derived from the drama is manifest enough, though theatrical details are suppressed, even as they are at the present time when a painter represents not only an incident from a drama, but the particular actors in character. To the same source we may ascribe the spirited vase-painting of a satyr who mimics the Hesperian exploit of Hercules, but that the serpent-guarded tree which, wielding the club he dauntlessly approaches, bears not the golden apples but suspended wine-flasks.

FROM AN APULIAN VASE.

The vase-painters present us with a number of designs, which exhibit Dionysus as the god of the drama, and usually accompanied by either satyrs in person, pure and simple—if we may say so of satyrs—or satyrs with their natural pointed ears and tails, but amusing themselves with theatrical masks. The god himself is ever sufficiently composed and dignified in the midst of the wild rout. On an Apulian vase (Denkm. 1855, tf. 83), the youthful Dionysus, seated in a chair, is a model of gracefulness, though the disreputable-looking old Silenus is seated on a wine-jar behind him, and at the other extremity of the picture stands as graceless a satyr with a wine-horn; the god himself calmly regards a tragic mask of mournful expression, which a youthful figure before him, who holds a thyrsus, seems submitting to him. On another very remarkable Greek vase discovered in Lower Italy, Dionysus and Ariadne are seated on a couch, and around them in double rows are numerous figures holding dramatic masks; they might be taken for actors preparing to equip themselves for a satyric play, but that their pointed ears betray them. One figure alone in elaborate costume, recognisable for Hercules by club and lion skin as well as inscription, holds a tragic mask.

Dionysus, indeed, was never degraded in Greek art to 'the jolly god' of Dryden, 'flushed with a purple grace.' On the earlier vases, even when surrounded by a riotous train, he is sedate, robed, bearded. This is the type which was translated in sculpture into the figure of which the British Museum has recently acquired an ancient copy. Afterwards, both on vases and in sculpture, he is youthful, cheerful, graceful, if sometimes his grace, as in the statue lately found at Tivoli, blends away in the

FROM AN OINOCHOE IN BRITISH MUSEUM.

FROM AN APULIAN VASE.

direction of feminine grace; or the god of wine, who was venerated at Eleusis as the associate of Demeter, mysterious goddess of bread corn, was dignified to the height of one of the noblest of ancient types of dignity. Of this, one of the best representatives is the bronze bust from Herculaneum (engraved in our last number), which the devotees of ideal philosophy have sometimes flattered themselves they might appropriate as Plato.

The Origin and Construction of the Earliest Theatre.

How far the evolution of dramatic system in the association of dialogue with the chorus may have kept even pace between the development of the vivacious Bacchic Comos and that of the dithyramb, it is impossible to say. But there is every appearance that the true crisis of this evolution dates from the construction of the first permanent theatre at Athens. This was undertaken Ol. 70. 1, exactly 500 B.C., after the occurrence of a serious accident—the fall of a temporary scaffolding with the spectators who were witnessing performances in which the poets Phrynichus and Aeschylus were rivals. The new theatre was doubtless contrived to suit the exigencies of the poets, and at this epoch of innovation the opportunity seems to have been seized to remodel and extend these exigencies to an extent that produced a theatre which proved fully adapted for the drama in its most elaborate manifestations. It was the general model of the very numerous theatres of which we still possess such abundant remains; we have also the very specifications of the architect, Vitruvius, for laying out a Greek theatre as distinguished from a Roman; yet even so there is difficulty in recovering precisely those arrangements which would assist us most in re-clothing the dramatic poetry of the best time with its true external adjustments.

Advantage was taken of the sloping southern side of the Acropolis hill to give solid foundations to the rows of seats which ascended in successively widening semicircles for the audience; the lowest semicircle embraced a level area for the chorus—the orchestra—that is, properly, the dancing-place; fronting this, and parallel to the diameter of the semicircle, was raised the stage for the actors, which naturally required to be closed at the back with provision for scenery or its substitute. The theatres which remain, in some cases wonderfully preserved at this part, have this requirement provided by an architectural screen, adorned with niches and double tiers of columns, extending the full width of the theatre, and rising as high as the topmost range of the seats which it faced. But these erections all date from comparatively late times, and cannot be assumed to represent the Aeschylean prototype. The traditional name of this screen, however, the *scene*—that is, the tent—is very significant; it may be taken to imply that at an early date, inclusive it may be of the first and greatest triumphs of the Greek drama, the action was framed in by some system of hangings or curtains, which shut off intrusive external views and, with further aid of internal fitting or painting, assisted imagination in accepting the included space in whatever sense the poet and the action demanded. Again, we get but little help either from the architect or the ruins, in adjusting the relation of the orchestra to the stage, the so-called proscenium, or space in front of the screen. Nothing but confusion arises from the attempts which are made to force the stage-business of a play of Aeschylus into accordance with these prescribed limitations. For the chorus to be placed as it is by Vitruvius, on an area twelve feet below the level of the stage, might suit the time when the system of Euripides prevailed, who cut it off from concern with the action of the piece; as it might, indeed, have suited the time when the orchestric element was all in all, and the dialogue was not only distinct but comparatively unimportant; but this is scarcely suitable for Aeschylus or Sophocles. Aeschylus created the drama by giving predominance to the dialogue above the stage-business involved in the inter-action of his leading characters with the evolutions and odes of the chorus; but even so he maintained both action and speakers in most intimate relation to the chorus, and that not only through the leader of the chorus as their spokesman, but quite directly with the chorus as a body.

The Distribution of Dramatic Action.

The orchestra is the appropriate area for the performance of those odes which intervene while the stage is empty by the exit of the speakers of dialogue, and for the traditional evolutions of strophe and antistrophe; but when the action of a play of Aeschylus recommences, after a pause, the members of the chorus are as immediately witnesses of it, and as directly affected by the dialogue, even when not participant in it, as the citizens of Rome addressed by Marc Antony at the funeral of Caesar, or by Menenius Agrippa in 'Coriolanus.' The necessities of the case imply, what there are only occasional but those not indefinite hints of, that dialogue might proceed between the actor on an upper stage and the chorus on an intermediate level—'the well-trod thymele' of Pratinas, and that the chorus could readily mount to the upper stage in a body and there divide, disperse, and reassemble about the central characters.

As regards the management of the background, the text of the poets constantly implies that the

entrance, now of a palace, now of a tent, is thrown open and an interior discovered ; it may be disclosing only the victim of slaughter, a suicide, or a sleeping or a silent figure ; but in other cases one character at least becomes visible who addresses the characters on the proscenium—the stage in advance of the scene—and who must, of course, be within hearing of the audience.

The observation has been repeated over and over again, that from the great width and assumed shallowness of the Greek stage, the groups upon it must have had the extended order and general effect which Shakespeare, allowed himself to be checked in the treatment of his theme by difficulties about scenery. He is credited with a number of contrivances tending to promote verisimilitude, but he evidently counted on the spectators being prepared to supplement imperfect hints by lively imagination.

Changes of Scene and Machinery demanded by a Tragedy of Aeschylus.

The grand drama of the Eumenides of Aeschylus is opened by the Pythoness, priestess of Apollo,

THE PURIFICATION OF ORESTES. (FROM A GREEK VASE.)

Art had made so familiar in bas-reliefs. But this view will not bear examination ; however a general train of attendants may have been spread out, the principal speakers concerned in the action were so few, for the most part, indeed, only a pair, that they must always have formed a decided central group between subordinate wings. A variety of plane again was conferred upon the general composition by the relation of this group to a discovered interior in the background, and then to the chorus on the lower stage, and in the orchestra in front. Ancient but comparatively late authorities refer to a theatrical contrivance, called an *eccyclema*, as employed in these revelations of interiors, but the true nature of this is far too contested and uncertain for us to dwell upon it. What is certain is, that Aeschylus, as little as

making an address to the gods before the temple at Delphi. She then enters it, and presently rushes forth again in dismay, and describes the fearful sight which she has seen. Then she retires, and forthwith the interior of the temple is disclosed—as we should say, the scene changes to the interior of the temple ; the groups previously described are now displayed to the sight of the audience, and at once are engaged in lively dialogue.

This group forms the subject of a vase-painting, which betrays more distinctly than usual its dependence on a special text, though still with variations.

Orestes the matricide was seen in the Athenian play, seated as supplicant on the sacred stone—the so-called Omphalos—which marked the navel or reputed centre of the earth, his sword, still dripping

blood, in one hand, in the other an olive-branch bound with woollen fillets. Around him, on the seats, were the persecuting Furies, arrayed in black, repulsive of aspect, but now sunk in slumber, as if overwearied in pursuit. Apollo has no sooner dismissed his suppliant, under conduct of Hermes, to seek final judgment and acquittal at Athens, than the ghost of Clytemnestra rises, to rouse the Furies, and, exposing her fatal wound, upbraids them and urges them to follow. An altercation with Apollo ensues, as he ejects them from his precincts, and then the scene shifts from the temple at Delphi to the Acropolis of Athens, where it continues to the end.

On the vase Orestes, holding his sword, is still seated by the Omphalos, when the ghost of Clytemnestra appears to awaken the Furies; one of these, already roused, is prompt as in Aeschylus to rouse the others. Apollo it is who here holds the olive stem, and he is accompanied not by his brother Hermes, but his sister Artemis; instead, however, of referring Orestes to Athens, he is performing the rite to which reference is made in the play, of purifying the murderous hand by holding over it a pig, of which the blood dripped upon it, and so washed it ceremoniously clean.

Here we see distinctly the principle of the painter borrowing his subject from the theatre, but asserting himself by looking beyond the theatrical treatment to the original materials of the dramatist.

In his 'Prometheus Bound' the same poet makes still greater demand for the service of the theatre, on those mechanical appliances which were at the command of the architects of the age. The chorus of sea-nymphs is described as borne with flutter of wings through the air to visit the Titan, as he hangs chained to a lofty rock on a desert promontory. Then Oceanus arrives in a car drawn by an unbridled, four-footed, winged griffin, which could indicate, by movements, impatience at detention; Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, apparently descends through the air, and at last, when the defiant obstinacy of Prometheus brings on the catastrophe, it comes as a storm of thunder, lightning, hurricane, and earthquake, in the midst of which the rock is rent, and sinks with the still unconquered victim, as to the depths of Tartarus.

We shall probably do Aeschylus wrong if we suppose that he required his description to be supported by coarse realism, or by more of the resources of the mechanist than would suffice to give the cue to imagination. But it is clear that enough was done to make the description, when so aided by excited imagination, not unnatural. It is not when an Aeschylus or a Shakespeare has the mastery in the production of his own plays, that realistic is allowed to encroach upon poetic effect, and to distract attention from a moral to a physical crisis.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S new picture of a subject which is said to have been painted more frequently than any other, exhibits a perfectly fresh and highly poetical and grand element of the highest merit and beauty. It is magnificent in almost all respects of conception, design, and execution. It is hardly a paradox to say that, while it is something less than a 'Flight into Egypt'—a comprehensive title which referred to all the incidents of the departure of the Holy Family,—Mr. Hunt's work is very much more than the ordinary reading of the term would lead us to expect. It succeeds superbly, and yet fails in the highest moods, technical and imaginative.

The artist has been at the pains to write very careful and somewhat self-conscious accounts of his intentions in making the design, as well as of the work which, in solid forms and splendid colours, reproduces those intentions. Not a little of this account is pretentious and superfluous, while some of it is of great value, indeed indispensable for the right understanding of the picture. It is disfigured by the introduction of copious rhapsodical and laudatory remarks by Mr. Ruskin, whose testimony, however flattering to the painter, good taste and self-respect might well have united to prevent Mr. Hunt from republishing. The account itself is thus marred in a manner which is undignified and—the rhapsodies being very high indeed—unworthy of Mr. Ruskin's younger days, to say nothing of his never-to-be-forgotten services to art.

Putting these exercises of bad taste aside, it is easy to get, so to say, within touch of the painter's mood, poetical inspiration, and purpose at large. Some of the technical peculiarities of his work are illustrated and explained in a manner likely to be very useful to those who are slow to understand pictures which are at all recondite or original. From the account we may gather what the painting was designed to show. The picture itself will prove whether or not these purposes have been fulfilled. By comparing the two we may get clear views of both. Two things remain beyond question: (1.) The painter encountered great difficulties in the execution of his project, difficulties accruing from causes peculiar to Mr. Hunt's practice, and however unnecessary

or due to himself, disastrous to the highest degree. He has two pictures when he need have painted but one, and the end of his task has been delayed at least five years. (*2.*) Mr. Hunt has, notwithstanding this lamentable waste of life and power, flinched from neither labour nor thought in the production of his ideas.

The picture before us is, we dare say, the less admirable of the two versions. It is the second, and may be less spirited in execution, less animated in expressiveness, than that forerunner which may soon be put before the world. We shall look with some curiosity for the original of this which is undoubtedly Mr. Hunt's masterpiece and an art-wonder of the day.

We, in the first instance, condense Mr. Hunt's account of his labours, omitting the emotional and self-conscious strains of the text, and avoiding the polemical details in which it abounds. We are to suppose ourselves viewing the Holy Family travelling across the plain about thirty miles from their starting-place. The time is twilight, ere the stars have faded; the air is serene; the beacon-fires of distant folks (whose purpose is not clear) are seen in the extreme background; the travellers' figures are very splendidly illuminated from a mysterious source, which, as the artist tells us, some spectators have mistaken for the glowing light of a full and ruddy dawn. For whatever it may have been intended there cannot be a moment's doubt that it is a vivid, sun-like lustre which pouring on the foreground reveals Joseph trudging with heavy steps across the plain in front of the canvas loaded with the tools of his craft—nay, almost bending under their weight. Dreading pursuit he anxiously turns from us, so that his face is hidden, to contemplate the beacons which may be signals of pursuers. With one hand Joseph holds the ass's halter; that patient beast, followed by a weary-footed foal, steps sturdily along and bears on his back the Virgin and her Son, certain garments, and several bulky household utensils.

The infant Jesus, a nobly formed and massive child, turns suddenly with perfect glee because He recognises the coming of a band of the spirits of the Innocents, once His playmates, who have been, quite unfairly and absurdly, called the first Christian martyrs. These spirits have been made to appear in the glorified forms of a dozen little children, some of whom march joyfully before the Family, while a more numerous party attend the ass's steps, and being twined in each other's arms, are bound in a line by long garlands, and gaily rejoicing in the path, move before us in a resplendent company. Each child being intended to be distinct in an inner light, is irradiated like a seraph, is crowned with a diadem of light, and in character, action, and expression, emphatically independent of its neighbours. Three Innocents, perhaps the last slain in the monstrous sacrifice, seem to have overtaken the fugitives, and are still hovering in the air behind the riders, while their looks suggest that they have hardly yet awakened from the sleep of death in order to enjoy the waking of immortality. To these presumably late comers the Divine infant's energetic attention is directed. He has, so to say, rolled Himself in His mother's arms, and recognises the new-old playmates with rapture. The Virgin is in the act of gathering the child's garments about His body, supporting Him on one arm while she employs the other. The account avers that Mary is cognisant of the Innocents' presence, but the picture fails in representing this point. She is smiling with a sort of haughty gladness and pride in her Son. She sits sideways on the ass, and her voluminous garments, if not her large person, give importance to her figure. Mr. Hunt states:—

> 'The shallow streams over which the procession passes, reflecting the quiet beauty of the night sky, is unruffled except by the steps of Joseph. The flood upon which the spiritual children advance forms a contrast to this by being in motion. The living fountains of water—the streams of eternal life—furnish this, mystically portrayed as ever rolling onward. Instead of being dissipated in the natural vapours, the play of its (the spiritual water's) wavelets takes the form of airy globes which image the Jewish belief in the millennium that is to follow the advent of the Messiah.'

The reader will guess that here are mysteries indeed, such as art seldom ventures to deal with, and less often succeeds with. The living fountains, as depicted here, fail altogether in being mysterious, much less spiritual. They are apparently gelid sheets and curving planes of an unknown ice-like substance; and the 'airy globes' of the artist and author are more substantial than bubbles, not at all like 'the stuff that dreams are made of.' In the strange mixture of the real and the unreal in Mr. Hunt's production more than one observer has noticed that which is akin to Albert Dürer's somewhat contradictory ideas of design. An attempt to represent the unseen by substantial means and all too faithful methods which are self-contradictory and puzzling to the logical mind, is, so to say, heavily handicapped against itself.

In this respect the picture fails completely, not, of course, through any defect of skill, studies, or power on the part of the artist, but simply because he has employed methods which could not succeed. He has endeavoured to represent spiritual essences with substantial appearances, including the varieties of the form, light, shade, and vivid colouring of the life. Naked figures and flying draperies err alike in this respect, and the very souls of the slaughtered children have substances which would weigh heavily in earthly scales. The glorified Innocents are not

only splendidly illuminated by an unaccountable lustre, which casts shadows as strong as those of the sunlight when most powerful, but they shine with inner beams, and are self-radiant, though massive. While this is the case the Virgin does not seem to be aware of the presence of the Innocents; and so far is Joseph from having a suspicion that three glorious harbingers trip before him on supernatural 'living fountains of water'—'mystically portrayed as ever rolling onward,' that he actually turns to gaze on the beacon-fires of the distance! He is so absorbed by what he looks at that even the splendid lustre which magically displays his own form and the forms of his companions claims no more of his attention than the ass bestows on it. Not even the sumptuously coloured and vividly illuminated garland of flower-decked Innocents dancing on the mystic waters at Joseph's heels are apparent to him. Mary does not see these marvels; they are visible to Christ alone and to ourselves, who, nevertheless, cannot be supposed to be alike inspired. On the other hand, as we are on a parity with Joseph and Mary, it is hard to guess why we see more than they have power to do. Surely there is in this evidence of confusion in Mr. Hunt's mind.

The Virgin, who ought to have been beautiful, and might have been young, is neither one nor the other, but simply a bold matron of large proportions and a pretentious air. Although it has been wisely made less prominent than custom authorises in pictures of this kind, the face of the Virgin is without sweetness or high intelligence of any sort. Mr. Hunt will surely revise this important element of his work, which, technically speaking, is the only portion without a redeeming characteristic.

Turning now to the figures of the Innocents, the student enters another world of thought and art. Dismissing the supernatural and accepting all that remains of the noble beauty of these resplendent human creatures, there is more than enough to reward the artist's pains, the long delay in his labours, the fine and lovely thoughts he has expressed. In all art I recall no company of children so gloriously beautiful as these. The limits of my space forbid more than an all-comprehending tribute of admiration for these resplendent master-works of Mr. Hunt's. Technically speaking, they seem to me the best examples he has yet painted. Poetically, and, so to say, intellectually, they are his triumphs. A whole PORTFOLIO would not be too much for an exhaustive account of them, their varied aspects, inspirations, movements, and graces. By their means Mr. Hunt appears almost for the first time as a great painter of children. The landscape of this picture is a very important part. In every respect but the excess of garish light and sharply defined shadows in the foreground it is worthy of the hard-won honours of the painter.

F. G. STEPHENS.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE official correspondence relative to the purchase of the Blenheim Palace pictures for the National Gallery came before the public in Parliamentary Papers issued in February last; and a *resumé* of the transactions may be chronicled with advantage. Early in 1884 memorials on the subject were sent to the Prime Minister by the Royal Academy through Sir F. Leighton, by the Board of the National Gallery, and by a body of influential artists and connoisseurs. The topic was taken up by the press, and public interest aroused in the value of pictures which only a strong effort was likely to secure even in parts for the country, whose gratitude to the great fighting Duke, John Churchill, had given title, fortune, and princely Blenheim to the house of Marlborough. Special stress was from the first laid upon the unique quality and representative value of the Raphael *Ansidei Madonna*, painted in the artist's early prime; of the importance, especially from a historic point, of the equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Vandyck; on the completeness of certain masterpieces by Rubens; and the beauty of a portrait by the rare painter, S. del Piombo. The correspondence that ensued between the Treasury, the Officials and Trustees of the National Gallery, and the agent acting for the Duke, reveal an interesting passage of business transactions in high places and the marketable value of Art. First the Duke was prepared to part with twelve pictures—including the Raphael, Vandyck, the Rubens, and Del Piombo—for 400,000 guineas; or with six pictures of this group for 165,000 guineas. Then Sir F. Burton drew up for the Trustees of the National Gallery an estimate of the marketable value of the Ansidei Raphael, Vandyck Charles I., six Rubens pictures, Del Piombo portrait, a portrait by Jan Mytens, and a sea-piece by Weenix; which in sum amounted to 263,500 guineas, 110,000 guineas being the large proportionate figure attached to the Raphael. The Duke, however, refused to part with this group under 350,000 guineas; a demand which the Treasury declined altogether to contemplate, but made an offer of 70,000*l.* for the Raphael and Vandyck, or 100,000*l.* for these, together with Rubens' *Garden of the Hesperides*. The Duke who, by this time had modified his first resolve not to break up the group of masterpieces, signified willingness to accept 200,000 guineas for the three last named. Further correspondence brought out a reiterated offer from the Treasury of 100,000*l.* for the three masterpieces, or 85,000*l.* for the Raphael and Vandyck, or 70,000*l.* for the Raphael alone. The Duke accepted the last proposition, but held out for 20,000*l.* for the Vandyck. Finally, the noble owner consented to take 17,500*l.* for the Vandyck; to which the Treasury, dependent upon the passing of the Vote in Supply, assented. The Vote came before the House in March, and the discrepancies of discussion which occur upon a question of art were, as usual, displayed. The arguments in opposition, summed up by Mr. Cubitt, were chiefly the undesirability of spending so large a sum upon the purchase of two pictures when war expenses and trade depression weighed upon the resources of the country, and the intrinsic extravagance of the price, which the speaker held to have been forced up through injudicious display of enthusiasm by promoters of the purchase. Finally, the hon. gentleman suggested that one tenth of the proposed expenditure applied to improved arrangement of our national collections generally would be of greater benefit to art and science, than the 'sensational vote before the Committee.' Other members followed suit with comic irrelevance: one

suggested that a dynamitard might go into the National Gallery and blow up the 70,000*l.* Raphael, which therefore was not a safe investment of national funds; another proposed that the picture should be displayed in the Tea-room, that members might personally test the appropriateness of the purchase-money; another member, with international disinterestedness, thought we ought not to buy a picture for 70,000*l.*, which the owner had valued higher, and proposed to tell the French to clear the Louvre of rubbish, and purchase the Ansidei Raphael. One Member brought the Madhi into the discussion, as retiring from contest in despairing wonder before a nation so wealthy as to buy pictures and equip armies at the same moment. Mr. Marjoribanks, from the point of view of a trustee of the Duke of Marlborough, gave the House to understand the pictures were really going quite under value. Fortunately good sense and art knowledge came to the rescue on the other side; arguments for securing a masterpiece of Raphael for the Gallery, which is precisely weak in this respect; statements as to the marketable value of the pictures, the seizing of unique occasion for purchase and the educational gain to the nation in the possession of great works, were ably put by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Hon. Geo. Howard, Mr. Story Maskelyne, Mr. Sclater Booth, Mr. Ruston, and others. Finally the vote for the purchase of the Raphael and Vandyck, at 83,520*l.*, was carried by a majority of 101 in a House of 161. It may be noted that the large figure at which the Director of the National Gallery appraised the Raphael corresponds to the sum estimated by a predecessor in office when in correspondence with the late Duke of Marlborough; also that out of nine pictures, which Sir F. Burton valued at 89,275*l.*, seven, the Rubenses and Del Piombo, have been sold abroad for 98,750*l.* As some remark has been raised on the high estimate submitted by the Director of the National Gallery to the Trustees, it is as well to point out the justification which events have confirmed.

Among the inventions to be illustrated at the forthcoming Exhibition, already nicknamed 'The Inventories,' will be various art-reproduction processes. Among these will be shown the results of an international competition in automatic engraving, which has been organized, with appeal to the judgment on merit, of a group of artists and experts—Sir F. Leighton, Prof. S. Colvin, Captain Storey, Mr. Herkomer, and others. Drawings in wash and pen and ink, a line-engraving and photographs, landscape, portrait, and sculpture, are the objects to be reproduced in various special processes, classed under the headings of intaglio, relievo, lithographic, and photo mechanism.

Two recent pictures have been added to the Bond Street Exhibition, in which Mr. E. Long's *Anno Domini* seems established as a permanent attraction. The search of Zeuxis among the beautiful maidens of Crotona for one fitting to serve as model for a picture of Helen, and his subsequent study from five girls selected for special graces, are two passages in a narrative that offers apt subject for Mr. Long's facile brush. The models whom the modern artist has found and idealised are lovely in form; he has treated them in the semi or complete nude with refinement and freshness, and with assiduous care for graceful line. The flesh-painting errs on the side of smoothness and inarticulation, yet the work shows throughout some regained solidity. In colour and composition, which are not the artist's strong points, the second picture in the studio of Zeuxis is the best. Here the pearly flesh-tints of the maidens—one of whom poses, while the others rest—and the dark head and robes of the grave painter at work in the shadow, are thrown up by a background of blue tapestry and warm marbles suffused with a glow of subdued sunlight. Mr. Long's art may not be of highest elevation, yet he helps, by skilful carefulness for beauty and pure sentiment, to make stand against the current of brutal realism and indecency which sweeps through the art of the day.

The long-expected result of ten years' labour, the twice-painted *Triumph of the Innocents*, by Mr. Holman Hunt, was placed on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms in March, and receives full comment elsewhere in this issue. At the same place is shown a collection of delightfully fresh landscape sketches on the banks of Shakespeare's Avon river, by Mr. Alfred Parsons.

The first part of the sixth volume of the Prussian 'Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Sammlungen' opens with a genial and interesting memoir of the great Egyptologist, Professor Lepsius, who for twenty-nine years presided over the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Berlin. The life of this learned student is a singularly harmonious record of indefatigable study and successful labour. The outlines of his career as secretary of the German Institute of Archaeology in Rome; as successor in literary labour in the field opened up by Champollion, whose system of study he advocated and simplified; as leader of the first German expedition of Egyptian archaeologic research through Egypt, Aethiopia, and the peninsula of Sinai, and subsequent journeys to like end, are filled in by preparation of his great books on Egyptian chronology, the 'Book of the Kings,' which aptly brings him the name of 'Archivist to the Pharaohs,' and other literary results of continuous and laborious study,—study unceasing from early youth to the day when he died (as says his biographer, Herr Curtius) like a hero in full armour, occupied to the last with his manuscripts, worn in body but clear and serene in mind. It is characteristic of the man that he withdrew on his death-bed the publication of a controversial pamphlet, that he might not depart out of harmony with the world. A heliogravure from a striking head of Lepsius by Reinhold Lepsius heads the chapter. A paper by Herrn Bode and Tschudi, supplying a pedigree based on 'internal evidence' to a picture bought for Berlin at the Barker sale; an *Adoration of the Kings*, now attributed to Vittore Pisano; a dry conclusion to the chapters on Printed Prayer-books of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, by Herr von Seidlitz, with woodcuts; a paper on the Silver Altar in Rügenwalde; certain records about Bernhard Strigel, found in the town archives of Memmingen; and a bright word on Spanish painted figure sculpture, by Herr W. Bode, complete the volume. The last-named is illustrated by an etching of the beautiful carved bust of a Mater Dolorosa which Herr Bode found at a curiosity-shop in Seville, and attributes, not without reason, to the sculptor Juan M. Monteñez. About the buying and selling of this an anecdote illustrative of dealers' little dodges to overreach the foreigner is aptly told, and proves the cosmopolitan character of such professional tricks.

We have received, through Messrs. Williams and Norgate, the first two numbers of a new German art periodical, entitled 'Der Kunstfreund,' which seems planned as a kind of supplement to the 'Jahrbuch,' the subscribers to which receive the new publication gratis, and the separate illustrations at a reduced rate. The intention of the 'Kunstfreund' is not to supply contemporary or literary criticism, but to give a condensed chronicle of events in the art-world generally, and to supply detail of matters nearer home. The chief illustrations in these numbers are a heliogravure from Dürer's pen-and-ink drawing of *Samson slaying the Philistines*, in the Berlin Cabinet of Engraving, and a coloured facsimile of a drawing in wash of a *Virgin and Child with St. Anne*, also by A. Dürer, from the collection of Mr. William Mitchell in London. The literary staff of 'Der Kunstfreund' comprises some of the workers on the 'Jahrbuch.'

Mr. Heywood Hardy and Mr. Chas. Robertson have been elected Associates of the Royal Water Colour Society. Both painters are skilled etchers.

The members of the Royal Institute of Water Colour Painters have received their diplomas from Her Majesty the Queen.

An exhibition of work in colour, pastel, and of etchings, by M. Paul Rajon, opens this month at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, in Bond Street.

THE prospects for the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery Exhibitions seem fairly bright; the portrait-painters will be in force by subject and number, Mr. Millais' most elaborate study under this head taking the aspect of a subject picture. The figure-painters, both without and within the Academy, will be well, if unequally, represented. Mr. W. B. Richmond will have his important *Theatre of Dionysos* ready for the Grosvenor. Mr. J. D. Linton's 'Royal' picture of *The Marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Albany* will prove an exception to the usual respectable dreariness or vulgarity of such compositions, and will probably be a point in the Academy Exhibition that may require a cord or a policeman to keep off the curious crowd that dote upon royal pageants. One result of the tendency to American touring will be Mr. Colin Hunter's big picture of *Niagara*, also a probable focus of attraction.

THE fashion of minor special exhibitions increases to bewilderment of the much-taxed peripatetic critic. But the public, and the painter in most cases, are the gainers. Sometimes a small loan gathering of the works of a deceased or living popular artist serves to draw purchasers for a few examples on sale, and to present a pleasant reminder of pictures that have been the attraction in past exhibitions. Of this kind has been a little collection of water-colour and black and white drawings by the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A., arranged at the gallery of Mr. Dunthorne, in Vigo Street, and elucidated by a reprint of Mr. Comyns Carr's 'Essay' on Walker, as introduction to the catalogue. The ingenuity shown in varying the 'literary' catalogues of exhibitions is quite a feature of the day. So much, indeed, is said in these elaborate prefaces that the critical word of the press seems quite superfluous; though it may occasionally be useful in counterbalancing the over-weighted estimate of a partial writer. It may be safely allowed that the influence of Frederick Walker has left permanent mark on English art of the day, although his own genius, arrested by early death, never attained full maturity. We owe to him in part the elevation of common themes by that poetic perception of their heroic or ideal side, which signalises George Mason's work, and as a colourist an increased sense of the revealing and transforming power of sunlight. To the plates after Walker's pictures already etched, and following upon the fine plate by Mr. Herkomer of a figure subject, *Philip in Church*, Mr. R. Macbeth adds an interpretation of *Marlow Ferry*, to be published by Mr. Dunthorne. In comparison to the *Harbour of Refuge*, the new plate is simple, yet the qualities of lighting in Walker's pictures offer peculiar difficulties of relative tone to the etcher.

OUR provincial Galleries are finding their historians, or rather their *catalogue raisonné*-ers, one by one. A few months ago we had Mr. J. C. Robinson's report on the pictures in the gallery belonging to the Glasgow Corporation; and now the small but interesting collection in the Liverpool Royal Institution has been examined and described by Mr. William Martin Conway. As most of our readers will remember, the pictures in question were for the most part collected by Mr. William Roscoe, at a time when early Italian and Flemish art was but little thought of here. After his death they were bought *en bloc* by certain patriotic natives of Liverpool, and presented to the Institution. Since then the collection has been greatly added to by gifts and bequests. Like many other provincial galleries in all parts of Europe, there has been great difficulty in providing it with a catalogue in which any but unlearned visitors could have confidence. In Dr. Waagen's notes, indeed, made in 1853, there are but few ascriptions to which later criticism finds it hard to assent; but there *are* a few, and it is well that the objections should be made by so careful a student as Mr. Conway. Of these, one of the most important is the substitution of the little-known Ercole Roberti Grandi for Andrea Mantegna as the author of the small *pietà*, with the crucifixion in the background, numbered 29. Ercole Roberti is often confused with Ercole di Giulio Grandi, partly in consequence of each being sometimes called, for short, Ercole Grandi. The former was a Paduan in his art, and a very close follower of Mantegna; Ercole di Giulio was a Ferrarese, and a pupil of Lorenzo Costa, as any one may see by a glance at the magnificent specimen of his work which has lately been added to the National Gallery. The *Pietà* at Liverpool is a very careful, patient, disagreeable picture, in which the Mantegnesque determination to 'get anatomy' is exercised with more force than tact; and this can be seen as easily in the photograph as in the picture itself. Mr. Conway's folio is illustrated by twelve photographs, printed on unpleasantly smooth and shiny paper, but otherwise all that could be wished. The reproduction of the fine portrait described by him to Lucas Van Leyden, and to the same artist, but with more confidence, by Dr. Waagen, is especially good; and so, under the circumstances, is the photograph from the Tintoretto sketch for the *Paradiso*. The work is published by Mr. Holden, of Liverpool.

M. MUNKACZY'S last and most ambitious picture of the supreme moment on Calvary has been shown since early in March by Messrs. Agnew, at the Egyptian Hall. Although a more matured and elaborated design than the *Christ before Pilate*, the manner is distinctly the same; the art, overtly unideal, is dependent for impressive effect upon dramatic vigour and vivid realisation, upon strong contrasts of light and shade, upon bold, broad painting and a palette of full-toned sombreness. The canvas, measuring twenty-five feet by nineteen, gives scope for life-scale figures in great number: weeping women and St. John, Roman soldiery on horse and foot, Jewish scribes and elders, the executioner carrying a ladder athwart the picture, a few of the rabble, and a figure of some remorse-tormented Jew who flies from the scene. The crosses are placed at different angles and allow depth to the composition. With what success the painter has embodied the highest ideal type of sacrificial suffering in the central figure this is not the place to discuss, and opinions differ according to the temperament and preconceived notions of the onlooker. But to most critical eyes it will be apparent that sacred art under M. Munkaczy's hands becomes simply narrative, with more or less of human passion and actuality, while the supernatural is precisely the element missed or not sought.

AMONG recent finds in the course of excavation for building purposes in Rome is a life-size bronze statue of Hercules, in excellent preservation save for a clean fracture across the legs. As the spot where the statue was discovered is situated in the line of the Via Nazionale, close to the Colonna Palace gardens, it is surmised that the bronze once decorated either the Baths of Constantine or Hadrian's Temple of the Sun, at the angle of the Quirinal.

THE well-known archaeologist, Mr. Hodder Westropp, died in February last. He spent much of his time in Rome, where he lectured for the British and American Archaeological Society on classic art and antiquarian research. Last year he gave to a London audience the results of recent discoveries in Roman archaeology in a course of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. His manuals and essays on classic art and archaeology, especially of Rome, are well accredited. A line of record must also be given to the decease of Mr. E. W. Wyon, of the family of engravers, youngest son of the seal-engraver to George III. and IV., and collaborateur with his brother Benjamin in work of the same kind, notably the Great Seal of William IV. and the Beaufoy Shakespeare medal. Many of his historic statues are in City halls, and the low reliefs in the dome lunettes of the National Gallery are his work.

THE Water Colour Societies have each lost a veteran member from their ranks; Mr. J. J. Jenkins of the elder Society, a popular figure-painter, and Mr Louis Haghe of the Institute, an artist of Belgian extraction, noted for skill and style in architectural subjects, especially civic interiors.

THE MOTHER.

ETCHED BY W. STRANG.

OUR readers will see that Mr. Strang still remains faithful to his old principles of work, derived in great part from the study of the earlier painter-engravers. In the plate before us the influence of Millet is also traceable. The whole arrangement of the subject, apparently so simple and natural, is in reality both thoughtful and learned. The principal figure is strongly relieved in light against dark on one side, and in dark against light on the other, an arrangement often met with in the works of the old masters, and carried to an extreme by Zurbaran. It may be observed that this opposition is echoed in the case of the old man who is relieved against the background exactly in the same way, but with an effect that is intentionally much quieter. The old man reminds me strongly of a wanderer I knew in France, whose ostensible trade was the making of besoms, but whose real purpose in life was to indulge a restless desire for motion from place to place. He had a large circuit, and was well known and kindly received in the farmhouses, where he knew how to make his conversation interesting and enjoyed the display of his own superior attainments. 'You have no idea,' he said to me, 'how high the stars really are above the earth. They seem quite near, but in reality they are very high. The distance from the earth to the stars is no less than *seven leagues!*'

P. G. H.

WINDSOR.

V.

George III. at Windsor—Madame d'Arblay's 'Diary'—Her Short Sight—Topography of the Castle—The State Apartments—The Queen's Lodge—Court Life—Herschel—Discomfort of the House—The King's Illness—Queen Charlotte at Frogmore—James Wyatt—Sir Jeffry Wyattville—His Merits and Faults as an Architect—The 'Restoration' of Windsor Castle—Death of George IV.

THE accession of the House of Hanover found Windsor Castle in a fair state of repair; but to the First and Second Georges Hampton Court was a far preferable summer residence. George III. never liked Hampton Court, it is said—I know not with what truth—because his irascible grandfather once struck him in that palace. It is said also that he disliked Kew, which is strange, as he made it so constantly a kind of half-way house on the road to London, and always spent a part of every week there when the Court was at Windsor.

The 'Diary' of Fanny Burney, better known to this generation by her later name of Madame d'Arblay, contains an interesting account of Court life at Windsor and Kew. She was in the service of Queen Charlotte, as joint Keeper of the Wardrobe, for five years all but ten days, a period which includes the trying scenes of the King's first illness, her account of which is indeed the most curious part of her memoirs. As she was born in 1752 she was just thirty-six when she first attended at Windsor; and the celebrity she had obtained as the author of 'Evelina,' a novel which is still read and admired, had brought her into contact with the great literary circle of Dr. Johnson. Her father, a musician, was engaged on a history of his own art. Sir Joshua Reynolds was her particular friend, and for a time, when her father had a house in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, her near neighbour. Her mind was thus turned and prepared to take an interest in every subject likely to be presented to it—music, art, literature, and even politics. This is the great merit of her 'Diary;' and she was, as a practised writer and observer of character, eminently fitted to describe what she saw, though far 'too good for her place;' and it is with a feeling of something like shame that we read of the insults which her unequal yoke-fellow, Mrs. Schwellenberg, heaped upon her, and find that part of her duty was to mix the Queen's snuff.

But there is one great fault in Madame d'Arblay's 'Diary.' I do not think I have ever seen it mentioned in the numerous criticisms of her work which have been published. There is no background. She, in the first place, assumes that her readers know all about the topography of the places she mentions, and she then shows her own complete ignorance of it. This may be accounted for by her near-sightedness. She mentions it herself in one place, where she says, 'It is almost inconceivable the inconvenience I suffer . . . . from my inability to confide in my own sight.' She evidently could see nothing that was not close to her eyes. Thus on one memorable occasion in Kew Gardens she nearly ran against the King and his Keepers when he was taking exercise. Once only does she tell us anything topographical of Windsor. In October, 1788, she tells of her morning walk that it was in the Little Park—there is not a word as to the view of the Castle from the north—she could not see it—'and to Old Windsor, and round the Park wall, and along the banks of the Thames, and almost

to Beaumont Lodge, and in the avenue of the Great Park.' Here, so slight is her geographical faculty, that she goes over the ground in part twice. Evidently she started by descending the Slopes to the Little Park; she then went out, and skirted the wall of William III., keeping outside, and so to Old Windsor, returning through the Long Walk.

This want of a background makes her 'Diary' very puzzling, if we read it with a view to realising in our own minds what the Georgian Windsor was before the days of Wyatt and Wyattville. As a matter of fact, the whole scenery of Fanny Burney's adventures has disappeared. When George II. died he left the Castle in a very dilapidated state. The Round Tower was falling down, the roof was ruinous, and only the expenditure of the munificent sum of 200*l.* staved off the destruction of the stairs leading to the battlements. There were a few guns, but all the carriages were unserviceable, and most of them were dismounted. The State-rooms seem to have been kept in repair, but in the rare visits of the Court the King must have been most inconveniently lodged. Close under the Castle was Frogmore, the seat of Sir Edward Walpole. The Ranger's Lodge was inhabited by the Duke of Cumberland, who made it a handsome house, and, though it has been much altered, it is still called after him. 'Many gentlemen and families of Estate,' says Pote, writing in 1749, 'constantly reside either in the town, or in lodgings in the Castle, during the absence of the Royal family.' The Upper and Lower Wards presented a very different aspect to that they wear now. Red-brick houses of various dates were in odd corners. The Horse Shoe Cloisters were plastered and whitewashed and otherwise disguised. The 'Standard' public-house stood close to the Deanery. The borough gaol stood close to the Castle-gate. Any official could let his lodgings, and some were absolutely let on lease.

There is a full description of the State Apartments in Pote's book, and especially of the allegorical designs of Verrio, with which walls and ceilings, and even in places the exterior, were painted. The usual entrance from the Upper Ward led through a handsome vestibule in the Ionic style. The great staircase was painted with scenes from Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Apollo and Phaeton appearing in the dome. The ball-room was hung with tapestry, which represented the seasons of the year; and on the ceiling Charles II., as Perseus, delivered Europe, as Andromeda, from oppression. In one chamber were the celebrated Windsor beauties, now at Hampton Court, of which Pote observes, 'These ladies are originals, and drawn to great perfection by Sir Peter Lelly.' In the Queen's closet was the banner of France, annually presented by the Duke of Marlborough. In Queen Elizabeth's building was the Picture Gallery, now the Royal Library, and in one of its recesses was Queen Caroline's extensive and curious collection of china. The finest room in this part of the Castle was St. George's Hall. It was ceiled, and the ceiling painted with allegories, among which was to be seen the Cross of the Garter, surrounded by Cupids and the nine Muses. The Hall was 108 feet long, by 33 wide, and the whole north side was taken up with a series of wall-paintings representing the triumphs of the Black Prince. The King's private chapel adjoined the Hall, and contained closets hung with crimson velvet; and there was much carved work by Grinling Gibbons, 'representing

THE SLOPES. FROM AN ENGRAVING OF 1782.

great variety of palms, doves, pelicans, and other allusions to Scripture history.' The chapel was calculated, we are told, to strike the spectator with veneration and surprise.

There were two or three inner courts in this block of buildings, the largest being the Horn Court, so called from a pair of stag's horns of great size which were hung up in it. The walls were painted in bronze and stone colour, with representations of King David, Jupiter, Neptune, and battles of the Greeks and Romans. The present Waterloo Gallery occupies the site. From the eastern side a flight of steps led up to the King's Guard Chamber, and over them was a dome and lantern, for the painting of which Kent received 200*l.*

THE QUEEN'S PALACE, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE TERRACE.
FROM AN ENGRAVING OF 1783.

Eighteen years after the accession of George III. the Castle was pronounced practically uninhabitable. Various expedients were proposed, and finally it was resolved to keep what remained from actual ruin, but to build, on the site of Queen Anne's Lodge, a suitable palace. The new building faced the South Terrace, and is represented in an engraving by Fittler after Robertson in 1783, a year after its completion, as a long, narrow building with battlements, facing north towards the old towers of the Castle, and south towards a walled garden, at the further end of which was the Lower Lodge, a smaller building of similar character, placed on the site of a house in which the Duke of St. Albans had resided in the previous reign, and which George III. bought for the use 'of the younger branches of the royal family.' So much had the Castle been invaded by lodgers and others, that even the slope of the ditch on this side from the entrance to the terrace by a flight of steps, and an iron gate to the gateway of Henry VIII., was let on lease as a market garden. Such was 'Windsor Castle' when Fanny Burney came into the service of Queen Charlotte in July, 1786.

As I have already observed, Madame d'Arblay gives us very little information of a topographical kind, but with the notes here pieced together it is quite possible to supply a background to her figures. From what she tells us of her apartment, it must have been at one of the corners of the Queen's House, probably the eastern. It faced the Castle and the 'venerable Round Tower.' At eight o'clock every morning the King and Queen went across to the private chapel in the Castle to prayers. In the afternoons the younger princesses, with their attendants, went to an apartment of the Castle, where they waited for the King and Queen and their elder sisters, and all went out to walk upon the terrace. To this formality, which is carefully represented in Fittler's engraving above mentioned, the inhabitants of Windsor were freely admitted. Access to the terrace could be had either by steps and the gate, or through the Castle. 'To avoid the high steps leading to the terrace from the lodge,' Miss Burney and Mrs. Delany 'went through a part of the Castle.' The wind was high, and they sheltered themselves 'in a sort of alcove.' This was probably at the south-eastern corner, where, in Pote's map, there is a projection in the terrace wall; or else at the north-eastern, where the terrace was extended towards the east over the escarpment, and was furnished with a sun-dial and with a flight of steps which led down into the south garden.

There is an anecdote worth repeating about this

sun-dial. One day, in the summer of 1787, the King and his favourite son, the Duke of York, had walked for some time up and down the Terrace in conversation, when the King, being tired, stopped and leaned his arms on the dial. A sentry immediately came forward and respectfully, but firmly, told his Majesty that it was part of his duty to prevent any person from touching the sun-dial. The King, instead of showing displeasure, commended the soldier to the favourable notice of his colonel, and he was shortly afterwards promoted.

In the garden behind the Queen's Lodge 'Mr. Herschel, by the King's command, came to exhibit

to his Majesty and the Royal Family the new comet lately discovered by his sister.' The discomforts of the house in winter are amusingly described by Colonel Goldsworthy, with whom and also with a Major Price Miss Burney seems to have carried on mild flirtations. 'Let's see, how many blasts must you have every time you go to the Queen? First, one upon your opening your door; then another as you get down the three steps from it, which are exposed to the wind from the garden-door downstairs; then a third as you turn the corner to enter the passage; then you come plump upon another from the hall-door; then comes another, fit to knock you down, as you turn to the upper passage; then just as you turn towards the Queen's room comes another; and, last, a whiff from the King's stairs, enough to blow you half a mile off.'

Every evening the King had music in a concert-room, chiefly Handel; and when Mrs. Delany chanced to be with Miss Burney we hear of the King coming in and taking her away to hear the performance. There is a momentary glimpse of the interior of the room in 1788, where, at the beginning of the King's first attack, the Prince of Wales and his brother, and a number of equerries, doctors, and others, are sitting up in it all night, while the poor King raves up and down an adjoining chamber, and will not be restrained from making occasional excursions, and addressing wild accusations of neglect to some one of his attendants, to be led off, almost forcibly, at last by the only one of them—a Mr. Fairly—who seems to have showed any tact or strength of mind.

Madame d'Arblay also tells of the visit of the Governor, the Duke of Montagu. He was really Constable, and as such had apartments; but as he was old he did not inhabit them, because it involved more attendance and standing in the royal presence than he could bear. There were special apartments also for the Prince of Wales, and during the King's illness we hear that, not to disturb him, the Prince and his brother, the Duke of York, established a table in their lodgings in the Castle, from which we may infer that previously even the royal kitchen had ceased to be used.

The King's removal to Kew, when the want of privacy at the Queen's Lodge showed that it would be impossible for him to have the requisite amount of open air and exercise, gives Madame d'Arblay occasion for a scrap of local description. It seems that a public road ran between the Lodge and the Castle, and the garden at the back was visible to spectators on the terrace or the tops of the adjacent houses in the town, and crowds assembled to see him depart. 'Almost all Windsor was assembled round the rails.' It was the same when he returned in 1789. 'All Windsor came out to meet the King.'

From this time the Queen's Lodge was the chief royal residence, and the King showed no distinct symptoms of any return of his old malady till after the death of his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia, in 1810. Meanwhile, however, some attention had been paid to the decaying condition of the ancient Castle, and in 1800 a new staircase, instead of that of Charles II., was constructed by James Wyatt, who had been appointed Surveyor four years before. At the same time some of the old royal apartments on the ground-floor, looking upon the North Terrace, were restored and fitted for the King's occupation. On the final attack of his old malady, he was removed hither, and passed in them the dreary remainder of his life, old, blind, and doting. It is said that he never lost his memory, and on one occasion some attempts were made to interest him in public affairs, but it resulted in increased cerebral irritation. He dressed and undressed himself almost to the last, and spent the weary hours playing Handel on a

harpsichord until he became too deaf. Here, in 1820, he died, aged nearly eighty-two, having survived Queen Charlotte a year and a month. A curious print is extant, said to have been engraved from the description of a sentinel who, while on guard on the North Terrace, peeped through the windows and saw the aged King, with his long white beard and his closed and sightless eyes. He was laid to rest under the chapel at the east end of St. George's, where, in 1810, he had caused a vault to be made for the interment of his beloved daughter, Amelia, thus fulfilling a project as old as the time of Charles I., if not of Henry VII.

Good Queen Charlotte, as she was often called, had long deserted the Upper Lodge, and lived at Frogmore, where she had some years before bought the house from Mrs. Egerton,—who had succeeded the Walpoles,—and an adjoining farm. Wyatt was employed to improve the house, and Major Price, mentioned above, laid out the gardens. It was settled on the princesses, her daughters, and after her death was inhabited for many years by Princess Augusta, who survived, unmarried, till 1840. Queen Charlotte died at Kew in 1818, and was buried in the new royal vault. Soon after, in 1823, the old 'Queen's House' was pulled down, and the present royal stables, built in 1839, occupy part of the site. It is, indeed, very difficult to identify any of the landmarks now, everything has been so completely changed. The steps and the iron gate, the railings and the princesses' garden, have all disappeared as completely as the Upper and Lower Lodges. Yet it is impossible, when visiting the place, not to make an attempt to call up the scene of so much that was historically, romantically, nay, tragically concerned with the lives of monarchs, princes, statesmen, priests, musicians, and novelists, just a hundred short years ago. But, as I had occasion to remark above, the background, or scenery, of Fanny Burney's famous 'Diary' has been shifted, and we can only follow her into what she ignorantly called 'the Cathedral;' and even there, as we shall see presently, almost everything is changed.

Mention has been made of James Wyatt. He commenced the work of 'restoration' carried on, after an interval, by his successor, Jeffry Wyatt, to whom George IV., in August, 1824, gave the name of Wyattville—the accurate Tighe and Davis spell it Wyatville—on the occasion of laying the first stone of a new gateway. In 1828, when the King took possession of the new private apartments, he was knighted. He continued his work at Windsor through the reigns of George IV. and William IV., living in the Wykeham or Winchester Tower, where he died in 1840.

To Wyattville, as I have already remarked, Windsor Castle owes much. He it was who gave the Round Tower its present height, and improved its outline by the addition of the flag turret. Previously the flag had hung from the summit of the Winchester Tower. The east and south sides of the Upper Ward are entirely his conception. We may quarrel with details, but the effect is unquestionably grand. Wyattville, alone among the early architects of the Gothic revival, shook off the trammels of 'symmetry' which ruined so many fine buildings, and which are but too visible in the design of Barry for the New Houses of Parliament. One of the worst examples of this influence on a Gothic building may be seen in the Wellington Barrack at the Tower of London. Strange to say, Wyattville escaped this fault, and though his building by no means represents correctly the ideal of a mediaeval castle—which was a fortress first and a residence afterwards—it succeeds in attaining a picturesque dignity unrivalled in England. He built new towers at suitable intervals, he raised the level of all the roofs, he filled up the Brick Court with a grand staircase, and the Horn Court with the fine

'Waterloo Gallery.' The single row of apartments, all 'thoroughfare rooms,' on the east and south, were connected and made habitable by the Long Corridor, —a most happy and successful idea. The brick houses dotted here and there were removed, and the Norman Gate, leading from the Lower to the Upper Ward, had its incongruous additions cleared away. The elder Wyatt had already altered the Italian windows of the building of Charles II., and Wyattville carried out this 'restoration' everywhere except in the Deanery and the Canons' Houses, where we are still able to trace the history of the buildings from the reign of Henry III. He also projected an improvement which it took years to carry out, and advised the removal of the houses in the Castle Ditch. The royal stables were scattered about in different parts of the town. He united them on Castle Hill, and made a commodious and handsome pile in a style to match that of the Castle itself. This was his last work, and he died in 1840 'universally beloved and respected,' as Jesse assures us, adding, 'If Edward III. was fortunate in having William of Wykeham to put his plans into execution, George IV. was not less so in having Sir Jeffry Wyattville to superintend his work of renovation.' This is true enough. Architectural taste at that period was so dead among us that mock Grecian temples, designed with a symmetry which would have astonished and disgusted a Greek architect, were the only buildings in favour. If a design of this kind could be carried out in stucco so much the better, and it is to Wyattville we owe it that Windsor Castle was not rebuilt in the absurd fashion of Regent Street. His details are faulty in many places, but in composition and mass he is unrivalled by any architect of his time and long after. His designs for windows and doors are no worse than those of Salvin, who succeeded him, and who did so much harm by introducing Northumbrian patterns both here and in the Tower of London. In addition to the works already named, Wyattville built the Brunswick Tower at the north-east angle, and the York and Lancaster Tower on the south, flanking the new gateway called after George IV. They give additional dignity to the Upper Ward; but it is impossible not to agree with the oft-repeated criticism that the number and size of the windows destroy the mediaeval effect. Bowles, the Wiltshire poet, complained of the smooth neatness with which the old towers were chiselled and mortared. Had he seen the unfortunate treatment of the Bell Tower by Salvin he would have complained still more bitterly. But, as he justly observes, the distant view is the most imposing.

Another alteration, originally suggested by Mr. Tighe, was the removal of the road to Old Windsor farther from the Castle, and the opening of a new road towards Datchet on the north. Eventually his recommendations were adopted in a modified form, and a new road was made diagonally across the Home Park, the wall erected by William III. being removed; two new bridges connected the opposite sides of the Thames; and new lodges were built. By 1850 Windsor had become in this respect what we now see it; and though some have regretted the old houses in the ditch as adding to the picturesque effect of the old towers above them, few can deny that their removal is a change for the better.

THE OLD BRIDGE AT WINDSOR.

During the progress of the improvements and additions of Wyattville, George IV. lived in a royal lodge near the extremity of the Long Walk. Here he was almost entirely secluded from his subjects. But in 1828, two years before his death, he came to the Castle, and here his long illness detained him till his death, on the 30th of June, 1830. By a curious coincidence, seven years later almost to a day, William IV. died in the same chamber, one enjoying an unusually fine view, even for Windsor; and it is said, I know not on what authority, that in the same room also the Prince Consort breathed his last. It used to be called the Queen's Drawing-room, and is near the north-eastern extremity of the private apartments.

W. J. Loftie.

VAL D'AOSTA, BATTLE OF FORT ROCK.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED DAWSON, FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

THIS marvellous drawing of a battle in the Alps is in some respects one of the most notable which Turner produced. In subject, for instance, it is remarkable, being perhaps the only representation ever attempted by Turner of an actual conflict by land. One or two naval engagements he painted, and the struggle of armies against the forces of nature were the themes of his *Army of the Medes destroyed by a Whirlwind* (1801), and his *Hannibal crossing the Alps* (1812). The *Field of Waterloo* (1818) he also drew, but this was not a picture of the combat, but of the melancholy plain strewed with

'Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent.'

Although the actual engagement here represented is difficult, if not impossible, to identify, there is good reason for thinking that the date fixed to the title of the drawing in the catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1815 was not without a meaning. It was called *The Battle of Fort Rock, Val d'Aouste, Piedmont*, 1796. This year was that in which the army of the French Directory, with Buonaparte at its head, overran Italy; it was the year of Lodi and the fierce fight at the bridge over the Adda. These facts, at least, were probably present in Turner's mind when he conceived this picture. The terror of a struggle in the precipitous passes of the Alps had probably struck him again and again in his visit to Aosta in 1802. Then the imagination which had been stirred many years before by John Cozens' drawing of *Hannibal crossing the Alps* may well have been requickened by the sight of the Alps themselves. But meanwhile another and still living conqueror had passed into Italy, and the same scenes could not fail to suggest not only Hannibal but Buonaparte. The connexion between the picture of 1812 and the drawing of 1815 is still more obvious if we turn to the lines which accompanied their titles in the Royal Academy catalogues. In both cases the quotations are from 'Fallacies of Hope.' Though other poets had sufficed before to indicate the emotional motives of his pictures, to the *Hannibal* for the first time, and to the *Fort Rock* for the second, he appended verses of his own, a sign surely of feelings deeper and more personal than usual. Imperfect and somewhat incoherent as they are, these verses have something of the ruggedness and strength of the Alps themselves.

It would be difficult for even a much greater artist in words to convey the sentiment of the drawing we engrave more unmistakably than is done by the following lines :—

'The snow-capt mountain, and huge towers of ice,
Thrust forth their dreary barriers in vain;
Onward the van progressive forc'd its way,
Propell'd; as the wild Reuss, by native Glaciers fed,
Rolls on impetuous, with ev'ry check gains force
By the constraint uprais'd; till to its gathering powers
All yielding, down the pass wide devastation pours
Her own destructive course. Thus rapine stalked
Triumphant; and plundering hordes, exulting strew'd,
Fair Italy, thy plains with woe.'

How deeply Turner felt the scene he pictured is evident from the imaginative force with which he conceived it and the immense pains he took in its execution. The former will be at once apparent if we compare the little pencil sketch which we facsimile with Mr. Dawson's version of the drawing. This sketch is pointed out by Mr. Ruskin as the germ of the composition, and we can see with what extraordinary knowledge, and memory, and power, he has transformed the simple 'note' into a design of tragic pictorial poetry. Turner seldom or never again used his imagination in this way; in the quality of its dramatic poetry, no less than in its execution, it is a landmark in his history. In idyllic fancy, in glorious dreams of form and colour, in landscape allegories pregnant with half-expressed philosophy and sad meditation, he was to exercise his poetic faculty, but not again in the presentation of physical struggle. In this respect the *Fort Rock* is nearer allied to the *Jason* and the *Apollo and the Python* than to his subsequent pictures. In execution it may be said to terminate and to crown his efforts to obtain perfect technical mastery in water-colour.

After pointing out how Turner advanced this branch of art from its primitive simplicity to an exquisitely organised means of pictorial expression, Mr. Redgrave, in his introduction to the catalogue of the Collection of Water-colours at South Kensington, instances this drawing as combining all his peculiarities of execution :—

'Lights wiped out of the local colour in the sky, and sharply and decisively on the trees in the foreground; others scraped out with a blunt instrument whilst the full lay of local colour is in a wet state, as in the moss on the wall and part of the fir-trees on the bank on the right; lights scratched out, as in one of the waterfalls; others cut sharp and clear with a knife from the white paper, as in the housings of the mules on the mountain road; these, together with a large amount of surface washing to give texture and air, may be seen and studied with advantage in this fine work.'

Fine, however, as the drawing is, it is felt, even by so favourable a critic as Mr. Ruskin, to be 'a little overlaboured and too much divided in the Alpine distance.' The same critic adds that it is, 'on the whole, poor in colour.' It may be added that the design of it is, in some measure, spoilt through the endeavour of the artist to put too much into

the drawing, and that it might be improved by a simplification which, while retaining the grand features of the composition, would omit some of the smaller work which overcrowds it. Such a study for this drawing as Turner might have made for the Liber Studiorum'—such a one, for instance, as he did make for his plate of *St. Gothard*—would possibly have been more enjoyable than the drawing itself; and Mr. Dawson's plate, which preserves for us the general lines of the composition, and translates the larger masses of colour into black and white, may help us to realise what such a drawing would have been like.

Such a treatment—what may be called a 'Liber' treatment—of this drawing is specially justified by the circumstances of its genesis. Though probably not executed till 1815—the year of its exhibition at the Royal Academy—that wonderful year of *Crossing the Brook*, and *Dido Building Carthage*, and *Bligh Sand*, the sketch which suggested it was probably taken some years before the 'Liber' was commenced, that is, before 1807. We know that he went abroad for the first time in 1802, and penetrated into Savoy and the Val d'Aosta, looked down on the plains of Piedmont, saw Mont Blanc, Grenoble, and St. Gothard, entered some little way into what is now, but then was not, Italy, and that he visited the Continent again in 1804. Between this year and 1819 we have no record of his leaving England. During all that time there remained in his portfolios a store of marvellous sketches of mountain scenery, of which he made comparatively little use; and amongst them was a series of bold studies in chalk upon brown paper, probably the most powerful of the kind ever made by any artist. Except the rough sketches of Gainsborough, there are none I know which convey so much with so little work. The freedom and suggestiveness of these apparently hasty scratches of chalk, heightened here and there with a touch of white, and more rarely with a touch of colour, are miraculous. 'Close—the hasty scrawl, a little removed — the finished picture,' is scarcely an exaggerated description of these extraordinary 'impressions;' for Turner was an 'impressionist' long before M. Manet, and, what is more, his impressions were worth recording. Mr. Ruskin, knowing their value, has had them framed for the National Gallery with the same care as the most elaborate water-colours of the master; but little attention is paid to them, partly, I suppose, because they are not coloured, partly because they are so 'unfinished,' to those who do not know what finish is. Turner made, I said, comparatively little use of them, but he made some. In 1803 we find at the Royal Academy *Bonneville, Savoy, with Mont Blanc; The Festival upon the Opening of the Vintage of Maçon; Chateaux de Mont St. Michael, Bonneville; Savoy, St. Hughes denouncing Vengeance on the Shepherd of Cormayeur, in the Valley of d'Aoust; Glacier and Source of the Arveron going up to the Mer de Glace, in the Valley of Chamouni* (we give the spelling of the catalogues); and then we get no more, except the poetical picture of *Hannibal crossing the Alps* (1812), till this year of 1815. In this year he reverted to Alpine subjects; besides the original of our engraving he exhibited *The Passage of Mount St. Gothard, taken from the centre of the Teufels Brück (Devil's Bridge), Switzerland*, and two other pictures of Swiss scenery. In this year's Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy was a picture of *The Devil's Bridge*, belonging to Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, and said to have been painted by Turner in 1815. Perhaps it is the picture exhibited in 1815, but, if so, the description in the catalogue of that year is not faithful, as Mr. Gaskell's painting is certainly not taken from the centre of the bridge. That slight structure is seen in middle distance, spanning the terrible pass. Though rather heavy in colour the work is impressive in design, insisting, like all Turner's views of the pass, on the stupendous scale and power of nature as compared with man. The paths, like shelves on the gigantic walls of the ravine, are crowded with pigmy soldiers, and the slender arch above the headlong torrent looks like a toy. The scene is altogether treated with much the same feeling as that which inspires the *Battle of Fort Rock*, where the fierce fight of hundreds is but an incident in a corner of the huge theatre, and a falling man but a speck on the scenery.

PENCIL SKETCH BY TURNER. IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

If we turn from Turner's paintings to the 'Liber' we find much the same tale repeated. He used his Alpine sketches, but not much. In 1808 came the *Mount St. Gothard* and the *Lake of Thun;* in 1809, the *Little Devil's Bridge;* in 1812, *Chamberi*, and the *Mer de Glace;* in 1816, the *Grande Chartreuse*, the *Ville de Thun*, and the *Source of the Arveron;* in 1819, *Bonneville.* The most remarkable difference is the

reversal of the order in which the subjects appeared. The pictures begin with *Bonneville* (1803), and end with *St. Gothard* (1815); the 'Liber' begins with *St. Gothard* (1808), and ends with *Bonneville* (1819). Doubtless both pictures and plates were suggested by the same sketches.

To those who have studied Turner's habits of composition it will not appear incredible that the same sketch should supply him with the material for pictures of two different places. Any one who compares the original drawing for the *St. Gothard* in the 'Liber' with the *Battle of Fort Rock*—and an opportunity for doing so is afforded to our readers—cannot fail to see a general resemblance between their forms and lines and their masses of light and shade. As we examine them more closely the resemblance extends to details, the most obvious of which is that between the laden ass in the one and the group of the women and wounded mountaineer in the other. The number of striking coincidences may easily be multiplied by fancy, and we shall only point out how possible it is that the markings on the huge stone in the foreground of the *St. Gothard* may have suggested the slanting pine-trunk in the *Fort Rock*, and how the more distant heights of the ravine on the right hand of the latter seem foreshadowed in the cloudland of the former. To me, at least, it appears most probable that the drawing of 1815 was developed, consciously or unconsciously, from that for the engraving of 1808.

The question whether such a use of material was justifiable is too large for full discussion here. My surmise, if proved (which it cannot be), cannot in any way affect Turner's reputation. As an artist of strict topographical accuracy he has none to lose. As Mr. Hamerton has pointed out very clearly with regard to his drawing of *Kilchurn Castle*, whatever scruples of this sort he ever had were clean gone before 1802. 'Paint your impressions' was his commandment, and he was always faithful at least to this. Perhaps if he had lived in these days he would have found a way of avoiding the obvious discrepancies between the matter of fact of his topographical titles and the poetry of his pictures. He might have called them 'Duets in Blue and Amber,' or 'Harmonies in Rose and Violet,' 'Variations on Mount St. Gothard,' or 'Sonatas in England and Wales;' but living some sixty years too soon, he painted his 'impressions' of a place, and called them simply by its name.

FROM THE DRAWING OF ST. GOTHARD, FOR THE 'LIBER STUDIORUM.'

In the case of the *Battle of Fort Rock*, however, we need not be too strict. Firstly, because no one has yet discovered that there ever was such a battle. Mr. Ruskin thinks he must have meant the battle of Fort Bard. Secondly, because the picture is, from its title, a work of imagination, in which much license as to fact is quite allowable. If the battle ever occurred, Turner, from the date he gives to it, could never have seen it; and as long as he adhered to the character of the scenery of the Val d'Aosta, no one is so precise as to quarrel about the exact aspect of a mountain's shoulder or the profile of a clump of pine.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE DRAMA OF THE GREEKS IN RELATION TO THE ARTS.

Greek Studies of Perspective and Acoustics.

VITRUVIUS has a notice that Agatharcus 'made a scene' for Aeschylus, and left a treatise upon the subject. It is usually assumed that this was an architecturally constructed scene of the nature of those which still remain in ruins. That Agatharcus is also mentioned as a painter would not disprove this; but what is more conclusive as to its being a painted scene in the modern sense, is that the treatise gave occasion to the philosophers Democritus and Anaxagoras to pursue further the subject of perspective. Theatrical perspective has a peculiar difficulty, which was well calculated to stimulate that inquiry into the abstract which was so inviting to the Greek. A perspective view can only be strictly truthful to an eye in one fixed position, and must therefore be necessarily false to the vast majority of spectators in a theatre, and to many, if not most, obtrusively and offensively false. The problem, so far, must be one of adjustment and humouring, of evasion if possible, and, in any case, of distribution of the incongruity which in itself is inevitable. How far the great philosophers named may or may not have carried their analysis is quite uncertain; such is the wreck of ancient scientific literature, and so unsatisfactory are the reports of what is lost. We read of the recognition of a governing vanishing-point, answering to the central position of the eye, but how far the general theory of the vanishing-point was mastered is quite unknown. The greatest Italian painters certainly got along without difficulty, by keeping for the most part carefully within the limits of knowledge, which scarcely extended beyond appreciation of the bearings of a single vanishing-point.

Other important problems forced themselves upon the consideration of contrivers of a vast open-air theatre—those acoustic problems which have proved baffling enough in modern halls of debate, intended for comparatively small audiences indeed. Vitruvius illustrates the deadening of sound by the same illustration that we are used to at the Royal Institution. Waves of sound, he says, propagated from a centre in a sphere of air, are liable to be met and nullified by the reflux of a preceding wave from some obstacle to its diffusion, just like circles of waves which visibly interfere with each other, as they spread from different centres on the surface of water.

A further instance of the manner in which the represented drama reacted on science, as well as art, is apparent in what the architect tells of a certain contrivance to reinforce the tones of the actors' voices. This consisted in distributing through the theatre, at calculated intervals, small balanced bell-like vases, carefully reduced to special gradations of resonance—in fact, corresponding in principle to the resonators of Helmholtz. We may have our doubts how far these would answer their purpose, but the mere study of the subject was important. If we may trust the report which Onorio Belli made on the ruins of Greek theatres in Crete, about 1596, he found the most distinct traces of their employment. On the great theatre at Littus—it had a diameter of 400 feet—he has the note: 'There were three rows of brazen vases (*echeia*) in this theatre, almost all the cells for which are still visible' (Falkener, 'Supplement to Museum of Classical Antiquities').

Archaic Style in Art superseded alike by Aeschylus and Phidias.

There is full reason to believe that if we were in possession of specimens of the drama as composed and represented anterior to those of Aeschylus, we should be conscious of a transition as amazing as that from Myron and Onatas to Phidias in sculpture. And the two great movements were probably, as already hinted, not altogether disconnected. Aeschylus was the first to apply the resources of free invention to theatrical costume, and to employ it for the enhancement not only of dignity, but of every phase of characteristic expression. If we accept the text of Athenaeus, as it stood while yet unmeddled with by what seems over-editing, it was he who also designed the robes and costumes of the hierophants in the shows of the Eleusinian mysteries, vestments which probably were not seen for the last time with the surcease of Paganism. To Phidias, on his part, appears due the relief of the nude in sculpture, by drapery which, while rigid archaism was rejected, became perfectly natural only to be treated with a refinement transcending nature. In even what little remains of the colossal sculptures of the Parthenon, we have examples of drapery of most varied texture and fold, responsive to the diversified movements of the wearers or agitated air. For any evidence that is forthcoming, it was Phidias to whom it was given to discover the true relation of drapery as the expression of repose or the echo of movement; and not only so, but to carry the discovery at once to a perfection in executed works, which has never been equalled, and does not seem capable of ever being surpassed.

We are accustomed to the poetic style of Aeschylus being quoted as first in a hierarchical succession of styles which is believed to prevail in the

histories of all the arts; it is assumed to be the type of severity and dryness, succeeded by the chastened, but still vigorous, grace of Sophocles, as that by the florid weakness of later tragedians, with Euripides as their representative. The rule of such sequence is not to be gainsaid; it is traceable in the successive schools of ancient sculpture, in those of modern music, and notably in the development of Gothic architecture; but it is no more to be accepted without qualifications which constantly go near to subvert it, than the Comtist formulas of evolution. Aeschylus, contrasted with Sophocles, is contrasted as Michelangelo is with Raphael, and not with Perugino or Bellini. Severe his art may be, but it is neither ungraceful nor inflexible. He is nearest in spirit, as he is nearest in time, to the dithyramb from which tragedy sprung; it is in that spirit that he ventures upon phrases and metaphors on a par in boldness with the most startling passages of 'King Lear,' 'Hamlet,' or 'Macbeth.' But, like Shakespeare himself, for all such seeming extravagance he brought his art to a perfection which leaves behind it, far out of sight, the crude and constrained formalities of proper archaism. He himself is cited for a comparison which seems to acknowledge a difference modestly, but which does indeed vindicate the position of his art upon what, by an emancipated estimate, is a far loftier level. The story runs, that he was applied to to compose a paean in honour of the god of Delphi, but declined, on the ground that the paean of Thynnicus could not be improved upon. His own work, he said, would compare with it like sculpture of the modern style with the archaic; the archaic statues, notwithstanding their technical inferiority, having a divine simplicity and traditional impressiveness which made them more acceptable to the religious sense.

If this, in general effect, was really a speech of Aeschylus, it is probable that he was influenced a little more by his sense of what style was likely to be acceptable to the applicants, than by his artist conviction of what ought to be. The ascription of a superior religious character to archaic above really refined art, is liable to misapprehension, to a misapprehension that goes deeper than a question of styles. It is not always easy to determine the limits between the unequivocally grotesque, and that absence of finish which is entitled to the apology and to the honours of *naïveté*, and is compatible with qualities truly elevated. The gifted with seductive eloquence are under temptation to indulge themselves in the triumph of causing hideousness—as eloquence can trick it out—to be accepted as mysterious dignity, and to vindicate grimace as no failure, but a success of genius in an effort to embody robust sentiment or touching emotion. The delusion is facilitated by the fact that as in the Arena chapel and on the Pisan pulpit, genuine feeling is not unfrequently embodied in work of the same hand, which struggles to express it sometimes by exaggerated contortions, that cannot be regarded otherwise than as incongruous and ridiculous by any judgment truly sane.

The Employment of Masks in Tragedy.

We have seen that there is considerable difficulty in determining how various theatrical requirements were actually dealt with in the early ages of the drama, though there is little in imagining various ways in which they might have been treated satisfactorily. But one contrivance, presumably for the sake of effect, which has been already alluded to, approaches very near, it must be said, to the unaccountable, though as regards its general nature there is not the least uncertainty. This was the invariable use of masks, especially for the chief actors, the very personages who had most occasion to give visible expression to fluctuations of passion, very often sudden, very often extreme. These masks covered the entire head, and as much care was taken to make the hair characteristic as a modern actor bestows upon his wigs and false scalps. We read of the chorus leaders in the boisterous Dionysiac festivities smearing their faces with wine-lees, and a mask more or less elaborate is a very natural adjunct of comic or satirical personation. In tragedy, masks had a further convenience if once accepted, not only because female parts were played by men, but from the same actors constantly playing several very contrasted parts in the same piece.

TYPES OF TRAGIC AND COMIC MASKS. BRITISH MUSEUM.

Whether Aeschylus would ever have originated this practice may be doubted; but finding it, as we learn from several authorities, established, he improved and perfected it, and obtained from it whatever advantage it was susceptible of. We have only Roman authority for the actor's mask being

made subservient to the purpose of causing his voice to be more audible in a large open-air theatre. The Latin word for a mask, *persona*—a word which has had a wonderful fortune in the world—is connected by the same authority with this purpose, though technical etymologists shake their heads. It is as natural as necessary to assume that the actors often changed their masks between exits and re-entrances, to accommodate altered conditions of mind or fortune. This was inevitably the case with Oedipus, when he reappeared on the proscenium self-blinded; but it is certainly difficult to understand how in the previous scene gestures and tones alone could have served dramatic purpose and effect in the absence of facial expression. How, we ask ourselves, could a fixed set of features have satisfied the spectators, who were witnessing with apprehension and horror the gradual approach of Oedipus to the fatal knowledge of his dismal parentage, as it was brought out by his own pertinacious questionings of a reluctant witness—his transition from arrogance and security to utter humiliation and despair.

Contrivances to enhance the Stature of Heroic Characters.

The best representations of tragic masks exhibit the mouth open, but not extravagantly; it is chiefly in the masks of the later comedy that we see the mouth and the muscles around it exaggerated into something which it must be said seems meaningless, unless intended to subserve in some degree the purpose of a speaking-trumpet. However this may be, the adoption of the mask in tragedy necessitated certain other changes, if indeed it was not itself in the position of a secondary consequence. The enlarged head resulting from the mask rendered some dilation of the general figure necessary; unless it were that the resolution to swell the actor's figure to heroic proportions, drew on the necessity to give a proportionate magnitude to the features and the head as a whole. It was evidently consistent with early Hellenic as with Egyptian art, that gods and heroes should be represented of superior dimensions to common mortals. The Homeric epics assume throughout that the exploits described are those of an heroic race, superior in all physical forces and endowments to the ordinary mortal contemporaries of the singer, while the gods are described from time to time as again of exaggerated dimensions. The same difference is consistently carried into the description of the metal-work of the shield of Achilles:—

'But for the other town, round it were seated two armies of people,
A-glitter in arms; and the counsels betwixt them proposed were divergent,
Whether to spoil it by sack, or of all accept half-division,
Whatsoever the wealth which the fair-seated fortress protected within it;
But the others were not yet compliant, but armed for secret ambush:
For the wall,—their consorts beloved and the unable children
Kept watch in station above, and men with them whom eld had clutched hold of;
But themselves were on march; their leaders were Ares and Pallas Athene;
Formed of gold were both, and of gold the garments upon them,
Beautiful both and majestic in size with their arms, as godlike,
Radiant all around; but the people were less important.'

The actors of heroic personages, therefore, were consistently endowed with superior bulk and stature; they were made visibly taller by the high-soled shoe, the cothurnus. But yet the effect of this addition must not be over-estimated; the addition of three inches to a sole would not make a figure colossal; and Agamemnon, who certainly had as good a claim as any to enhancement of dignity, has his sandals removed as he descends from his chariot, and walks across the tapestry-spread stage barefooted.

As regards the masks themselves, it is of the highest interest to observe that the artist was held by the conditions to reduce the expression of passion, which was liable to variations in the course of a scene, and to throw all his power on the expression of the permanent character underlying such fluctuations. It is the resource of weakness in art—of the actor's art, perhaps, above all—to lose sight of special character for the sake of an exaggerated effect of passion.

The Reciprocal Influences of Theatrical Art and Sculpture and Painting.

It may be held to be uncertain, how far the demands of a poetic genius like Aeschylus for a realisation of his conceptions, stimulated the artists who provided his characters with appropriate masks, and how far, on the other hand, he was himself under obligations to the characteristic ideals which painting and sculpture had already embodied. Certain notices occur in the dramas, which seem to imply a more forward condition and varied application of these arts than we should otherwise have inferred. We are rather taken by surprise by the readiness with which, in the 'Agamemnon,' he assumes that a reference to paintings will bring still more closely home to the sympathies of his audience the scene which he so touchingly describes of the sacrifice of Iphigenia:—

'Her prayers, her cries of "Father," her young life
Were nought to those stern umpires, breathing strife;

So, after prayer, her sire the servants bade
Stooping, with steeléd hearts, to lift the maid
Robe-tangled, kid-like as for sacrifice
High o'er the altar; them he also bade,
Guarding her lovely mouth, her bodeful cries,
Stern curse entailing on their houses twain,
With voiceless muzzles forceful to restrain.
Then letting fall her veil of saffron dye,
She smote with piteous arrow from her eye,
Each murderer; while, passing fair
Like to a pictured image, voiceless there
Strove she to speak.'

[*A. Swanwick trans. 3rd edit. revised.*]

In a passage of another chorus of the same play, which for its obscurity or corruption is sorely tormented by the commentators, we can at least discern, in the terms of commiseration for Menelaus deserted by Helen, that the mansions of the great were already adorned with beautiful and, perhaps, even portrait statuary :—

'Woe for the house, the house and chieftains, woe!
Woe for the couch—the trace of her once true!
Wronged, yet without reproach, in speechless woe,
There stands he, yearning still her form to view
Lost o'er the far sea-wave: his dreamy pain
Conjures her phantom in his home to reign.
He loathes the sculptor's plastic skill
Which living grace belies;
Not Aphrodite's self can still
The hunger of his eyes.'

At the opening of the 'Eumenides' the Pythoness, in her eagerness to express the hateful aspect of the sleeping Furies, recalls first the Gorgon head and then the Harpies, as well-known types of hideousness :—

'A wondrous company of women;—
Women? nay, Gorgons let me say; nor yet
To Gorgonean types compare I them.
Ere now in paintings Harpies have I seen
Snatching the meal of Phineus;—these to sight
Are wingless, black and loathsome utterly.'

Variations of the Type of the Furies, and especially Medusa.

Orestes in the previous play, at the first access of horror, describes the besetting Furies as dark-robed and with snakes wound among their hair and so far like Gorgons. We have innumerable representations of the Gorgon head; the earlier are the very realisations of horror overpowering the grotesque. In these the hair itself is represented by writhing snakes, and the tongue hangs out between frightful upper and lower tusks, expressive of that very thirst for blood, or exhaustion in houndlike pursuit, which makes Orestes describe the persecuting Furies as hounds—as bloodhounds. It was, doubtless, a type of this character which Aeschylus recalled to the imagination

HEAD OF MEDUSA, ENLARGED FROM THE BLACAS GEM.

of the spectators, a type that later art gradually softened, refined, elevated, till it reappears in the imposing beauty of the Medusa head of the gems. The Pythoness hesitates to call these appearances either Gorgons or Harpies, but they remind her of both. They lack the wings which we still find on

FURIES FROM BRONZE CISTA. BRITISH MUSEUM.

vases and other works, invariably assigned to Harpies, personifications of hurricanes; and the gestures which their eager and angry words imply are mimetic of the searching and tracing of hounds hunting by scent. In both plays they are described as having eyes from which blood is oozing, 'no welcome libation to the gods.' Such being their physiognomies, there is very little room for doubt that whatever may have been customary for choruses generally, in this case the costume of the chorus of Furies was completed by masks. Euripides and the later poets give the Furies wings and torches; so we find them on many vase paintings; sometimes a scourge is allowed them, and in other instances they threaten their victim with snakes. On one very remarkable vase in the British Museum, we have a variation of the story of Orestes, which is only otherwise known from so late a writer

as Lucian. Orestes is sitting on an altar as in other instances as a suppliant, but here with his hands bound behind his back and upon the folded hide of a sacrificed ox. Beside and below the altar rises a Fury who threatens him with a serpent, and who not only has the black Aeschylean garb, but her face is black also.

Types of Divinities and Characteristic Forms gradually defined.

It is highly probable that dramatic requirement for the utmost distinctness of characterisation, not only took advantage of what had been already secured, but exercised a further and very original reaction on sculpture. We read Homer now under the influence of associations derived from perfected Hellenic art; but there was an intermediate time when every one had to be dependent on his own unaided faculty for turning to definite shape the imaginations of the poet. On the earlier vases the various gods and goddesses have to rely on their attributes for identification. In the art of Phidias, as the students of the Panathenaic frieze know too well, such a scheme of labelling is all but entirely renounced, and the artist relies on the sympathetic apprehensiveness of the spectator to supply its absence by reading off the more delicate intimations of grouping, gesture and expression.

Julius Pollux (circ. A.D. 200) bestows several chapters of his 'Onomasticon,' or glossary, to an enumeration of the varieties of tragic, satyric, and comic masks. The differences, however, of the tragic masks which he specifies are, though numerous enough, chiefly those of age, sex, complexion, and colour and character of the hair, and particularly the arrangement of it for more dignified personages in a high pyramidion in front. This was the so-called *ogkos*, which assisted tallness, and of which we have many representations. Sculpture has preserved many copies, or reputed copies, of tragic masks; if the expression given to many may appear exaggerated, this may be only due to the natural preference for examples of very decided character. The mask of Hercules is frequently held by the Muse of Tragedy as her emblem, but sometimes the club.

The female characters were, of course, acted by men, and this seems not to have been without its influence on the ideal figure of Melpomene. Various bas-reliefs, and statues also, present her as distinctly feminine, but still in an attitude, with one knee bent as she rests her foot upon some rather high object, which strikes as manlike, and might not be unnatural for an actor of the part of Clytemnestra or Iocasta when off the stage. It seems due to the same suggestion that the fine colossal statue of Melpomene has a breadth of waist assigned to her which is in marked excess of the proper feminine standard of beauty, verging to the oval though that must ever be.

The exaggerated Masks of the Old and later Greek Comedy.

In furnishing forth the old comedy the mask-makers naturally ran revel; the freedom of personal satire indulged in by the poets on all conspicuous characters, not merely on Socrates, whose physiognomy itself invited caricature, but on the most powerful politicians, was taken full advantage of, and gods and heroes were, no doubt, treated with as little ceremony as they were in the petulant verses of Aristophanes. In one instance their courage is said to have fallen short of that of the satirist. Aristophanes brought out 'The Knights' when Cleon was at the height of his popularity and power at Athens: he makes him a blustering Paphlagonian slave who basely curries favour with his master Demus, equivalent of the modern John Bull, and oppresses his fellow-servants till these in despair look out for a rival who may have a chance to supplant him by proof of still baser vulgarity and infamy. Cleon is taxed with turbulence from sinister motives, peculation, cowardice, and treason, and Demus his dupe is by no means spared. Mr. Grote vitiated his History of Greece from end to end by extenuating systematically the misdeeds both of Demus and the demagogue; but the poet, if also in some degree a partisan, unquestionably tells some hard home-truths. The Athenians were accustomed and might be expected to laugh at themselves as personified, especially as the poet takes care to hint that Demus is not in reality quite such a fool as he looks; but it is reported that the mask-makers would not venture to counterfeit Cleon, and Aristophanes in consequence took the character himself, reverted to an obsolete custom and smeared his face with wine lees, and so threw the responsibility of the identification on the spectators.

We have a very faint reflex indeed in preserved works of art of the spirit of what was equivalent to a school of caricature, as replete with inventive humour as with unscrupulous ribaldry and licentiousness. A vase-painting shows us a comic King Priam, identified by the modified Phrygian cap above his mask, seated on the altar of Zeus, and threatened by the sword of a no less comic Neoptolemus. Another vase in the museum at Berlin illustrates, rudely enough, the first scene of the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes. Dionysus is preposterously travestied as Hercules with club and bow, and followed by the slave Xanthias, who is seated on an ass and laden with the monstrous burden that he so piteously complains of ('Gerhard Denk u. Forsch. 1849, taf. iii. v.'). Another representation of a male and female character of the old comedy is sufficiently

grotesque, and even humorous, but these are poor adumbrations of what must have been provided for the Athenians in that scene of the 'Birds' where Hercules, as envoy on the part of the starved-out gods, is stimulated by the smell of a savoury roast to agree to any terms whatever, and takes upon himself

great master of the new comedy, whom, alas! we only know through Latin adaptations, it could be said with the universal applause of antiquity, 'Oh, life, and Menander, which of you two is copyist of the other?' It might be thought that the retention of the comic mask had something to do with the

TYPES OF THE LOWER COMEDY. (TERRA-COTTA STATUETTES. BRITISH MUSEUM.)

to interpret the unintelligible protest of a barbarous colleague as a clear expression of consent. Terra-cotta figures preserve representations of comic actors of the later period, and Pompeian paintings exhibit the persistent retention of their garb.

The Greek theatre did not renounce the mask even when comedy fairly released itself from obligations to many other traditions; from the personalities and the worst indelicacies, as well as from the wild and fantastic choruses, of the old comedy. Of the contented adherence of the poets to certain stock characters, or rather types of characters. The *dramatis personae* of one of Terence's plays would suit any other; but in many modern schools of drama, quite independently of any such limitations, the persons represented are, in truth, as readily interchangeable. In how many of the multitudinous modern novels, for that matter, do we not meet with stock characters which might change places into any number of others?

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

MR. REID'S PEN-DRAWINGS.

MR. GEORGE REID, R.S.A. and M. Amand-Durand have together brought to perfection a kind of engraved illustration in which the artist simply makes a pen-drawing on white paper, whilst the engraver bites the lines of it in a copper-plate, and gently retouches them where necessary, with the burin or drypoint. The correctness of the copy, so far as the lines are concerned, is ensured by the employment of photography in transferring them from the paper to the plate, a process being employed by which the etching-ground already laid upon the plate is made insoluble in water in the spaces between the lines, but left sufficiently soluble in the lines themselves to be afterwards washed out with warm water. After this is done, the plate is in the same condition as an etching ready for biting, when the etching-ground has been removed from what are intended to be the lines by the passage of the needle's point. M. Amand-Durand's business consists in washing the soluble ground from the lines as thoroughly as possible without disturbing that which covers the spaces, then in biting the plate carefully as a delicate etching is bitten, and finally in retouching where necessary with the instruments

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of an engraver. I have explained these processes elsewhere, but give a brief account of them in this place for the convenience of readers not already acquainted with the subject. I have only to add that the result is just as much a real etching on copper as an original plate by Rembrandt, the essential difference being that the drawing is done on paper by one artist, and all the work on copper by another. The intermediate photographic work is done by a professional photographer in M. Amand-Durand's establishment, where there are also printers to test and print the plates. His own share of the labour is purely artistic, or at any rate as exclusively artistic as that which is done by the ordinary etcher in his laboratory, and he does not entrust any part of this work to another hand.

The result of this arrangement, which the advanced state of modern photographic and chemical science has rendered possible, has been, as we see, to effect a division of labour between the draughtsman who makes the design and the etcher who bites it; but this is an incomplete statement of the case. There is no positive process in direct etching except the inconvenient one of drawing whilst the plate is in the bath, whereas a drawing in black ink on white paper shows the intended effect at once, so that the artist has not to *calculate* it, like an etcher, but simply to *see* it as it comes into being, without reversal, and perhaps almost without conscious effort on his part. This is an immense artistic advantage, and it is probably the chief reason why Mr. Reid has effected his alliance with M. Amand-Durand's *héliogravure*.

There might have been another reason, which is that the intervention of photography allows every degree of reduction, and this would be a great advantage in many cases, especially when declining or defective eyesight makes it impossible for an artist to draw with a delicate minuteness. Mr. Reid, however, refuses to avail himself of this convenience, and draws exactly on the scale of the intended reproduction, probably in order that the exact value of all accents may be preserved, which is not to be expected in reduced engraving of any kind. The extreme delicacy of Mr. Reid's execution makes reduction unnecessary in the case of his drawings, even when a finished engraving is to be the result. He does not seek this delicacy on its own account, but has it at command whenever the nature of the subject appears to call for it.

The Royal Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland published in the autumn of 1884 a series of sixteen drawings of the river Tweed, in which Mr. Reid enjoyed an excellent opportunity for the exercise of his talent and taste, as well as for the expression of an evident affection for his native land. The drawings are accompanied by an interesting essay on the Tweed and its associations, written by Professor Veitch, of the University of Glasgow. Altogether the volume makes one of the most interesting and most permanently valuable topographic publications known to us.*

The scenery of the Tweed is of a character that only a refined artist would be likely to appreciate. It has no sublimity; its hills are not mountains, its castles are not in very imposing situations, and it has few picturesque bridges or towns such as those that are found so abundantly on the great rivers of France. What the Tweed really offers is a quiet and gently varied landscape with sloping rather than precipitous hills, frequent woods, and pleasantly curving shores, with here and there a tower, castle, or abbey, and a quantity of romantic and literary association quite out of proportion to what is actually seen. You see a poor narrow tower, singularly devoid of any visible interest beyond the bare fact of some antiquity; but as soon as you are told that it is Smaylholm there rings in your memory a stanza of Scott, first learned in your boyhood :—

> 'The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
> He spurred his courser on,
> Without stop or stay, down the rocky way
> That leads to Brotherstone.'

On a bank of moderate elevation a broader and more massive tower rises out of a wood; and if it were on the Rhone or the Rhine you would think nothing about it; but it is on the Tweed, and the name of the castle is Norham, so you immediately remember the opening of 'Marmion :'—

> 'Day sat on Norham's castled steep
> And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
> And Cheviot's mountains lone;
> The battled towers, the donjon keep,
> The loophole grates, where captives weep,
> The flanking walls that round it sweep,
> In yellow lustre shone.'

As for Melrose, so often visited and so charmingly described by Scott; and Dryburgh, where we have made pilgrimages to his tomb; and Abbotsford, where he indulged his constructive fancy and worldly ambition, all these places would be sacred to us for his sake even if they had no beauty: but Melrose is very beautiful, and so is the little that remains of Dryburgh, and Abbotsford itself is at least sufficiently

* I may direct attention in a foot-note to a fault that vexes me as a bibliophile. The Association for the Promotion of Fine Art have evidently done their best to produce a perfectly beautiful book, but the paper of the text by Van Gelder, though of good quality and suitable for small books, such as the little volumes published by Lemerre, is of a kind that will not lie flat in a large page. In the volume before me every page is cockled, and puckers awkwardly near the stitching. The book will not open properly. The engravings, being on stouter paper, lie flatter than the text, but are still cockled. A mistake in the choice of paper and bad binding have spoiled what ought to have been a perfect volume.

varied and picturesque to make a very effective drawing in the hands of Mr. Reid. It is the advantage of being a sound draughtsman, that when anything occurs in a landscape which, like a piece of architecture, requires to be drawn with precision, the artist can attack it without risk of defeat. Mr. Reid's way of dealing with architecture is quite his own. He does not draw like an architect making an elevation, he does not sketch like an ordinary landscape-painter for effect rather than form and proportion; but he gives a portrait of a building that is, I believe, as truthful as it can be, without appearing disconnected from its landscape surroundings. In the series of drawings entitled 'Twelve Sketches of Scenery and Antiquities on the line of the Great North of Scotland Railway,' many of the subjects are architectural; and what is particularly acceptable in them is the temper that prefers to explain the true character of the edifice, rather than give it a grace that is not really its own. For example, the Cathedral at Old Aberdeen is represented fairly with its stunted spires, under an effect of light that shows them well, and they are reflected in water to make the best of them, but they themselves are not turned into lofty and elegant spires. The unpretending old Scotch castles, such as Barra Castle, are given for what they are—mere inelegant fortified houses, and no attempt is made to hide the plain simplicity of a rude tower like Balquhain; but when there is real architectural elegance or beauty, as in the picturesque upper part of the small castle at Crathes, or the admirably rich and perfect composition of the much larger castle of Fyvie, with its gables, bartizans, dormer-windows, and the high arch over the recess in the middle of the front—then Mr. Reid evidently takes the greatest pleasure in all these beautiful details, and draws them with the most delicate care. It is clear, also, that he loves a bridge, even when modern and well built, and that he knows how to make the most of it, whilst scrupulously respecting the truth concerning its structure. As examples of consummate art in the drawing of bridges I need only refer to the views of Kelso and Berwick-upon-Tweed. In the first, variety is insured by light-and-shade and reflection, and by the vignetted treatment of the last arch; whilst in the second, there is an admirably managed contrast between the old bridge with the rise and fall of its roadway and the lofty level viaduct beyond it. The whole distant view of Berwick is nothing less than exquisite, artful in its oppositions, and yet so quiet and unobtrusive in treatment that the art does not assert itself, and is only felt as a pleasure.

Mr. Reid's treatment of pure natural landscape may be open to more criticism than his architecture, because natural things are always more difficult to deal with than artificial things, and, indeed, cannot be interpreted at all without many sacrifices. When the art employed is purely linear, as in pen-drawing, the difficulty of imitating nature is greatly increased; and it becomes necessary to adopt some conventional system of interpretation, that is always exposed to criticism from those who like, or affect to like, another system better. Whatever may be said against Mr. Reid's drawings, it is always evident that he does his best to be faithful to the character of the scenery. Take, for instance, the drawing called *Tweed's Well*, which represents nothing but a tiny pool in the moorland, adorned with happy plants upon its margin. The hills beyond are mere undulations of the barren land, and there is no attempt to magnify them into mountains. Mr. Reid is fond of dark woods in his middle distances, and these are often difficult to treat. Sometimes they look too much like blotches or patches of black upon the drawing. In the view of Ashestiel, where there is an extensive wood in the middle distance, this defect is skilfully avoided; but there is generally a certain squareness or angularity in Mr. Reid's treatment of massive foliage, and an appearance of flatness in its facets due to the frequent use of straight lines in shading. The foreground of *Neidpath Castle* has a very elegant piece of stem-drawing. Mr. Reid appears to take a legitimate pleasure and pride in the skill with which he draws bare stems and branches. His wintry trees are always delightful, both for detail and grouping; and they are most useful in giving an element of lightness and grace to his drawings of Scottish castles, such as Huntly, Drum, and Inverugie. The interpretation of earth-forms and river-courses is invariably excellent. For example, in the subject just mentioned, the stream lies low in its bed in summer, and you see at once that it is a real summer channel, the water filling the deepest depressions only and leaving its sandy margins.

Mr. Reid's skies are not injudiciously chosen with reference to the rest of the drawing, which they never injure; but they are monotonous skies, showing nearly always the same rather commonplace northern cloudy weather, without any attempt to draw the noblest and most striking forms of clouds. This I take to be the result of deliberate choice. Mr. Reid knows the extreme difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of dealing with skies in pen-drawing in any way that can be satisfactory as an illustration of the clouds themselves; and so he contents himself with a kind of sky that attracts little attention, and at any rate does no harm. One of his best is the cloudy sky behind Smaylholm Tower, which is effectively lighted. His clouds are rather too hard and angular, and somewhat too definitely outlined; but in most of the drawings they are kept so subordinate that these defects are not seriously felt.

P. G. Hamerton.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club has done real service by forming a collection of Persian and Arab art in their gallery, and opening the exhibition by introduction of members. So many connoisseurs and possessors of Oriental art are numbered within the club—Sir F. Leighton, Messrs. Franks, L. Huth, Drury Fortnum, F. Dillon, Wickham Flower, G. Salting, C. W. Mills, A. Higgins, H. Vaughan, H. Wallis, F. D. Goodman, and others—upon whose treasures free levy has been made, that there was little need to go further. But several owners from outside have lent valuable examples, among them Sir Hickman Bacon, Bart., Messrs. Holman Hunt, A. Ionides, William Morris, O. Critchett, C. T. Ross, &c. The collection has been excellently catalogued and introduced by an interesting preface from the pen of Mr. Henry Wallis, on the distinctive characteristics of Persian ceramic art and its derivations. So new is the science of the subject, that it is only since the Loan Exhibition of 1862 that the general term 'Persian ware' has been subdivided into Persian, Rhodian, and Damascus. A French collector had indeed named some Persian pieces Lindus ware, after the name of a town in the island of Rhodes; but the distinctive name of Rhodian ware was first bestowed by Mr. Franks on a piece now in the British Museum, from the evidence of a Turkish inscription upon it, which could not have existed on true Persian pottery. The question of date also has been, and still is, involved in much obscurity; but a collection such as that now presented at the Club does much to assist the student. A couple of pieces of ancient Egyptian pottery with turquoise blue glaze are lent by Mr. Fortnum, to indicate the origin of the Persian ceramic art. A splendid set of lustred tiles, dating over the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, introduces the more elaborate developments in the beautiful long-necked bottles, the bowls, and dishes, and plates, decorated with radiant colour or lustred splendour, with intricate designs of floral or animal or fanciful geometric character, always symbolic rather than realistic. Manuscripts, rare carpets, stuffs and embroideries of much beauty, a few examples of metal work, and specimens of glass, complete the Persian collection. The Rhodian ware, with its brilliant floral designs in thickly impasted pigment outlined with black, and chiefly—though by no means invariably—on a creamy ground, is easily recognisable, and dates from early in the sixteenth century up to a recent period. There is a noble display of Damascus ware—bowls, dishes, and lamps, in the colouring of which the prevailing play upon blues is a lesson in harmony. The Rhodian or Damascus tiles are not so good as might have been looked for. Special examples of Anatolian ware, as distinct from Damascus, are lent by Mr. C. I. Elton. Among the most noteworthy objects in a collection, from which it is difficult to select, must be accounted Mr. Fortnum's famous Damascus lamp, from the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem; the beautiful Persian jug, bought at Damascus of a caravan from Persia by Sir F. Leighton, having on it the similated Arabic inscriptions, such as are not infrequent in Persian decorations, whether early or late; the Rhodian jug, with silver mount of Elizabethan date, the dark-blue Sicilian-Persian vases, lent by Mr. Franks; the lustred tile prayer-niches, of Persian origin, from Mr. Dillon and Mr. Higgins; and, lastly, the carpet, having a spirited design of fighting beasts on a crimson ground, once the property of Sir David Wilkie, now lent by Sir F. Leighton. A special edition of the catalogue, illustrated by some twenty or more permanent plates of chief objects in the exhibition, is issued by subscription to members and contributors.

THE collection of Continental Pictures now on view at the French Gallery in Pall Mall is fairly high as regards quality. The brilliant Viennese artist, Professor Carl Müller, has seldom been better seen than in *Bazaar Street, Cairo*, peopled with picturesque figures, and blazing with white light. The young Servian, Joanowitz, follows Herr Müller so closely in execution, choice of scale, and style, that his picture of the blind Eastern minstrel and listening loiterers—*The Song of Scanderbeg*—might have come from the Müller easel. A canvas from last year's salon, but new in London, is *Sandor Petöfi* reciting his patriotic songs to the Magyar peasants in some rough wayside inn, by Imré Révész. This Hungarian painter is a pupil of Munkaczy: he has the dusky palette of his master without its bold surprise or occasional scintillation; he has good character-drawing and dramatic purpose of his own, and a large, loose execution. Gerôme's gorgeous *Botzaris* makes a point in the gallery, so does Herr Holmburg's rather laboriously excellent interior, where, *Far from the World*, Roman ecclesiastics study literature in the stately repose of a superb Italian villa. It is a great pity that so true an artist as Gabriel Max should be judged through an exceptionally inferior work like *The Genius of Pity staying the Vivisector's Hand*, which is artistically a mistake, as moral special pleading pictorialised always is. It will not be given to 'the general'—it has not been given to some critics—to discriminate the fine study of the physiologist's head and nervous hands from the cold colour and poor painting of the picture as a whole. Max is an unequal artist—none more so; but no one who is well acquainted with his works in Germany could deem him, in the words of a certain weighty daily paper, an 'overrated painter.'

TWO antique life-scale bronze statues have been recently discovered within a few weeks of one another at Rome, on the brow of the Quirinal, upon the site where once stood in close juxtaposition Hadrian's Temple of the Sun and Constantine's Baths. Both bronzes represent nude athletes, but while the first discovered shows a victor in the games standing erect, and holding forth some object in his left hand, the other is the seated figure of a prize-fighter reposing, his elbows on his knees, and bearing still the cestus on his hands. This seated statue is in wonderful preservation, only a fracture across one thigh marring its condition. The other bronze has been injured on the left shoulder and knee, the right thigh and foot, but all the pieces have been discovered, and some of the fractures show ancient and most ingenious repair, indicating that the injuries were done in first transport of the statue to its position. Judges on the spot declare both these important bronzes to be of genuine Greek workmanship; and the standing athlete especially is so fine in its symmetrical beauty and life-like impersonation, so delicate in tooling and modelling of flesh, that the plea has been put forth that this statue is from no other hand than that of Lysippus, with the characteristics of whose style, as given by Pliny, the work closely tallies. Four thousand bronze statues are on record as once adorning classic Rome, but less than ten have been found. Certain letters and numerals which are punched on the torso of the standing victor are interpreted to be probably marks corresponding to the bill of lading from the galley that brought the sculpture from Greece to Rome.

THE beautiful half-length, seated portrait, by Gainsborough, of Mrs. Hibbert, daughter of John Boldero, and wife of Thomas Hibbert, which was exhibited in the collection of old masters at Burlington House this winter by Mr. John N. Hibbert, has passed to M. Alphonse de Rothschild for, it is stated, 10,000 guineas. The picture was almost unique for freshness of execution and charm of style.

THE sale, at Messrs. Christie's, of the late Mr. Bohn's collection of pictures, miniatures, enamels, &c., which took place in March, will be memorable in the annals of art seasons. Mr. Bohn was a typical collector, rejoicing in acquisition for its own sake, curious after strange objects, keen upon bargains. His house at Twickenham became a museum, and when, after passing the threescore years and ten, when all art is supposed to become mere vanity and vexation, he began to sell his ceramics during three successive springs, the dispersion of this portion of his treasures, to the figure of 24,654*l.*, left a bulk

DARTMOOR MIST.

PAINTED BY OTTO WEBER. ETCHED BY LOUIS J. STEELE.

A MISTY scene affords no opportunity for bright effects of light and shade, so the reader will not be surprised to find them absent from this picture.

It conveys, we think, very completely the impression of dreary moorland, not only by the foreground of stones and rushes (the distance being entirely hidden by the mist), but also by the saddened and resigned look of the animals, which is extremely true to nature. This is just their way of enduring uncomfortable weather. The mare puts her head over the foal's back, partly from affection, partly from a desire for a little warmth. The wisest horse is that in the distance, which has sought a less exposed situation and turned his tail to the bitter blast.

WINDSOR.

VI.

The Chapel Royal of St. George—The old Chapel of St. Edward—Wolsey's Tomb-house—The Sarcophagus—The Pope's Nuncio at Windsor—The Royal Vault—George the Third's Family—Positions of the Royal Coffins—Some Royal Funerals—The Prince Consort's Family Memorial—The Tomb-house Transformed—The Mausoleum at Frogmore—The First Chapel of St. George.

THE Chapel of St. George has been very frequently mentioned in the foregoing chapters. In its present condition it is pre-eminently regal. No other 'Chapel Royal' can compete with it in this respect. Westminster Abbey, which comes under the same heading, is the nearest to it in honour, as it is the oldest of all; but since our kings have ceased to be buried in the chapels of the Confessor and of Henry VII., it must yield to St. George's. In some respects, too, the chapel at Windsor is older than Westminster; that is to say, while Westminster cannot be looked upon as a 'Chapel Royal' till after the abolition of the Abbey and the practical refounding under Queen Elizabeth in 1560, when it became a collegiate church, the Chapel of St. George was made collegiate by King Edward III. in 1348, and the succession of deans and canons has not been interrupted for nearly five centuries and a half. The first Dean, John de la Chaumbre, scarcely survived his appointment six months, but his successor, William Mugge, held the office, which was generally described as that of 'Custos,' for more than thirty years. When John Arundel received the office from Henry IV., he was expressly named 'Dean.'

The foundation was from the first intimately connected with the Order of the Garter, and St. George entirely superseded St. Edward as the patron. It may be said, however, that there are two chapels, and that St. Edward is still commemorated in one of them, for it is quite certain that the eastern building, long known as Wolsey's Tomb-house, and now as the Albert Memorial, is, in reality, except the upper part of the walls and the roof, identical with the chapel dedicated to the Confessor, which was built by Henry III. I have already mentioned that the

south wall of the Dean's Cloister is the north wall of the old chapel, and still retains its Early Pointed arcading and vestiges of painting. From the use to which George III. put the chapel when he made it the Mausoleum of his family, it has become one of the most interesting features of the Castle; and when Her Majesty and her children decorated it in honour of the late Prince, they made it one of the most beautiful features as well.

Before King Henry VII. commenced his famous chapel at Westminster, he entertained the idea of restoring the old Chapel of St. Edward, and of making in it his tomb. The work was begun in 1501, but only went on for two years, during which the building of Henry III. was almost entirely removed, and the present 'Tomb-house' erected. The vaulting, however, seems to have been but partially completed, and at a later period we read of a ceiling and of Verrio's painting upon it. It is hardly possible, therefore, to make out with certainty in what state the chapel was when Henry VIII. gave it to Cardinal Wolsey. About 1524 the Cardinal commenced to make for himself a sumptuous tomb in the newly fashionable Italian style. For this purpose he employed a statuary named Benedetto, of Florence, who provided him with a black marble sarcophagus, decorated with figures and statues of copper gilt, among which there appears to have been one of Wolsey himself, because afterwards, when he was in disgrace, he asked Sir Ralph Sadler to obtain for him his 'image, with such part of the tomb as it shall please the King,' that he might use it for another tomb to be set up in the Minster at York, where he expected to die. His request was not complied with, and the gorgeous metal-work lay neglected in what was then, and long afterwards, called 'Wolsey's Tomb-house.' When Colonel Venn took possession of Windsor Castle for the Parliament in 1642, he very shortly began to cast his eyes upon the magnificent furniture of St. George's Chapel and the plate of the Dean and Chapter; and his successor, Colonel Whichcott, plundered the Wolsey monument, and sold a brazen 'image,' which some have supposed to be a statue of Henry VIII., but which was more probably that of the Cardinal. The splendid character of the ornaments of the tomb may be guessed when we read that even as old brass and gilding they sold for 600*l.*, which translated into modern money represents a very considerable sum. The marble sarcophagus lay neglected in the chapel until 1805, when it was appointed to mark the grave of Lord Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is sometimes stated that the hero was actually buried in it; but this is a mistake, for the coffin in reality lies within the substructure, on which the sarcophagus rests. The coffin of Wellington, at his funeral in 1852, was lowered upon it from the church above, and there rested until his own granite sarcophagus was ready.

It is impossible not to reflect on the strange fate which has connected the names of two such different men as Wolsey and Nelson. The sailor sleeps beneath the priest's monument, whose own body fills some unknown and unhonoured grave among the ruins of the Abbey of St. Mary at Leicester. His name has lately been placed in the transformed Tomb-house, and his figure, in mosaic, is on the west wall, beside that of the tyrant whom he had served too well. So the world goes round, and Time brings about its revenges!

The Chapel of St. Edward lay desolate for a

century and a half. But in 1686 a Romanist was again on the Throne, and the ruin was repaired, fitted, and painted, and some seven hundred pounds were laid out, including the cost of vestments, linen, and candlesticks, so as to be suitable for the restored Mass. The reception of the Pope's Nuncio by James II. at Windsor excited strong feeling at the time, and on the King's abdication the windows of the chapel were broken by the populace, and another long period of decay ensued.

At length, early in the present century, the elder Wyatt was ordered to inspect the building with a view to its restoration. He took down the ceiling, from which the pictures of Verrio had already almost disappeared. The new roof was not long in its place, for a few years later Sir Jeffrey Wyattville took it down in its turn, and revaulted the chapel in accordance with the original design, as indicated by the 'springers' and brackets still remaining. A scheme was formed for making the chapel a Chapter House for the Knights of the Garter, and Wyatt's ceiling was to be decorated with their arms, and even whole-length figures, with heraldic devices. But it was never carried out. When George III. had almost attained the patriarchal threescore years and ten, the death occurred of his youngest daughter, the Princess Amelia—a sad event, which eventually unhinged his mind for the remainder of his life. It was determined to construct underneath the chapel a royal mausoleum. When it was finished at the end of 1811, the coffin of the Princess was privately removed into it.

This Royal Vault, although it is immediately beneath the Tomb-house, is entered from St. George's Chapel by a sloping passage. Through that narrow way his wife, his sister, and six of his children and grandchildren, descended to the grave before the old King himself. At the eastern end, on a low table of stone, lies his coffin, covered with red velvet and surmounted by the crowns of England and of Hanover. His death had taken place but six days after that of his fourth son, the Duke of Kent, whose body was buried in the Royal Vault on Saturday the 12th February, to be followed on the ensuing Wednesday, being Ash Wednesday, by that of his father. A king's funeral was a spectacle unknown to that generation. George III. sat almost sixty years on the throne; and the chronicler of the time calls his funeral 'the most awful and magnificent ceremony which any British subject now living ever witnessed this country.'

On the right of the coffin of King George is that of Queen Charlotte, and on the left that of his beloved daughter Amelia. Two smaller coffins are at either end. That on the left is occupied by the body of Prince Octavius, who, as his name denotes, was the King's eighth son. He died at Kew in 1783, after having been inoculated with small-pox, at the early age of four. On the right is the coffin of the little Prince Alfred, who died while still an infant in 1782. They were both buried first in the Royal Vault under the Chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster, and their remains were brought to Windsor at the time of the Duke of Kent's funeral, a few days before that of their venerable father.

The whole vault, the design of which is in the usual Wyatt style of Gothic, consists of a central chamber with arched niches at either side. There is in all space for forty-nine coffins, and the vault already holds twenty. It is twenty feet in length, and twenty-eight in width; and the floor is little more than fifteen feet below the pavement of the chapel above. When the chalk in which it is sunk

was being dug out, the bodies of a woman and a child, wrapped in lead, were found, thus showing that the place had before been used for interments. The bodies were evidently those of personages of consideration, but I do not think they have ever been identified. It has sometimes been conjectured that they were the remains of Eleanor of Provence, the widow of Henry III., who died a nun at Amesbury, and of her youngest daughter Katharine, who died a child, and is always said to have been buried in Westminster Abbey, while her mother is stated to have been buried where she died. A little research among the rolls relating to the royal expenditure would probably lead to their identification.

On a low slab or table in the centre of the vault lies the coffin of George IV., and near it that of his brother and successor, William, with his Queen beside him. Near George IV., in one of the niches, is the body of his daughter, Princess Charlotte, with her stillborn infant. Probably none of the illustrious dead went to the grave amid more general and sincere lamentations than this first of George III.'s grandchildren. In the niches nearest their father and mother are the infant Princesses Adelaide and Elizabeth, who died before William IV. ascended the throne. The funeral of Queen Adelaide is still remembered by many people now living. It took place on the 13th December, 1849, and the Royal Vault, which had been closed since the death of Princess Augusta in 1840 was once more opened. Some of the newspapers of the day published views of the interior, showing the position of the coffins. The Queen's body was borne to the tomb by sailors, but so private were the proceedings that it was remarked that only two persons were in the nave of St. George's during the service, namely, the officers of the naval and military escorts.

From 1849 to 1876 there was no interment in the Royal Vault, for when the lamented Prince Consort died in 1861, his body was only lowered into the passage while the gorgeous Mausoleum at Frogmore was prepared for it. In 1876 a child of the Prince and Princess Christian was buried, and 1881 a little princess, the daughter of Princess Frederica. Meanwhile, the blind King George V. of Hanover died at Paris in exile, and his body was brought to Windsor to rest 'among his kindred,' as the epitaph on his monument expresses it, on the 24th June, 1878. Last year the vault once more received the body of a descendant of George III., when, amid universal lamentation, the Queen's youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, was laid to rest.

Although the body of the Prince Consort never actually rested under Wolsey's Tomb-house, the old chapel was selected as the site of a magnificent and costly tribute of family affection. The whole interior has been lined with marble and mosaic. The very floor is a work of art. The walls are covered with reliefs representing Christian virtues, and with portraits of the children of the Prince. It would need hours to unravel the full significance of all the symbolism. The mosaic which fills the blank western window has been already mentioned. The Prince's ancestors figure in stained glass. The guide-book descriptions of a single feature, the altar, will give an idea of the richness of the decoration :—

'The figures and canopy, surmounted by a cross designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and executed by Messrs. Poole, are beautifully inlaid with costly marbles — lapis lazuli, porphyry, alabaster, malachite, &c. The bas-reliefs, in panels, are in Sicilian marble, executed by Baron Triqueti. The centre one represents the Resurrection; the one on the right, an Angel embracing the Cross; and on the left hand, Uplifting of the Sacramental Cup. The Altar Table consists of a grand slab of Levanto marble. At the front are three wreaths carved in boxwood; the right hand side is a Phœnix; in the centre a Lamb; and on the left the Pelican feeding its Young with its own Blood.'

The chief and central object is, of course, the 'cenotaph.' It stands in front of the altar, and supports a beautifully sculptured recumbent statue, a kind of personification of the Christian soldier as described by St. Paul in a well-known passage of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The corners are supported by angels bearing shields of arms, and a figure of the Queen is represented in a panel at the foot. The statue is of white marble, the face being, of course, a portrait of the Prince, whose name with dates and a text is carved round the tomb. A magnificent hound, a portrait of Eos, the Prince's favourite dog, symbolising watchfulness, sits at the feet. The statue, and the altar-tomb on which it lies, are, of course, the most conspicuous objects in the chapel, and will probably be more admired in the future than any other part of the new work, which, successful as is the general conception, fails here and there from poverty of design in details. The figure subjects, although the mechanical execution is perfect, are tame in the extreme, with two or three exceptions, which are equally remarkable for extravagance. Nevertheless these are faults which may be mended; the Albert Memorial Chapel remains, as a whole, one of the most splendid monuments of the Victorian age.

It may not be out of place here to insert a brief description of the Mausoleum at Frogmore, where the Prince is interred. It is somewhat of the character of a late Roman tomb at Ravenna, and stands on high brick vaults, to raise it from the damp surrounding soil; for Frogmore, as its name imports, was, at some not very remote period, a marsh. There is a central chamber, with four transepts, making the whole monument into a cruciform chapel. The exterior, to a height of ten or eleven feet, is faced with Peterhead granite, and polished granite is also largely used in

other places. The interior is entirely lined with coloured marbles, frescoes, and reliefs; and in the centre is a large, dark-grey Aberdeen granite sarcophagus, resting on a base of polished black marble, with kneeling angels of bronze at the corners. These, as well as the figure of the Prince, are by the late Baron Marochetti. The body is actually within the sarcophagus. The whole chapel is about eighty feet in external height; the central chamber is thirty feet in diameter, and the transepts project about sixteen feet. Altogether this is one of the most sumptuous buildings of its size and kind in Europe. Near it is the smaller mausoleum of the late Duchess of Kent.

Although we know that Edward III. built a great chapel for the religious ceremonies of his newly founded Order, there is not even so much of it left as of the older Chapel of Henry III. The building may have been of a more or less temporary character. The ancient garter-plates on the stalls of the Knights are said to be some of those placed in the first stalls by the founders, but it is far more likely that they belong to the art of the time of Edward IV. The same taste which made the Round Tower such a flimsy construction, and necessitated its being constantly repaired in subsequent reigns, till Wyattville practically rebuilt it, may have influenced St. George's. Certain it is that we know very little about it, except that it was sufficiently large for the 'functions' held in it on St. George's Day. Edward II. had founded a small chapel, with four priests, in the Park; and these, about 1331, were removed and joined with the priests already ministering in the Chapel of St. Edward. Seven years later houses were built for the chaplains on the south side of the chapel. This must have been while the old palace of Henry III. was still in the royal occupation. But some time in 1347 or 1348 the Garter was founded, and in 1353 we have the first mention of a Chapel of St. George. It is evident that no very imposing building can have been erected in the interval; and it was not until the reign of Edward IV. that the glorious structure to which I propose to devote the next chapter was commenced.

W. J. Loftie.

THE DRAMA OF THE GREEKS IN RELATION TO THE ARTS.

The Treatment of Dramatic Subjects by Decorative and Vase-painters.

We have seen that in one instance, the purification of Orestes at Delphi, we can be certain that the designer of a subject on a vase was distinctly reminiscent of a particular tragedy. We can identify the reference from the accident that this particular tragedy, the 'Eumenides', of Aeschylus, is preserved. It is reasonable to believe that it is only because so few tragedies have survived the hundreds which have perished, that we cannot make more as close identifications. There is, however, every probability that many of the tragic subjects represented on the vases are collaterally, to borrow Browning's happy

translation of an Aeschylean phrase, "not unbefathered" of some of our scanty list of extant tragedies. This may be the case where direct dependence does not appear. It would be incompatible with the claim of the Greek for each art to be content to servilely illustrate another. The more familiar or celebrated one version of a mythus or heroic adventure might be, the more reason and temptation was there for treating the current version as trite, and asserting originality by a variation

MEDEIA. FROM THE VASE OF LANUVIA, IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM, MUNICH.

—sometimes a variation even beyond what was absolutely necessary by the conditions of a different art. At the same time true originality was still better even more by a delicate than by a violent variation of motives,—by such changes as Sophocles made in the story of "Elektra" as told by Aeschylus rather than by the startling alterations by which they were followed up by Euripides. Therefore, it is probable that certain reflections from the groupings of the tragic stage of Athens, in its best age, were transmitted by graphic art from age to age till they even reached late Roman times. Certain it is that, despite all technical shortcomings in the wall-paintings of Pompeii, we are tempted to admit ourselves as conscious of being brought into sympathy with Hellenic with Attic genius, before the stately figure of Iphigeneia in Tauris or the mental agony of Medea. It is to tragic passion and pathos as conceived and embodied by Euripides, that we are most frequently carried back by these pictures, and this is the case also with designs intermediate in date, upon the vases. On the large Apulian vases an arrangement is affected which recalls the theatrical distribution of interest, according to which the main action on the proscenium proceeds intermediately between the chorus in the orchestra and the arrangement of the *theologeion*, or elevated position where the gods were so frequently introduced to bring the entangled action to a close. The centre of the design is constantly occupied by a hall or portico, corresponding in position, as in its occupants, with the grand portal of the scene which so constantly represented access to a royal palace. The figures in this and on either side form an intermediate row, between a lower with which they are often shown in communication, as the occupants of the stage were with those of the orchestra, and an upper row which is comparatively subordinate, consisting of divinities and heroes, of whom many

it may be, appear attentive to what goes on below.

The Medea vase of Canosa ('Archaeol. Zeit.' 1847, taf. iii.) may be cited as an example. The hall inscribed as the palace of Creon exhibits him in despair, as his daughter, the victim of the jealous rage of Medea, writhes in the death-agony upon a richly embellished throne; her mother, a pedagogue, and attendants rush to help on either side, or are paralysed by alarm. Below, Medea, in the barbaric costume which intimates her Asiatic origin, has seized one of her children by the hair, and, regardless of the altar to which he fled, is on the point of stabbing him. The other child is being rescued by an attendant. Her faithless husband, Jason, is rushing with a spear from the opposite side, but manifestly too late. Between them is the serpent-drawn car which usually aids Medea in her flight. It is occupied by a figure in guise of a Fury, with serpents in hair and holding torches; the inscribed name, 'Oistros,' declares it a personification of maddening excitement. An aged figure in royal Asiatic costume witnesses the catastrophe, and the inscription, 'The Eidolon of Aetes,' the father of the unfilial Colchian murderess, seems to point the moral of the whole. The upper row of figures consists of Athene with Hercules in attendance, and, on the other side, the Dioscuri, identified by the stars above them. This row is closed in at either end by a Corinthian column surmounted by a tripod, which, as the usual dedication after a dramatic victory, confirms the inference that the vase-painter had some special tragedy in his mind.

It is not unlikely that the barbaric costumes of Medea and Aetes may have some general correspondence with those assigned to them on the Athenian stage; the same may be the case with the profusely embroidered and decorated dress in which the Phrygian Paris is usually arrayed, but not invariably, when he appears on the vases so frequently as a judge sitting alone to decide on the beauty of the rival goddesses, and deciding, in fact, with a view to his own preference for beauty over either intellect or power. But with respect to other personages either heroic or divine, the painters, even when most under the inspiring influence of the drama, could as little as the sculptors forego the beauty and contrasts of free drapery and the nude.

The Classes of Greek Actors and their Status.

The influence of the drama on morals may not come within the strict scope of our subject, and yet it can scarcely be left entirely aside. It can be treated but cursorily. There is a previous question too large to be considered here, as to how deep the influence of the very best art really penetrates into character,—into the character either of the artists themselves or of those who most appreciate what is best in their art. We are beset by apparent inconsistencies. There is a story of a Greek tyrant who rushed away hastily from a theatre from reluctance to let it be seen that he who had never shown a sense of mercy or pity to rivals or enemies, should be melted to tears at the sight of fictitious distress. That he became less truculent thereafter is not on record and is scarcely to be hoped. It was observed of the Athenians themselves and to the Athenians, that the keen sensibility which they displayed to the pathos of Sophocles and Euripides seemed to desert them when it was a question of the condemnation of an unfortunate general or massacre in cold blood of enemies by the thousand. We must make what we can of the difficulty which is not without a certain parallelism at this day. The contrast between the Athenians at a tragedy and the same Athenians under the influence of political passion, is scarcely greater than between them as responsive to the very finest appeals of Sophocles to their sense of purest taste and most refined morals, and as presently applauding the grossest language and gestures and the vilest calumnies of an Aristophanes or a Cratinus.

The actors themselves fall into two classes. The representatives of leading parts were but few in number; of these tradition and state regulations allowed the poet but three, and he had to make the best of them by contriving that some parts should be, as it is technically called, doubled. Even so, when three appeared on the stage at once, the part of the third was very subordinate, and made small demand on histrionic talent. Demosthenes, in the rare instance in which he gives some approach to the scurrility familiar with Cicero, contrasts his own position in society in early life with that which his rival Aeschines had occupied as a *tritagonistes*, an actor of the third parts, and a disgraceful failure even so. It was not, however, from contempt for the profession at large that he spoke. At the commencement of his own career he had profited by the friendly advice of the actor Satyrus, who taught him the defects of his elocution, and by what discipline to cure them. Other actors, his contemporaries, Aristodemus and Neoptolemus, were employed diplomatically to negotiate a peace with Philip of Macedon, and other like anecdotes might be adduced. The remuneration of the chief actors was at last on an extravagant scale, and this would go far, as in later times, to secure them a not undistinguished place in society.

But the case was somewhat different with the more numerous class of 'the train of Dionysus,' who composed the choruses or filled out the groups of the comic stage. In some respects, no doubt, the conditions of the Greek theatre in which the repre-

sentations were by daylight, were more favourable than those of the modern, as not turning over the troop to the 'nightside of nature,' and so tending to detach them from the more sober section of the world which obeys the call of open day to go about its business. Still the old comedy was anything but a school of even moderate decency for those who had to exhibit themselves as it demanded, and to deliver the lines which a poet unhesitatingly put down for them. Not that any distinction is made by Aristotle between one class of actors and another, when he inserts among his problems the blank query, Why are players—the train of Dionysus—men of such bad characters? The condemnation is as absolute as Bishop Earle's (1628) character of 'The common singing men in Cathedral churches'—'a bad society, and yet a company of good fellows that is deep in the quire, deeper in the tavern.' Is it, the philosopher suggests, because they are too much occupied with their profession to attend to study and philosophy, or because one set of them is corrupted by riches and the other by destitution?

The treatment of the actors by an Athenian audience was sometimes churlish enough. Not only hissing but pelting, pelting even to the infliction of bodily injury, was the ill-usage by which Demosthenes says that his opponent was driven at last to give up the sorry part of even a tritagonist. So far the Athenians compare with an English audience of about a century since. Baretti, writing in 1769, takes credit for the superiority of the Italians, who 'neither hiss nor pelt the actors—totally unacquainted with the brutal manner of annoying or hurting those who neither annoy nor hurt them.' The Parisians, according to Dr. Burney at the same date, were less indulgent than the Italians, but more so than the English and Athenians. 'They hissed, or *hished* rather, as vehemently as a Drury Lane or Covent Garden audience.' 'In short, it was condemned in all the English forms, except breaking the benches and the actors' heads.'

After all that has been said, however, be it admitted as possible that the Athenian love of the drama which the poorest enjoyed gratuitously, may not have been without some of that influence which Arthur Young believed he could trace at Venice, ascribing the extraordinary absence of crime in that city to the number and cheapness of the theatres.

Conclusion.

Aeschylus is credited with having both originated and carried to perfection the splendour and completeness of theatrical apparatus and appointments. Such an ascription may seem at variance with the reserved and majestic severity of his genius. But in the question of the due subordination of costume and other decorative adjuncts and enrichments to poetry, account is manifestly to be taken of the good taste and appropriateness in itself of such enrichment, and then of the relative value of the poetry as appreciated by the worthy poetic sensibility of the audience. When these relations are what they may and what they should be, the limit of enrichment may be very liberal indeed. But if the audience to be addressed is 'incapable of anything but inexplicable dumb-show,' or overdress and generally overdone extravagance, the poetry, of whatever admirable excellence in the drama, is at once subordinated; it would not be much missed if left out altogether. In such case it is unfortunately too true, that

'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give.'

Yet does not the drama, therefore, necessarily stand excused. The drama may be far, indeed, from being able to rebut the charge of having itself elected such patrons. The gist of such a charge is nothing less than that, under cover of fallacious pretensions to archaeological accuracy adjusted to flatter the pretentious and impose on the ignorant, it overdresses the characters, and overloads the stage with scenery so cumbrous, as to necessitate cutting away a large proportion of the poetry, and more than the poetry, from the very skeleton—the disarticulated skeleton—of what was once a living, energetic drama. The world is now numerous enough to fill a theatre, and overfill it, with audiences worthy of such profanations; and it may be, to drown the murmurs and the protests of the better friends whom the drama, so represented, of free choice rejects and sacrifices. But such, we may be sure, was not the case when tragedy, 'in sceptred pall,' swept over the proscenium of the Dionysiac theatre of Athens; when visitors from all states of Hellas, attracted ever by the rising marvels of Athenian genius, were attracted above all to the festivals when Aeschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, in the new tragedies of the year, made ever new revelations of the purifying principles of religious awe and sacred pathos.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

CHRIST CHURCH PRIORY, CANTERBURY.

ON the north side of Canterbury Cathedral are the remains of the great Priory of Christ Church, originally founded by Lanfranc on the plan of a Norman Benedictine monastery.

After all the changes they have witnessed, after all the transformations they have undergone, after the ravages of fire, after the havoc wrought by Puritan destroyers, and by the ignorance of modern restorers, and the decay of ages, a considerable portion of these conventual buildings still exists. Some are still in good preservation, others nothing but a picturesque ruin; but all alike, with their surroundings of soft, rich verdure, form a beautiful foreground to the stately Cathedral pile.

NORMAN ARCH & STAIRWAY CANTERBURY.

The labours of Professor Willis and the help of ancient drawings discovered in an illuminated Psalter preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge, make it easy to understand the original arrangement of the monastery in Norman days, and the successive additions and alterations made by later Priors. Throughout pre-Reformation times the general plan of Lanfranc's foundation seems to have been retained. The chapter-house, cloisters, refectory dormitories, infirmary, and other buildings used by the monks, were grouped together close under the north side of the church and cemetery, while the large, open space known as the Prior's or Green Court divided them from the stables, bake-house, brewery, and other offices.

Several of the most beautiful architectural fragments remaining are of late Norman work and belong to the middle of the twelfth century, when, after the completion of Prior Conrad's 'Glorious Choir' and the dedication in 1130, the Priors of Christ Church had more leisure to turn their attention to the monastery.

Of this period is the circular, bell-shaped tower of the lavatory, commonly called the Baptistery, at the corner of the Infirmary cloister and close to the dark entry or covered way leading to the Great Cloister. This was the work of Prior Wibert—'a man,' says the monk Gervase, 'worthy of praise and admirable in good works,' who first brought a supply of water into the Convent from a spring in a field, called the Holmes, three-quarters of a mile distant, and himself planned the complete system of waterworks by which the Cathedral precincts are supplied at the present day. His tower consisted of two storeys; and the upper one contained the circular laver, or marble cistern, at which the monks who passed from the dormitory, or cloister, through the vaulted passage into the crypt might wash their hands and faces on their way to church.

This portion of the tower was altered three centuries later by Prior Chillenden, who raised the roof and inserted Perpendicular windows in the place of the old Norman ones; but the lower storey remains as it was in Wibert's time, and its roof is a beautiful specimen of Norman ribbed vaulting, springing from a hollow central pillar, which contained the water-pipes that fed the laver above.

The memory of Wibert, who was Prior of Christ Church from 1153 to 1167, and died when Becket's quarrel with Henry II. was at its height, was long gratefully cherished by the monks whose benefactor he had been; and we may probably trace his hand in the Norman arches of the passage known as the Dark Entry and in the porch and staircase which now form the entrance to the King's School.

This ancient Porch—one of the finest fragments of Norman work to be seen in England—belonged to a large hall, known as the Aula Nova, or Strangers' Hall, which stood at the north-west corner of the Green Court, and was pulled down and rebuilt thirty years ago.

One of the first duties inculcated by the rule of

St. Benedict was the practice of hospitality, and accordingly we find that Christ Church Priory contained three separate groups of buildings set apart for the entertainment of strangers.

At the south-east corner of the Green Court, close to the Cathedral Choir, were the spacious apartments known as the *Camera Prioris*, in which the most illustrious guests were lodged. These rooms, built in Norman times, but afterwards greatly enlarged, are often spoken of as the Omers, or Homors, an appellation, probably derived, as Professor Willis suggests, from a grove of elms—*ormeaux*—just as a portion of the monks' cemetery bore the name of The Oaks, and another piece of ground within the precincts is called in old documents The Gymewes, from *guimaux*—marsh-mallow. The whole group of buildings, including the Banqueting Hall, known by the name of 'Meister Omers,' were broken up into prebends' houses at the Dissolution, when as many as three stalls were provided with residences out of these ancient Hospitia.

On the western side of the Green Court, near the kitchen and refectory, and divided by the Prior's rooms by the monastic buildings, were the Guest Hall and lodgings, afterwards rebuilt and enlarged by Chillenden for the second class of visitors, who were under the special charge of the Cellarer, a monk who had the superintendence of the kitchen and other offices of the monastery.

Finally, close to the Court Gate was the great Hall, known first as the Aula Nova, in later days as Hog Hall, where the poorest pilgrims found food and shelter. Near this Hall outside the convent precincts was the Almonry Yard, where, by command of Archbishop Winchelsea, the poor who begged for alms at the door were fed daily on the fragments—'which were many and great'—left daily at the monks' tables, and which were brought under a pentise, or covered way that led from the kitchen to the Court Gateway.

The Hall itself, a late Norman structure, was rebuilt in 1855, but the porch and external staircase, indicated in Wibert's plan of the Priory Waterworks, fortunately remains unaltered, and is valuable as the only construction of the kind in England. The round arches are enriched with varied and beautiful ornaments, and the slender marble pillars on either side of the steps have scolloped capitals—as Somner said, 'a very graceful ascent,'—with its worn edges, blackened columns, and air of venerable decay, an admirable subject for the artist's pencil.

Seven years after the death of Prior Wibert, of good memory, came the terrible fire, which reduced the Glorious Choir to ashes, and, in the pathetic words of Gervase, changed 'a paradise of pleasure into a weary wilderness.' During many years the priors were engaged in rebuilding those portions of the Cathedral and adjoining buildings which had perished in the flames. Prior Sittingbourne, who was banished during six years in the long quarrel between King John and Langton, adorned the cloisters with a graceful arcade and rich doorways in the Early English style, then generally in use; and about the middle of the century Roger de St. Alphege built the Prior's Chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, which was pulled down two hundred years ago. No other important works were accomplished till the close of the century, when Henry De Estria held the Prior's office during forty-six years.

This 'very great and valuable man,' as he is called in the Obituary, 'lived till the age of ninety-two, and died, during the celebration of High Mass, on the 6th of April, 1331.' Among the many memorable things recorded of him we find a long list of 'sumptuous foundations' and 'extensive repairs' executed within the precincts of Christ Church. While the jewels which he lavished on Becket's Corona, and the clock which he placed in the Cathedral at a time there was only one other in England—at Westminster Hall—excited the admiration of his contemporaries, his chief claim on our gratitude to-day is the beautiful stonework screen with which he adorned the choir. The doorway and two large windows, in the same decorated style of the present Chapter House, were also De Estria's work, as was also the building known as the 'Old Cheker,' which formerly stood at the north end of the Dark Entry, adjoining the Priors' apartments. One of Prior De Estria's special merits was his careful administration of the large revenues of the monastery, and the exact account which he took of the lands and income of Christ Church. Accordingly we find that he built this two-storeyed pile above the Infirmary Cloister, to be the counting-house of the monastery, where all accounts were kept and business matters in general were transacted. The name 'Cheker,' by which it became popularly known, was probably derived from Camera ad Saccarium, under which title it appears in the list of De Estria's works. After the Dissolution the building was allotted to the Dean as part of his lodging, and in later times it became successively the residence of one of the Six Preachers and the Choristers' School, until it was pulled down in 1866. Henry De Estria's immediate successors—Prior Oxenden and Prior Hathbrande—both directed their attention to the repair and improvement of the Infirmary. The chapel was transformed from the Norman into the Decorated style, several chambers for the use of the sick were added, and a large stone hall erected as a refectory. At the Dissolution all the Infirmary buildings were transformed into prebendal houses, but in Dean Alford's time these were in their turn demolished as superfluous, and a considerable portion of the Infirmary Hall and Chapel was again laid bare, and left standing on the north side of the Cathedral Choir.

Prior Hathbrande built a new kitchen in place of the Norman one, and both he and De Estria made large additions to the Priors' lodgings—that group of buildings at the south-east corner of the Green Court, which now form so picturesque a ruin between the Deanery and the Cathedral. Here was the chamber known as 'Le Gloriet,' a term applied by French writers to a small banqueting-hall or a room at the top of a tower; and here, too, the Gateway Tower, known first as the Prior's, afterwards as the Dean's, Study, was erected and decently adorned with fair glass windows by a later Prior, William Sellyng. But the greatest builder of all the Priors was Thomas Chillenden, who succeeded in 1391, and held office during twenty years. It would be impossible to enumerate here one half of the long list of his works preserved in the roll discovered by Professor Willis in the Chapter records. His whole life, and all the resources of the monastery, were devoted to these splendid enterprises, which, in Somner's words, have made his name worthy of eternal memory.

CHRIST CHURCH CLOISTERS, CANTERBURY.

Leland, who visited Canterbury just after the Dissolution, when his great works were still fresh in the minds of the citizens, speaks of him as the greatest builder of a Prior that ever was in Christ Church, and mentions, among his good deeds, the restoration of the Chequers Inn at the corner of the High Street, and the Town Wall of the Precincts, which, with three square towers between Northgate and Queeningate, was also rebuilt by him.

There is scarcely a corner of the conventual buildings where we do not meet with traces of his hand—here a Perpendicular doorway, there a row of windows, here again a chamber still in good preservation. Besides his three great works—the rebuilding of the Cathedral nave, the completion of the Chapter House, and erection of the Cloisters—he repaired the Dormitory and Lavatory, added rooms to the Infirmary and Prior's Lodgings, rebuilt the banquet-hall, known as Meist' Omers, the brewhouse, stables, barns, tailor's shop, and Cellarer's Lodgings. To these he added 'a new chamber for hospitality,' which bore during long years the name of Chillenden's Guest Chambers, and now forms part of the Bishop of Dover's house.

The Perpendicular windows of the Chapter House, and the beautiful oak roof which it still retains, were his work; and so also was the greater part of the 'goodly cloister,' which won the admiration of Leland, who saw it in its original beauty and completeness.

The demolition of the Cathedral nave, which Archbishop Sudbury found in so ruinous a state that it had to be taken down, entailed the destruction of the South Walk of the Norman cloisters, and a document of 1397 describes the task of rebuilding the whole as imperative. Prior Chillenden began the work, and, although it was left incomplete at his death, the design undoubtedly belongs to him.

In the place of the shed-roof and single columns of the old Norman cloister, he erected a richly groined vaulting, composed of seventeen ribs springing from each shaft, and adorned at the intersections with carved bosses. In front we have a series of mullioned and traceried openings, divided by pinnacled but-

tresses, and crowned with crocketed and ogeed hood mouldings. To-day crockets and pinnacles are shattered, the stones of the blackened arches are slowly crumbling away, but in all the Precincts there is no pleasanter spot than this old cloister-walk, where the grass grows thick and long over the tombstones, and swallows skim the blue air overhead round the topmost storeys of the great Cathedral tower.

Nowhere else can we better study the different styles of successive ages than in the back walls of these alleys, which Professor Willis calls 'a perfect museum of mediaeval architecture.' Here we see in the north alley along the Refectory wall the slender arcades of Prior Sittingbourne's work, unfortunately ruined by the insertion of Chillenden's shafts. In the east walk we have first the fine old Norman doorway leading into the Dormitory, next the Perpendicular entrance to the Dark Entry; then the Decorated doorway and windows of the Chapter House; then another door of Perpendicular workmanship; and, lastly, the richly-carved Early English portal, which replaced the door by which Becket passed into the transept on the day of his martyrdom. This last elaborately ornamented doorway has been defaced by the addition, in Archbishop Morton's time, of an archway of late Perpendicular work. The south-west walk of the cloister belongs entirely to Chillenden's time, and here accordingly the doorways correspond with his design. But one doorway in the west alley leading from the Archbishop's palace retains traces of older Norman work on the other side of the wall, and thus betrays its more ancient origin. This, strange to say, was the very door through which Becket entered the cloisters when pursued by his murderers on that fatal evening.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century the south walk of the cloisters was glazed by Prior Sellyng, who fitted this alley up with 'pewes and *carrells*,' wainscoted with oak, and furnished with desks for the use of the monks at their studies. About the same period the groined roof of the cloisters was adorned with that vast display of shields bearing the arms of illustrious benefactors to the Cathedral, emblazoned in their heraldic colours. These carved shields, as many as eight hundred and eleven in number, were formerly inscribed with the name of the owner, whose arms they bore, and, in their original condition, must have filled these dark alleys with a perfect blaze of glowing colour.

Whether the great master-builder who reared this Cloister was himself the actual architect of all these noble works we cannot tell, but we know that he personally directed their execution; and in a deed of gift to the Cathedral, drawn up in 1397, Archbishop Arundel expresses the hope that the construction of the nave may be speedily continued, lest its final completion be retarded by the loss of that very great and excellent man the present Prior.

The Primate's hope was destined to find fulfilment. The Cathedral works were vigorously carried on by the indefatigable Prior, and Chillenden died on the Feast of the Assumption, 1411—in the very year that the nave was completed. He was buried in the Cathedral nave—'a stately pile,' remarked the historian of Canterbury, 'and chiefly of his raising.' A Latin epitaph on the tomb recorded this as the one of all his works by which he desired to be remembered. Here, too, before three years had expired, his faithful friend and munificent helper, Archbishop Arundel, was laid to rest.

After Chillenden's time the most active building Priors were Thomas Goldstone I., who finished the bell-tower at the south of the nave, and added a chapel on the north side of the church, and William Sellyng (1472–1494), who, besides the works already mentioned, built the city wall and towers between Queeningate and Burgate, and the Library over the Priors' Chapel. His greatest work of all, on which he had bestowed a vast amount of time and thought—the Central Tower—was completed, within a year of his death, by his successor, Prior Goldstone II., an equally distinguished architect, 'in nothing,' we are told, 'more famous than for his much building.' Already in Prior Sellyng's lifetime he had taken a leading part in the building of Bell Harry Steeple; and when this great work was accomplished he turned his attention to repairs and improvements in the monastery, where his arms—three gold stones, the mitre, and staff—bore record in many places to his zeal. Among other works, he added an Oratory to the Priors' Chapel, with hagioscopes looking into the north-east transept of the Cathedral, by which means the Prior and his guests could, from their private sanctuary, assist at the celebration of Mass in the chapels below. He also built the 'new, beautiful, and excellent edifice commonly called the New Lodgyng, near the ancient house of the Prior called Le Gloriet.' This 'New Lodgyng,' intended by Goldstone exclusively for the exercise of hospitality, became at the Dissolution the residence of the Dean, and retained its original form little altered until the present century. Last of all, Prior Goldstone began the great Gateway at the entrance of the Precincts leading across the outer cemetery to the south porch of the Cathedral. At his death, in 1517, he left a sum of money to be expended on its completion, and the inscription on the walls shows that it was finished in the same year.

This noble Gatehouse is a worthy monument of the last of the long race of Prior-architects. Its massive structure presents a marked contrast to the beautiful decorated Gateway of St. Augustine's—the

only portal in Canterbury which can at all compare with this fine specimen of the late Perpendicular period.

Far loftier than any of the Norman gatehouses which belong to Christ Church, Prior Goldstone's Gate has two storeys of chambers above its wide archway, flanked by octagonal turrets, which formerly rose high above the parapet, as in St. Augustine's Gateway, and were only reduced to the level of the rest of the building at the beginning of the present century. Its broad surface is adorned with a goodly array of niches, filled up with angels and with a row of panels enriched with heraldic devices, while the large, canopied niche above the central archway was occupied by the figure of Christ. This was the large stone image which that notorious fanatic Blue Dick and his Philistine band pulled down with ropes in 1642, asserting as his reason for this outrage that he had seen travellers kneel to worship it in the street.

The erection of Christ Church Gate and the death of Goldstone mark the last stage in the history of the venerable Priory. Cathedral and Monastery now stood complete—a fabric rarely excelled in beauty and variety of architecture. If the great Church, with its glorious towers, and glittering shrine, its stained windows, and splendid tapestries, was a sight marvellous to behold; the Priory, with its noble Chapter House and fair Cloisters, its guest-chambers and banquet-halls, its Prior's mansion and chapels, towers and gateways, gave the stranger an impression of almost equal magnificence.

But now the end was near, and the days of the Priory were already numbered. Goldstone's successor, Thomas Goldwell, was the last Prior who held office in Christ Church. In 1539 the ancient monastery was dissolved and the Prior and monks were ejected. In their stead a Dean, twelve prebendaries, and six preachers, were appointed, on a plan drawn up by Henry VIII. himself. Cranmer appointed Nicholas Wotton to be the first Dean, and offered Goldwell a prebendal stall, but the aged Prior refused to accept office under the new system, and retired into private life.

From that time the history of Christ Church is one long tale of decay and ruin. The Chapter House was turned into a preaching house, the great Dormitory pulled down to furnish materials for the residences of petty canons and vicars, the Infirmary halls and Priors' guest-chambers were mutilated and partitioned off into prebendal houses, while the Cathedral crypt was used as a workshop by Walloon refugees, and as a cellar where the prebendaries stored their wood and wine.

The buildings on which Wibert and De Estria, Chillenden and Sellyng, had lavished an untold wealth of love and care, were left to moulder away, neglected and forgotten, or broken in pieces by the hammer of Puritan fanatics. Others, which escaped this fate almost by miracle, were pulled down in later days to make room for modern improvements.

When we reflect on these things, and look around us on the remains of this ancient monastery, we begin to feel thankful that, after all, these precious fragments of the Prior-builders' work have been spared to a generation which has better learnt to reverence and value the monuments of bygone days.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

S. MARIA DEL POPOLO.

THE Church of S. Maria del Popolo in Rome, from its varied collection of important works of art, in some respects occupies a unique position among the many rich churches of Rome, and even the whole of Italy, and is worthy of more careful study than it generally receives not only from the tourist, but even from the student of the development of art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It not only contains a very large number of sculptured monuments from the *bottega* of Mino da Fiesole, two of the principal works of Andrea Sansovino, and many magnificently decorative paintings by Pinturicchio, but one of its chapels, designed by Raphael, is ornamented with mosaic, for which he drew the cartoons, and contains the only important work of sculpture which bears witness to the almost universal character of his artistic talents.

The early history of this church is a strange one. After the suicide of Nero in A.D. 68, the Senate expressed its loathing of his character by a decree of *Memoriae damnatio*, and by prohibiting his interment in the Mausoleum of Augustus, the burial-place of the Caesars. His body was therefore interred by his mistress Acte and two faithful servants in the Tomb of the Domitii on the Collis Hortulorum, or Pincian Hill. But even here the unquiet spirit of Nero found no rest. Many centuries after, the people of Rome were affrighted by shrieks as of tortured souls and ghostly apparitions, which were seen at nightfall in the woods and thickets of the Pincian slopes, so that, as the Monkish chronicler says, 'No man dared pass that way for fear of what he might hap to see and hear.'* In their trouble the people appealed at last to the Pope Paschal II., who was Pontiff at the time when these ghostly visitations reached their climax; and he, advised in a dream by the Virgin herself, went in procession with all the Cardinals and Arch-priests of Rome to the haunted spot, and there, with his own hands, sawed down a certain walnut-tree, which had been the centre of the ghostly sights and sounds; this he did regardless of the demons, who with roarings like that of lions strove to terrify the holy Father. Under this tree the body of Nero was found—cause of all the hellish riot—and on this very spot Paschal II. laid the foundation of the high altar of a church dedicated to the Virgin, under the name of Santa Maria ad Portam Flaminiam.

This happened in the year 1099.

The name 'ad Portam Flaminiam' was more topographically correct than has usually been supposed. Mainly on the strength of a misinterpreted passage of Procopius (*Bell. Goth.* i. 23) Roman antiquaries have usually supposed that the Flaminian gate in the wall of Aurelianus was, not on the site of the modern Porta del Popolo, but higher up on the slopes of the Pincian hill.

In 1879, however, when this gate was partly rebuilt, remains were found which clearly showed that this was really the site of the old gate, and, therefore, that the modern Corso probably occupies the old line of the Via Flaminia.

The name S. Maria del Popolo, by which this church is usually known, was given to it from the fact that it was founded to relieve the terrors of the people, and built, partly at least, by a public subscription. That the story about its origin is not a mere popular legend, but a solemnly accredited tradition of the church, is borne witness to by a large inscribed slab in the pavement of the retro-choir.

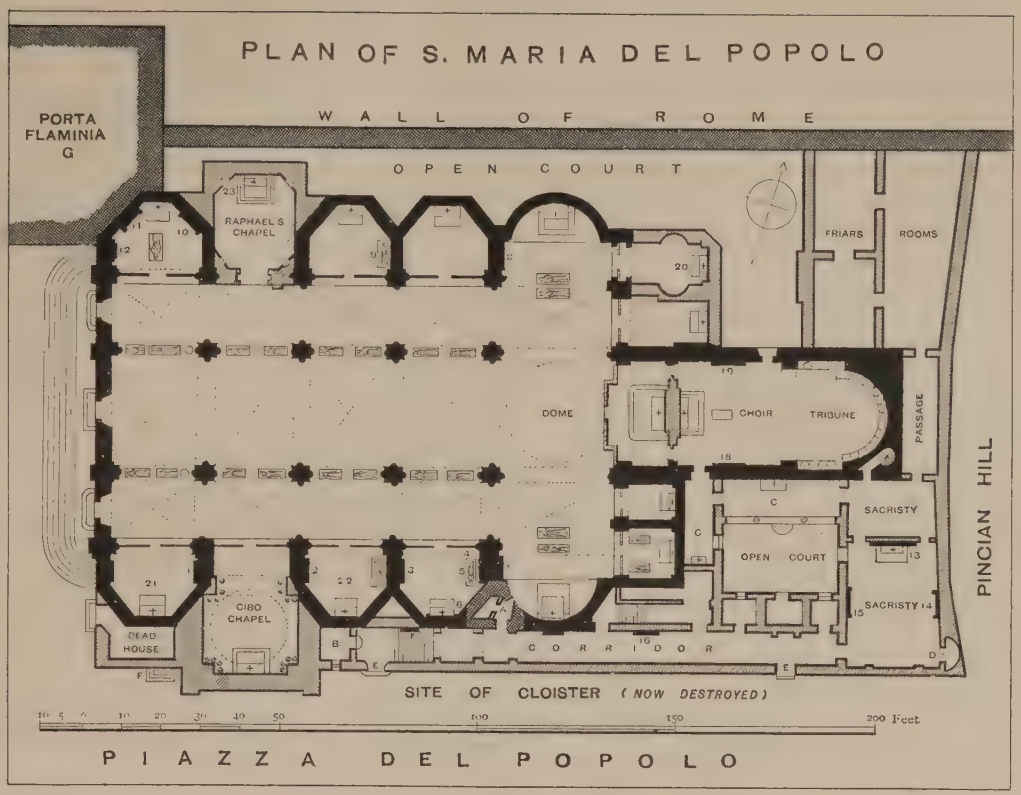
Very little now remains of the church built by Paschal, or indeed of anything earlier than the fifteenth century. The Campanile, a simple stone tower with round window-arches, is probably the only visible part of the original church; to the time of Paschal also belongs the long line of enclosure wall which also forms part of the general wall of Rome (*see plan*). The original wall and its towers, built by Aurelian in A.D. 270, were probably pulled down by Paschal to make more room for the site of the church, which afterwards became one of the parish churches of Rome, and gives the title to a cardinal-priest. In the fifteenth century a convent of Augustine friars was attached to it, and their large monastic buildings, cloister, and gardens, occupied the whole side of the present Piazza del Popolo, at the foot and on the slopes of the Pincian hill. In this monastery Luther lived as a guest during his momentous stay in Rome in 1510.

In 1811 Pius VII. pulled down the greater part of the monastery with its handsome cloisters, adorned with paintings by Pinturicchio, and then laid out the terraces and steps which now form a handsome approach to the Pincian hill.

A fresco in the Vatican library, painted in the seventeenth century, though a poor work of art, is interesting as giving a general view of the church as it was left by its architect in the fifteenth century, and its extensive monastic buildings, of which little other record now exists.

About the middle of the fifteenth century began in Rome that great revival of art, which may be

* *Historiarum Sanctissimae et gloriosissimae Virginis Deiparae de Populo almae urbis Compendium.* By the Austin Prior Jacobus de Albericis. Printed in Rome in 1599.



RFFERENCES TO PLAN.

The *black* shows the church as rebuilt by Pintelli in 1477. The *dark shading*, all earlier than that. The *light shading*, additions, and parts rebuilt in the sixteenth century and later.

A Campanile of Paschal II., c. A.D. 1100.

B Camera di Udienza. (Parish room.)

C C Chantry Chapels, outside the Church.

D Lavabo of Sacristy.

E E Doors which once led into the Cloister.

F Ancient Sarcophagus, used as a fountain.

G One of the Towers built by Aurelianus, A.D. 270, to flank the Porta Flaminia; destroyed in 1879.

1 to 17.—*SCULPTURE OF THE SCHOOL OF MINO DA FIESOLE.*

South Side of Nave.

1. Tomb of Cristoforo della Rovere, a Cardinal-Priest, brother of Sixtus IV., who died in 1479.

2. Tomb of Giovanni della Rovere, nephew of Sixtus IV., who died in 1483; in the lunette over the effigy is a Pietà painted by Pinturicchio.

3. Tomb of Marco Antonio Albertoni, d. 1485, of the plague.

4. Tomb of Cardinal Costa, d. 1508.

5. Floor-slab with effigy in high relief of Archbishop Georgius Bracharinus, c. 1480.

6. Marble Reredos, with figures of St. Catherine, St. Vincent, and St. Antony of Padua.

7. *S. Transept.*—Tomb of Cardinal Podocatharo, c. 1480.

8. *N. Transept.*—Tomb of Card. Lonati, about the same date.

9. *North Side of Nave Aisle.*—Tomb of Card. Millino, d. 1478.

10. Tabernacle for Oleum Sanctum.

11. A similar tabernacle enclosing the font.

12. Tomb of Card. Pallavicini. This monument was executed in 1501, after an earlier model. In front of it is a floor-slab with a fine relief of Bishop Giov. Montemirabile, d. 1479.

Sacristy.

13. Borgia Reredos of 1473, moved from the High Altar.

14. Tomb of Juan Ortega Gomiel, Bishop of Burgos, c. 1480.

15. Tomb of Pietro Rocca, Archbishop of Salerno, d. 1482.

Corridor.

16. Reredos, with relief of the Virgin between St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Augustine, dated 1497.

17. Tomb of Hector Malvitius, a Bolognese knight, d. 1488.

Over the door of the Camera di Udienza, close by, is a fine thirteenth-century relief of the Coronation of the Virgin by one of the Cosmati.

Choir.

18 & 19. Tombs of Card. Girolomo Bassa della Rovere, nephew of Sixtus IV., 1507, and Card. Ascanio Maria Sforza, 1505; both the work of Andrea Sansovino, erected by the orders of Julius II.

On the floor between them is the slab inscribed with the legend of the founding of the Church. Above them are the two stained glass windows by William and Claude of Marseilles, also made for Julius II.

In addition to this long list of sculpture there are a number of low marble screens shutting off the octagonal Chapels, with delicate reliefs of the School of Mino, and also a half-length of the Madonna over the west central door. Between the nave piers, and at other places in the pavement (see plan), are a number of fine sepulchral effigies in relief, of various dates in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Many of these are interesting for their illustration of costume both clerical and lay; they include fine figures of archbishops, bishops, canons, and friars, as well as lawyers and soldiers. The greater part of these are purely Florentine, both in design and execution, much resembling the beautiful effigies in low relief on the floor of S. Croce in Florence.

In the Chapel marked 22 is a bronze figure of a bishop, which looks like the work of the Sienese Vecchietta, a very remarkable piece of realism.

At 20 (north transeptal Chapel) is a fine statue of St. Catherine, by Giulio Mazzoni of Piacenza, of the sixteenth century, a third-rate sculptor, who in this instance has produced a work of great merit.

FRESCOES BY PINTURICCHIO.

21. Altar-piece of the Adoration of the Shepherds, lunettes of scenes in St. Jerome's life, with restored decorations on the walls and vault; executed for Domenico della Rovere, in 1480, immediately after his death.

22. Altar-piece of the Madonna enthroned: Monochromatic dado with scenes of Martyrdom. Large fresco of the Assumption of the Virgin on the east wall, and the whole vault and its lunettes painted with scenes from the life of the Virgin. Floor of maiolica tiles, of c. 1480. The next Chapel has paintings of the four Latin Doctors. The whole vault of the Choir (over 18 and 19) is magnificently decorated by Pinturicchio. Other paintings by him existed in the original Cibo Chapel rebuilt in 1700, and in the great cloister destroyed by Pius VII. in 1811.

Raphael Chapel (that of the Chigi family).

23. Statue of Jonah, and dome with mosaics, both designed by Raphael.

said to have commenced with the arrival of Fra Angelico in 1447, invited by Nicholas V. to paint the walls of his miniature private chapel in the Vatican. For nearly a century and a half before that, ever since the death of Giovanni, the youngest of the Cosmati, soon after the year 1300, little or nothing of any artistic value had been produced in Rome, and the succeeding century, the most fertile, perhaps, in the production of priceless works of art which the Christian era has ever seen, enriched Rome, and especially the church of S. Maria del Popolo, with a variety of art-treasures, which were, however, almost wholly the work of northern artists. The truth is, that the Romans, both during and since classical times, have ever been a thoroughly inartistic race. With one brilliant exception, that of the three generations of the Cosmati during the whole of the thirteenth century,* Rome has owed very little indeed to native talent; and it was not till the decadence of art had fairly set in that the names of native Romans became prominent in any branch of the fine arts.

In 1477 this church was completely rebuilt by the Florentine, Baccio Pintelli, under the patronage of the Della Rovere, Pope Sixtus IV. (1471–84). To various members of this family, including Julius II., and to other Papal families, that of Innocent VIII. (Giov. Cibo), 1484–1492; and of Alexander VI. (Roderigo Borgia), 1492–1503, this church owes most of its rich treasures of art.

Baccio Pintelli, an architect of some merit, also designed in Rome the churches of S. Pietro in Montorio and S. Agostino. This latter church and that with which we are now dealing are remarkable for being the first buildings in Rome, since classical times, in which the dome was used. In both these cases it is at the crossing of the transepts, and is used very timidly, the domes not being sufficiently elevated to form any important part of the exterior design.

Unhappily, the whole interior of S. Maria del Popolo was remodelled and covered with the most tasteless stucco decorations by Bernini in the seventeenth century, and, except the general proportions of the plan and the west façade, little now remains visible of Pintelli's design; even the façade has been disfigured by the addition of feebly curved side walls over the aisles, quite out of harmony with the simple pilasters and cornices of semi-classical form, which emphasize the main lines of this and all Pintelli's exteriors.

The engraving on the preceding page shows the plan of the church with the remaining part of the monastery; the latter was mostly rebuilt in the early part of the present century. It is five storeys high, reaching to the summit of the Pincian hill, against which it stands.

It will be seen that the plan of the church, as rebuilt by Baccio Pintelli, is thoroughly Gothic in character. It is vaulted throughout with simple quadripartite vaulting, without groin-ribs. At the apex of each compartment is a shield bearing the arms of Sixtus IV. (Della Rovere)—an oak-tree within a wreath, very gracefully modelled in stucco. After the usual Italian fashion, the thrust of the vaulting is counteracted, not by flying buttresses, but by iron ties at the springing of each bay. One of Pintelli's churches, that of S. Agostino, has very massive flying buttresses, but no attempt is made to treat them in a decorative manner, and they are very rarely used at all in the churches of Central Italy. Originally the nave-chapels were all uniform, semi-octagonal in plan: one of these was rebuilt from Raphael's design by the wealthy Sienese, Agostino Chigi, in 1515. That opposite to it, on the south side, originally built for Card. Lorenzo Cibo, a brother of Innocent VIII., was rebuilt in 1700 by Carlo Fontana for another Cardinal, a member of the same family. Thus Pinturicchio's frescoes, with which its walls were decorated, were all destroyed, and the ruthless Cardinal even turned out the tomb of Lorenzo Cibo, the original founder, a very lovely work of the School of Mino da Fiesole, because it was not in harmony with the dull pseudo-classic of Fontana's design. Though the effigy is destroyed, the rest of the tomb, with its beautiful reliefs of the Madonna, to whom a kneeling figure of Lorenzo Cibo is presented by St. Lawrence, and the Cardinal Virtues, is preserved in the little church of S. Cosimato in Trastevere, where it is made into the reredos of a side-altar: the position of the lost effigy and its sarcophagus being occupied by a tawdry modern altar. The Cibo chapel, though not remarkable for any beauty of design, is entirely lined with the most magnificent Oriental marbles, all stolen from classical buildings in Rome. Its columns are of the rare red jasper, and the vault and walls are panelled with the Phrygian *pavonazetto*, the Numidian *giallo*, *verde antico* from Greece, Oriental alabaster from Egypt, and other brilliant and richly-coloured marbles, which were imported in immense quantities to adorn the temples and palaces of ancient Rome.

The combined parochial and monastic character of this church is shown by the arrangements of the choir and tribune, behind the great seventeenth-century reredos and high altar. Against this is the altar of the Augustine Friars, whose stalls are ranged round the apse—a survival of the old Basilica arrangement, according to which the celebrant at the high altar stood with his back to the apse, and looked *over* the altar towards the people. In this early

* Even the Cosmati were not Romans by descent, though they frequently style themselves 'Civis Romanus.'

arrangement the apse was set at the west end of the church, so that the celebrant faced east, but it survived in many later churches, which, like this, have the apse at the east end, thus forcing the celebrant at the monastic altar to face in the wrong direction. The only part of the church which has escaped being covered with the tasteless stucco ornaments of Bernini is the vaulting of the nave, choir, and transepts, which by its simple dignity contrasts strongly with the gaudy decorations of the rest of the building.

Among the many Florentines which the new-born love for art attracted to Rome in the second half of the fifteenth century, there was no one man whose visits to the Papal city were more fruitful of results than Mino da Fiesole.* He spent altogether seven or eight years in Rome, visiting it first in 1454, secondly in 1463, and again in 1473. For half a century the influence of Mino on the sculpture of Rome was paramount; not only did he produce with his own hand a number of tombs, altars, reredoses, and other pieces of sculpture, for the great basilica of St. Peter's and other churches, but, what was more important still, he founded in Rome a large school of sculptors, who, working from the designs and under the supervision of the master, produced an immense number of works of art, varying indeed in excellence of execution, but every one imbued with some of the delicate grace and refinement for which the reliefs and statues of Mino are so pre-eminently remarkable.

TOMB OF BISHOP GOMIEL, OF BURGOS.

Unhappily, comparatively few of the lovely pieces of sculpture by Mino's own hand still exist. His pulpit, made for St. Peter's in 1463, and his tomb of Paul II., were broken to pieces when the ancient Basilica was destroyed a few years after, through the commencement of a new era in art, which wholly broke with all the old mediaeval traditions, and rapidly lost all trace of that religious spirit which strongly imbues the works of all the earlier masters.

No church in Rome bears the impress of Mino's genius so strongly as S. Maria del Popolo: and in some of its exquisitely beautiful tombs and retables it is possible to trace, almost with certainty, the delicate touch of Mino's own hand. No less than seventeen important pieces of sculpture of this school are here preserved (see plan), every one of which is worthy of careful study. Many others have been removed or destroyed, first when the Cibo Chapel was rebuilt in 1700, and again when Pius VII. pulled down the great cloister. Moreover, three of the most beautiful pieces of sculpture have been taken out of the church and stowed away in the sacristy, where they are seldom seen, to make room for monuments of the seventeenth century, whose only merit is the richness of the marbles of which they are made. The chief of these works of Mino's school is a marble reredos, which once stood in the church above the high altar: it is dated 1473, and has on its *predella* the Borgia arms, surmounted by a Cardinal's hat: it was the gift of Roderigo Borgia, who afterwards disgraced the Papal throne under the title of Alexander VI. Its central arched panel, originally designed to frame a miraculous picture of the Madonna painted by St. Luke, which is still over the high altar, now contains a fine tempera painting of the same subject on stucco, apparently the work of some fourteenth-century Sienese painter. This interesting picture, painted on the wall of some part of the monastic buildings, had been covered up and forgotten, till it was again brought to light during the demolition of the monastery in the early part of this century. The shallow niches on each side contain statuettes of the four Latin Doctors; and in the spandrels of the arch are two most lovely reliefs of adoring angels, of such grace in attitude and delicacy of execution that they can hardly have been the work of other hands than that of Mino himself. The tombs which this sacristy now contains are two of the most beautiful in Rome, almost, if not quite, equal in refined grace and dignity of conception to the more widely known monuments by Mino in the Badia of Florence.

The tomb of Bishop Gomiel, of Burgos (No. 14 on plan), has a recumbent effigy of the most unrivalled beauty: the dignified folds of the chasuble, the pose of the hands, and the calm nobility of the beautiful face, stilled in a quiet sleep, which only brings the idea of death before one by the completeness of its peace, which evidently neither pain nor trouble can

* As an artist Mino was purely Florentine, though born in the neighbouring hill village of Fiesole.

again disturb. This Bishop died in the year 1498, as is recorded on the monument, which must have been executed several years before, during Bishop Gomiel's own lifetime—a very common practice among ecclesiastics of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and which, if not remembered, is often liable to mislead the student as to the date of the execution of sepulchral monuments in Rome and elsewhere.

S. VINCENT, S. CATHERINE, AND S. ANTONY OF PADUA.

The tomb opposite, that of Pietro Rocca, Archbishop of Salerno (No. 15 on plan), who died in 1482, has an effigy of almost equal beauty, while the rest of the monument is more elaborate than that opposite. It is modelled on a type, used especially but not solely by Mino, which is more or less closely followed in nearly all the numerous tombs of his school which are scattered throughout so many of the Roman churches. The recumbent figure lies on a bed, stretched upon a sarcophagus of semi-classical form, enriched with delicate reliefs, usually looped-up flower-garlands, which in some cases, as in the tomb of Card. Riario in the Santi Apostoli, are borne up by lovely figures of angel-boys. The plinth under this sarcophagus frequently has a relief of some sacred subject, with the armorial bearings of the occupant of the tomb. In this case the relief represents the Crucifixion between the Virgin and St. John. The inferior touch of a pupil is visible in this relief, the motive of which as in many of these tombs, is very superior to the execution.

MARCO ANTONII EQVITIS ROMANI
FILO EX NOBILI ALBERTONVM FAMILIA
CORPORE ANIMO Q INSIGNI
QVI ANNVM AGENS XXX
PESTE INGVINARIA INTERIIT
AN SALVTIS CHRISTIANAE
M CCCC LXXXV DIE XXII IV
HEREDES B M P

TOMB OF MARCO ANTONIO ALBERTONI.

In the tympanum of the round arch, which forms a shallow canopy over the effigy, there is usually a relief, or, more rarely, a painting. The subject most frequently introduced is a half-length figure of the Madonna and Child, between adoring angels: and this is the case in Archbishop Rocca's monument. Here, again, it is impossible to doubt that these upper reliefs are, at least in part, from the master's own hand. Not only the refined delicacy and sweetness of expression common to all Mino's works bears witness to this, but also certain peculiarities of treatment which usually distinguish his sculpture from that of Verocchio, Benedetto da Maiano, Rossellino, and other contemporary Florentines, whose work to some extent resembles that of Mino da Fiesole. In his work, especially in the faces of the Madonna, there is commonly a slight thinness in the bridge of the nose, and sharpness in the edges of the lips, recalling, though of course very slightly, the typical Chinese treatment of the female face. In Mino's sculpture it is not carried so far as to be a blemish on the physical beauty of the Virgin, but it simply removes any possible taint of earthliness or sensuality.

It would be impossible in the limits of one article to give any description of the whole of the sculptured

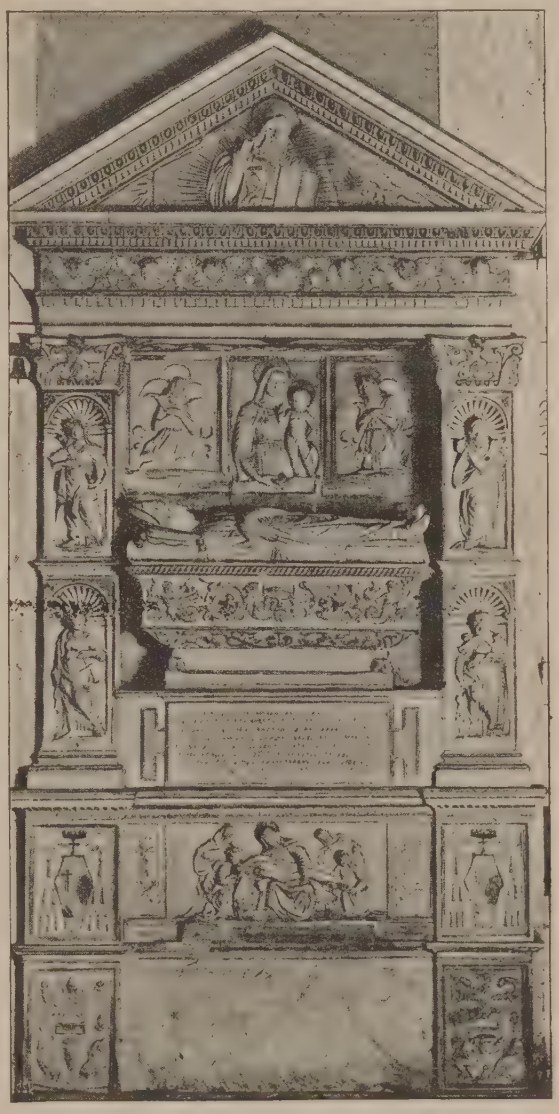
works of this school which enrich the church of S. Maria del Popolo. A few may be selected as specimens. Besides the reredos now in the sacristy, there is another in one of the southern chapels of the nave (No. 6 on plan)—a work of the most wonderful beauty. Three shallow niches between enriched pilasters, which support an entablature, contain single figures in high relief, about half life-size. In the centre is St. Catherine of Alexandria, at her right St. Vincent in deacon's dress, and on her left St. Antony of Padua in monastic garb, holding a large lily.

The head of St. Catherine is of a noble type, with features of classical regularity; her drapery is graceful and skilfully arranged, so as to contrast with the stiffer folds of the monk and deacon at her sides. Above are three medallions with reliefs representing the Annunciation to the Virgin, treated in a manner more pictorial than sculpturesque, and executed with almost gem-like minuteness of detail. In these, and in some other marble miniatures of this school, ivory rather than marble is suggested by the delicacy of the work, a material in which Mino da Fiesole (like the earlier Mino of Pisa) did occasionally work, probably not without some effect upon his style. In like manner the frequent habit of working in silver obviously influenced the touch of Ghiberti, the Pollaiuoli, Verrocchio, and other artists, even when they were using quite different materials. An influence which on the whole was for good; teaching, as the use of the precious metals does, precision of touch and completeness of finish, though occasionally, perhaps, there was some loss in breadth of treatment.

The various monuments to cardinals and bishops in the transepts and side-chapels are similar in general design to that of Archbishop Rocca in the Sacristy; some, especially that of Cristoforo della Rovere in the first chapel (No. 1 on plan), are equal to it in beauty. In all of them the recumbent effigy reaches a very high standard of excellence both in motive and workmanship. It is mainly in the lower reliefs, and in the small figures on the main pilasters, that work of pupils or assistants, very inferior to Mino, is occasionally apparent.

Two of the effigies are different in design (Nos. 2 and 3 on plan), being portraits of secular persons. One of these is a work of the most exquisite beauty, equal to Mino's finest productions, and a perfect model of what a sepulchral effigy should be. It is a recumbent figure of Marco Antonio Albertoni, who died of the plague in 1485, at the age of thirty. The face, which looks much younger than the real age (frequently the case when a man is dead), has all the beauty of a Faun by Praxiteles, and indeed somewhat resembles the celebrated *Faun of the Capitol.* Long, graceful curls escape from under the close, round cap; the hands rest peacefully crossed one over the other; a garment in simple folds reaches to the knees, and below that the legs appear, clad in tight-fitting hose. The design of this beautiful monument is copied pretty closely in the one in the corridor (No. 17 on plan).

Owing to the youth of the occupant of this tomb, it can hardly have been made during his lifetime,



TOMB OF CARDINAL PODOCATHARO.

and therefore the date 1485 is probably that of the execution of the work. As Mino da Fiesole died in 1484, it appears that his genius had inspired at least one of his pupils so thoroughly that the pupil produced work which might easily pass for that of the Master himself.

The tomb of Giov. della Rovere, Duke of Sora, in the next chapel, is treated in a rather different way. The effigy is in half-relief, instead of in the round; it represents an older man, but in beauty of workmanship is quite equal to the monument of the youth. Instead of a relief in the tympanum of the

arch, there is a painting by Pinturicchio of the dead Christ held by angels.

The tomb of Card. Podocatharo (No. 7 on plan) is one of the finest of those with effigies of ecclesiastics. The Madonna and two angels over the figure appear to be Mino's own work; the other reliefs, the Pietà on the plinth, and the statuettes of the four Virtues on the pilasters, are probably by his pupils.

J. Henry Middleton.

ART CHRONICLE.

The year's great picture-show of the Royal Academy may be chronicled as a fair average exhibition. No work of supreme quality stands out to signalise the season; no new genius springs suddenly into notice, full-fledged and strong, and startles the public into applause; no especial phase of development in style or range of subject marks the work of the younger men. Landscape is below the level of previous years in quality and quantity; historic art has found few exponents; portraiture is strong; in subject-pictures some dozen are pre-eminent above the rest. The general mass of pictorial work shows, perhaps, a steadier average of good technique, the influence of good schools of colour, and some increase in freshness of treatment, partly due to the more general knowledge of Continental art. The department of sculpture is even less eventful than usual. The three new and pretty rooms opened by the Academy have accommodated, as compared with last year, an additional three hundred and two works, distributed in the following ratio:—Of oil paintings the gain is eighty-four; of water-colour drawings, forty-three; of works in black and white, inclusive of drawings, etchings, and engravings, thirty-five; of architectural designs, eighty-four; of miniatures, fifty-six. The outcry against want of space is thus, to some extent, answered; but the Academy have had to deal with the bewildering number of over nine thousand works sent in. It is the more disappointing to find no gain in quality, and to know that some departments of the exhibition have suffered by unfortunate cases of rejection, perhaps resulting from the great difficulty of dealing with such a mass of matter. Something is done towards appeasing the complaints from outside, but so long as the privileged quantum of space on the line allowed to Academicians and Associates remains what it is, so long as water-colour painters and master-etchers are excluded from the honour of membership, the Royal Academy of Arts must expect clamour at their gates for redress of grievances.

The picture of the year, in some opinion, is the *Diadumené* of Mr. Poynter, R.A., a beautiful study of the nude on considerable scale, taken from the *Esquiline Venus*. The figure, of round, but slender, proportions, stands with feet pressed together, and arms lifted to wind a fillet round the head, like Pygmalion's image warmed into life, against a background of mosaic enriched arch and alcove wrought out with learning in a scheme of polychromatic Rafaelesque classic decoration. Only a *soupçon* of commonness in the type of face mars this refined and student study. In the forsaken region of high art Mr. Armitage, R.A., uplifts a solitary claim in his heroic canvas, *After the Arena*, where the body of a Christian martyr is seen lowered into the Catacombs among a group of sorrowing friends. A largeness of style and something of the sympathetic dignity of De la Roche cleave to this otherwise rather dull composition. From the annals of Christian martyrdom comes the incident of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's *St. Eulalia*, a picture which might well claim to be the best remembered in the year. The painter, following the legend, has depicted the body of the martyr lying with outstretched arms on the pavement in the Forum, the limbs partly covered by a purplish-red drapery; the miraculous snowstorm, sent down to shield the saint from irreverent gaze, has slightly covered the ground with whiteness, and is falling softly on the dead form, while a wintery gust blows about the mantles of the men and women who in the distance kneel, or crowd up the steps to gaze. The boldly foreshortened figure of the martyred woman, the dramatic concentration of the motive, the artistic handling, and sober, consonant colour, again indicate Mr. Waterhouse as the strongest subject-painter outside the Academy. Mr. Tadema, R.A., has treated with his usual fascination of narrative charm and completeness of method *A Reading of Homer*, in a sunlight marble balcony, where the speaker declaims from a scroll, and the listeners are a lad, dressed in skins, stretched on the ground at the reciter's feet, and a loving couple linked hand to hand. The barbaric rigidity and splendour of the portrait of *The Painter's Youngest Daughter* seems, in comparison, a piece of perverse technical power.

Mr. Dicksee, A.R.A., is champion of the romantic school, and his large composition *Chivalry*, shows a lady, in blue robes, tied to a tree, and in the mystery of sunset glow behind, her victorious rescuer in full mail sheathing his sword beside the prostrate foe. It is a pity that a false scheme of colour, and a certain unreality of action, mar the well-conceived design and unity of sentiment in this picture.

The genial brush of Mr. Millais, R.A., has failed to enliven his large picture, *The Ruling Passion*. The admirable study of the sick ornithologist's head, a portrait of the well-known engraver, Mr. Barlow, is the one satisfactory point in a disconnected whole, where colour of contrasted, but unharmonised, brilliance, and cold opacity, and figures that seem each too much an afterthought, set the composition all abroad. The child-portraiture of *Lady Peggy Primrose* has the old, sweet freshness and artless innocence, and compares, in this way, favourably with the companion portrait of the little sister, *Lady Sybil Primrose*, whose high-bred refinement and drawing-room distinction the soft *finesse* of Sir Frederick Leighton's brush has aptly rendered or bestowed. In the domain of historic comedy, Mr. Orchardson, R.A., has achieved a success in the picture of the *Salon of Madame Recamier*, to which the hangers have given the place of honour at the head of the large room. The painter's favourite appliances are again used, the pale walls and polished floor and big red curtain, the colour scheme of yellow and red, cream and black, the thin, brilliant painting, the sharply accentuated figures cunning in outline. But there is distinction in the style, finely emphasized character in the *dramatis personæ*, finish in the narrative. The central figure of Madame Recamier, reclining in 'seductive attention' on the sofa, and the group of talkers and gazers, realise pictorially, with Addisonian touch, the power of the beautiful woman who drew all manner of men into amicable homage at her feet, and kept her sympathetic fascination even into an old age of faded grace. Three or four more figure subjects may be singled from the mass of work from outside. *The Field of Sedgemoor*, by Seymour Lucas, a Royalist fugitive in shelter within a hut, as the pursuing cavalry go by; *Outward Bound*, a midshipman waiting, with his widow mother, outside a village inn, where the fresh horses stand for relay of the coach that is to take the lad to the seaport; *Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach*, by Mr. S. A. Forbes, a capital picture of fisherfolk and wet sands, which seems studied in the French school; and lastly, *Dulce Domum*, an interior, full of *bric-à-brac*, and one seated figure, draped *à la Japonaise*, painted by Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw, with a ceramic solidity, and almost a prismatic lustre of colour, and a curious realistic elaboration of detail that has seldom been seen out of Belgian studios of the school of De Vriendt. From the portraiture of the year it is difficult to select where so much is strong. Most memorable may be as follows. Of Mr. Holl's eight portraits, perhaps the completest is the half-length of *The Earl of*

Dufferin, a standing figure, rather more than profile, admirable for trenchantly seized distinction, and for brilliant execution in the play of solid *impasto* and thin glazing which the artist manages so skilfully. The bust portrait of *Mrs. Brace*, by Mr. Ouless, R.A., may be noticed for the excellent modelling of the face, of which the strength has been kept without marring the sweetness, and for the fact that it is the painter's first exhibited female portrait. The half-length of the *Bishop of Worcester* is a more important work. Mr. Watts, R.A., gives style and easy grace to *Miss Laura Gurney*, and a harmony of red drapery and silvery-brown fur, characteristic of the noble colour which survives enfeebled technical powers. Mr. Pettie, R.A., was fortunate in his subject when he painted picturesquely in fur coat and scarlet kerchief, the half-length of *Bret Harte*. Here, for once, is a novelist, whose kindly bright brown eye, shrewd, refined features, and genial mouth, are a true index of his especial literary gifts. Mr. Herkomer, R.A., who seems to have recovered much lost ground, has a brilliant study of *Miss Katherine Grant*, in cream draperies against a pale wall. Mr. Millais' crowning work of the year in portraiture is his portrait of the Prime Minister at the Grosvenor Gallery. In landscape, as we have said, the exhibition is not strong. Mr. Alfred Hunt's subtle truth in *Bright October* is of too delicate a fibre to bear the incongruous *entourage* of the exhibition room, especially as the hangers have chosen to overpower it by juxtaposition with Mr. Phil Morris' strong *First Prince of Wales*, which would make an heroic signboard for a herald's college. Some of the best landscape work is on an unpretending scale, some is associated with figures. Messrs. Waterlow, T. Lloyd, and Macbeth bring coast and rural scenery into beautiful relation with a touch of human incident. Briton Rivière has never been happier than in the moonlit hillside where the sheep come softly treading in timorous groups, as if scenting mischief, behind the wall where *The Sheep Stealer* holds back his dogs. The picture is on a large scale and admirably painted. Within the Academy Mr. Brett commands the waters with brilliant transcript of the Cornish coast and the *Norman Archipelago*, full of vivid colour and elaborated detail. Mr. Hook keeps to the coast or rural river sides. Mr. Henry Moore, outside the Academic circle still, goes out to mid sea, and this year takes the line with a first-rate picture of warm blue tossing waves through which *The Newhaven Packet* is steaming her way on the horizon. The painter's handling this time is carried to as satisfactory completeness as the colour. The managers of the Chantrey Bequest have, however, chosen for purchase Mr. Moore's other picture *Cat's Paws off the Land*, —a brilliant, but, to our thinking, rather crude study of fretted water close under a green, hilly coast. Mr. Colin Hunter's tremendous study of *The Rapids of Niagara above the Falls*, can only be judged by travellers who have 'done their Niagara.' The painter has not spared the green pigment or flinched at brushwork of appalling breadth, and he has made the waters look tormented out of all semblance to fluid. The result may be very satisfactory if it is truthful, of which we cannot judge. The artist exhibits several good minor pictures. Two pieces of direct decorative work are the President's frieze illustrative of *Music*, and a clever design for like purpose of low-trailed apple-boughs, foliage and fruit, and crouching figures of children, entered on the catalogue as *A Study*, by Mr. W. E. F. Britten.

The water-colour room, about which great expectations were raised, does not justify the hope. The work shown is of quite average quality.

In the black and white room are fine proofs of the etched plates by Mr. Macbeth, after Walker and Pinwell, Mr. Herkomer's two genial interpretations of Walker, *The Old Gate* and *Philip in Church*, and interesting work of most of the approved painter-etchers. Among the engravings, Mr. Barlow's plate from Millais' *Stowaway* claims a respectful word for carefully varied work and certain wise variations on small items of design. The display of sculpture is particularly lacking in notable work. Mr. Armstead's marble *Memorial Effigy of Dean Close* for Carlisle Cathedral, in its simple breadth of style and refined strength, has precisely those qualities of monumental dignity and repose, the striking absence of which marks the assailant image of *Lord Frederick Cavendish* by Mr. Thomas Woolner. Mr. Boehm's bronze group of *St. George and the Dragon*, clever in the sweep of crossing curves of design, all alive with energetic movement and bold in general effect, must be pronounced successful for showy open-air sculpture. Of work by outsiders, the terra-cotta group of a mother and child at *Play*, by Mr. Samuel Fry, is distinctly above its neighbours, and marked by the vivid originality of realistic treatment which identifies this sculptor's work. The eccentric mass of confused drapery, beneath which is inarticulately concealed the form of Elijah *Overwhelmed*, would have excluded this piece of sculpture by Mr. Junck from any Continental exhibition.

The Report of the Directors of the National Gallery for the year 1884 issued in May gives the following list of pictures purchased or received during the year. Purchases: *Assumption of the Madonna*, by Matteo di Giovanni di Bartolo; *The Adoration of the Magi*, Venetian School; *The Calling of Abraham*, by Gaspar Poussin; *The Pilgrimage to Canterbury*, by T. Stothard, R.A.; *On the Ouse, Yorkshire*, by George Arnald, A.R.A.; *View of Harlech Castle*, by James Ward, R.A.; *Portrait of Polly Peachum*, and sketch of *The Shrimp Girl*, by Hogarth; *The Crucifixion*, by Antonello da Messina; *Portrait of a Jesuit*, by Vander Vliet; *Portrait supposed to be Mary Woolstoncraft*, by Opie. Donations: *The Nativity*, by B. Cavallino (presented by Mr. W. Pilkington); *The Virgin and Child with two Saints*, by Bonvicino; *The Procession from Calvary*, by W. Blake (presented by Mr. F. T. Palgrave); *Tartarus*, a satirical design by Callot (presented by Miss Appleyard). The Report, in dealing with the question of the Parliamentary Vote for the purchase of the Blenheim Raphael and Vandyck, refers to the expressed intention of the Lords Commissioners to suspend the annual grant to the Gallery of 10,000*l.* for a term of years in event of the passing of the Vote; protest is entered against such withdrawal as 'a course highly injurious to the interests of the Gallery, interrupting, as it would do, the continuity of acquisitions, which can only be made from time to time, as favourable opportunities occur, and to defer which would mean to abandon them altogether.'

It is noted that more than three hundred pictures of British and foreign schools in the national collection have been photographed by Messrs. A. Braun et Cie., under the especial permission accorded to them; and the authorities feel that the gain to the public, at home and abroad, of obtaining such fine reproductions, fully justifies the especial privilege granted to this firm of photographers. About 698,489 persons visited the Gallery during 1884. No absolutely accurate figure can be given, as the check turnstile is only used on student days.

THE interest of the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is of a mixed order. Some loyal admiration, not a little curiosity, and an amount of vexation, to use a mild word, is drawn out before this rather incongruous collection of pictures. Two little subject pictures—interiors—supreme in finish all round, by Mr. Alma Tadema, *Who is it?* and *Expectations* come under the first category. Loyal, too, for the sake of what has been, must continue our reception for Mr. Watts' allegory of *Love and Life*. The technical infirmity is obvious to all, and a critical faculty must stumble at the shortcomings; but a touch of the ideal never fails in Mr. Watts' imaginative designs, and there is poetic significance, for those who know how to look, in this design, symbolic of Love's guidance of the weary human life up the steeps that lead to consummation.

It has fallen to Mr. Millais to record the aspect of Mr. Gladstone at two epochs of his life. The first effigy was a half-length figure in morning dress, standing quietly, with a concentrated strength and sadness withal in the face, in attitude to address the House. The second, seated, arranged in the scarlet and rose of the University gown, has aptly been called the 'lion at bay,' the face full of irritable energy and troubled resolve, is turned defiantly upon the spectator. In both portraits, the old and the new, Mr. Millais shows his keen grasp of character,

his command of artistic means, and in colour this year's picture is especially fine. Two other remarkable portraits are the masterly study by Mr. Holl of the aged (late) *Lord Overstone*, and Mr. Herkomer's vivid realisation of *Edward Villiers Stanford, Musical Composer.* The characteristics of Mr. Stanford's aspect, including his eye-glass, are of that readily emphasized kind, which it were only too easy to caricature into life. Mr. Herkomer has succeeded in producing a forcible familiar likeness, without falling into burlesque.

We would fain congratulate Mr. W. B. Richmond upon his picture *An Audience in Athens during the Representation of the Agamemnon.* Much care and no little power have gone to the work, but mistake in the original conception has precluded success to after-result of labour. The point of view, setting so many faces full towards the spectator, the over-symmetrical arrangement of the figures, like pieces set out for a game, the placing of the specific motive of all the action out of sight; these are hindrances to intelligible and beautiful effect which the painter seems unnecessarily to have encountered. The scale, moreover, is too small for dignified treatment of so many figures ordered in a rising perspective, row above row, unless the painter possessed such largeness of style as Gerôme for example. The Miriam and the Parable of the Virgins must not be forgotten, but if Mr. Richmond have firm hold on the future, it is through his portraiture. The distinctive grace and style and finely felt colour which in the spirit of the great Italian schools he can give to portraits of women and children are fully approved this year in the beautiful studies of *Lettice Wormald*, *Margaret Wormald*, *Margaret Burne Jones*, *the Hon. Lady Lloyd Lindsay*, *Mrs. Waters*, and *Mrs. Woods.* The artist is not so successful with men, though *Mr. Andrew Lang* is certainly characteristic enough. A study of Shakespeare's *Juliet*, by Cecil Van Haanen, seems a new departure by this clever painter, so immobile is the figure in its death-like sleep, so sombre is the colour, so simple the composition. An ambitious canvas by a new comer, Mr. G. W. Mitchell, must be noticed in the *Martyrdom of Hypatia* from Kingsley's novel, as she was hunted to death by the 'Christian' rabble of Alexandria. There are evidences of mastery in the picture, notably in the pose of the somewhat too spare but well-drawn nude figure, with the passionate appeal of the arms flung up towards the Christ image above the altar. The architectural background is wrought out with knowledge, and the colour, though chilly, is sound.

Amongst some interesting landscape work which has found its way to the Grosvenor, must be marked the admirable picture, *Noontide's Heat and Hush and Shine*, over the swells of sand and scrub near a seaport town, the roofs of which are just visible beyond the ridge. The artist's name is A. Helcké, the work would appear to indicate Belgian origin. Mr. Watts, R.A., sends a study of blue mountain-peaks which he calls *Ararat*, noble in colour and tone and impressively suggestive of the silent and solitary grandeur of high ranges. Notable in another way is Mr. Herkomer's landscape *The First Warmth of Spring* on rugged hill-side and valley. This artist seems to have recovered his versatile force this year. The Italian landscapes of Mr. Eugene Benson and Mr. Corbett are always enjoyable to people who know the locales, and, hence, the delicate truthfulness of the transcript.

THE two chief Water Colour Societies hold successful exhibitions this year; the Royal Society, by virtue of its closed constitution, having the advantage of a higher standard of technical excellence, while the now open Institute gains in variety and freshness. Nearly all the leaders of the elder Society are represented in their exhibition. The figure-painters, Messrs. Poynter, R.A., and Holman Hunt, each send landscapes in their strangely diverse manners. Mr. Hunt's eccentric, but impressive and strong, style, gives to purple mountains and apple-orchards on the Rhine, at *Ragatz*, a solemnity of Eastern colour; while Mr. Poynter is literal to a fault when painting the *Walls of Old England*, beside the Isle of Wight cliffs. Since the opening of the exhibition a newly-elected member, chiefly noted for delicate and atmospheric transcripts of French river scenery, Mrs. Mary Foster Lofthouse, has died. Two beautiful drawings of Pembroke Castle in the present collection are good examples of her refined style. The preponderance of landscape is still marked in the exhibitions of this Society, especially of the summer seasons, when the artists who work in both mediums, as the Academicians Mr. Tadema, Mr. Holl, Sir John Gilbert, and others, have reserved their force for Burlington House. A noticeable result in both Societies' exhibitions of the election of oil-painters is the presence of studies for pictures. Thus we find Mr. Tom Lloyd's pastoral, *Feeding the Calves*, in Pall Mall, reappearing, with some alterations, at the Academy, under the title, *Supper for Three.* Mr. Albert Moore sends water-colour single figure studies, *Oranges* and *Lanterns*, for the less successful oils at the Grosvenor. In the Institute we find the delightful drawing by Mr. Macbeth, *The Fen Farm*, for the picture in last year's Academy. The figure painters here are limited by their oil work. Mr. Linton's royal marriage picture at Burlington House, which, clever as it is, shows the terrible *gêne* on artistic effort inflicted by ceremonial exigencies, has left only leisure to send two single figures of his Waverley novel series to the Institute, and Mr. Gow's contributions of studies in Algiers are comparatively slight. The members, Messrs. Langley and Clausen, C. Green and Caldicott, Gregory and Small, J. Tenniel and C. Woodville, in their diverse styles, are, however, to the fore. Recent election places within the Society the clever designer, Mr. John Scott, who brings legends of *The Marsh King's Daughter*, and the like, into decorative and fanciful composition. Other commendable elections are of Mr. Caffieri, fresh outdoor genre painter, somewhat of an impressionist in the best sense, whose work we noticed first at past Dudley exhibitions; W. Weatherhead, figure-painter; and Thomas Pyne, landscape. It may be noted that Mr. Albert Moore, who is to be seen in all the four chief exhibitions, sends his best figure and study of the year to the Institute, *Companions.*

AN important picture, by Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., in the gracefully serious manner of former years, with large line and smooth flowing touch, representing *The Finding of the Infant Moses*, is placed on view in the upper room of the Bond Street Gallery devoted to Mr. Long's *Anno Domini*, and other works.

THE well-authenticated collection of pictures by early masters of the Italian and German schools, the property of the late Rev. J. Fuller Russell, was dispersed at Christies' in the last fortnight of April. Good examples of the Sienese school had been gathered in the original architecturally built-up frames dear to connoisseurs. The Director of the National Gallery bought two out of the series of thirteen altar-piece panels by Ugolino da Siena, painted for Santa Croce, at Florence. The altar-piece by Spinello Aretino, fomerly at Fonthill, was purchased by the Rev. Dr. Ash, for 252*l.* The precious miniatures of the death and glorification of the Virgin, by the famous miniaturist, Don Silvestre Camaldolese, passed into the hands of Mr. Martin Colnaghi at 162*l.* 15*s.*

THE Royal Academician and well-known animal painter, Mr. Richard Ansdell, died at the end of April, in his seventieth year. His somewhat assailant manner and crude palette were united to clever draughtsmanship and effective grouping that won much popular applause. He was made A. R. A. in 1861, and full Academician in 1870. His pictures have been much engraved; best known are, probably, the companion subjects, *The Stag at Bay* and *The Combat* (in which he was nearest to Landseer's style), together with many of his Spanish scenes, *Water Carriers of the Alhambra*, &c.

THE distinguished Austrian art historian, Dr. Von Ektelburger, died in April. He was founder of the Museum of Art and Industry at Vienna, which he made into a model institution, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing the most capable talent into the professorial offices of the Academy of Art. His work on mediaeval art monuments, published in conjunction with Herr Heider, sometime chief of the Ministry for Instruction, is a standard book on the subject.

MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA.

ETCHED BY G. M. RHEAD.

THE face of a woman has often been associated with some flower, and in the present instance the artist has chosen a human type sufficiently robust to hold its own against the overpowering magnolia. The scheme of the plate is simply the old association of human with vegetable forms, and a certain dignity is given to the arrangement by the almost statuesque severity of the face, whilst the entire filling of the background with leaves and the introduction of the quaint scroll with its antique lettering remind us of decorative designs in tapestry and stained glass. Mr. Rhead has (more or less consciously) worked under other artistic influences, such as early Italian engraving and the painted work of D. G. Rossetti. However this may be, it appears to us that the skill displayed in the plate (which was not originally commissioned for the PORTFOLIO) is undeniable.

WINDSOR.

VII.

The Chapel of Edward III.—The College—The Knights—Bishop Beauchamp—The New Chapel of St. George—Burials—Sir Reginald Bray—Description of the Vaulting—Some of the Monuments—George III. 'restores' the Chapel—West's Transparency—Willement's Improvements—Sir Gilbert Scott's Work—Notice of some remarkable Deans—Spalato—Matthew Wren.

THE original Chapel of St. George, that in which Edward III. held the first chapters of his newly founded Order, has disappeared more completely than the earlier Chapel of St. Edward. What we see now owes its origin to Edward IV., and it is hardly worth while for us to make any very minute inquiries as to the character of the original building. It was, like the Round Tower, very rapidly and hastily erected. In 1363 the purchase of glass for the King shows that the building approached completion, and in 1365 there are notes of payments for decorations. Thus John, a Canon of St. Katharine's, who is described as 'the King's painter,' receives 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* 'for making a table, whereon images were painted, for the chapel in Windsor Castle.' From John de Lyndesay the King purchased 'a certain table with figures' for the Chapel of St. George. Another man of the same surname was a wood-carver in London, and was largely employed, with others, in making images of saints. The ground occupied was probably the same as that of the choir of the present chapel, but how far it extended westward is doubtful. In addition Edward founded the College, and, as I have mentioned already, appointed John de la Chambre the first custos, whose title was afterwards permanently changed to that of Dean. It appears that the Chaplains or Canons were called the Deans for a time, but in the reign of Henry VI. the present form of Dean and Canons came finally into use; and Edward IV. incorporated them as the 'Dean and Canons of the free Chapel of St. George, within the Castle of Windsor.' There were at first twelve of these

ENTRANCE TO THE HORSE SHOE CLOISTER.

Canons. At the present day there are but four, with as many Minor Canons. Besides the Canons the Military Knights were part of the original foundation; but they were afterwards separately incorporated, as disputes arose between them and the Dean and Chapter. They became almost extinct under Henry VIII., owing to want of funds, until Edward VI. granted six hundred

The Garter-plate of cusped form is that of Charles the Bold. In the same stall are the plates of Napoleon III., the late King of Italy, and the present Emperor of Germany.

a-year for their support. The number was then fixed at thirteen. They were at first known as the 'Poor Knights,' but William IV. changed their designation to 'Military Knights.' Their number was raised in the reign of James I., when Sir Peter La Maire and his executor, Sir Francis Crane, provided money for the addition of five more. The number has since remained at eighteen. The Naval Knights are of private foundation, under the will of Samuel Travers, who was Auditor-General to Frederick, Prince of Wales. He died in 1725, but his bequest did not become available until 1795, when seven lieutenants of the Royal Navy were nominated by George III. Their 'College' is in Datchett Lane, and was completed in 1802. A few years later they received a considerable legacy under the will of Robert Brathwaite, who had himself been in the Navy. The Military Knights wear the uniform of unattached officers in the Army, and the Naval Knights that of their rank. The most curious episode in the history of the Knights of Windsor is, that they attended the pompous funeral of Oliver Cromwell in September, 1658, when we find among their number Colonel Whichcott, whom we have already seen ruling and robbing in the Castle as Governor.

The houses of the Military Knights face the south side of the Chapel, and were originally built for them by Queen Mary, the tower in the centre being the residence of their Governor. The Canons' houses are on the north side, on the site, as I have already said, of the palace of Henry III., and the other officers of the Chapel live in the 'Horseshoe' Cloisters.

The old Chapel, which, besides the installation of the first Knights of the Garter, saw the marriage of Edward the Black Prince to 'the Fair Maid of Kent,' and had the honour of being repaired under the care of Geoffrey Chaucer, was pulled down in 1473, having become greatly dilapidated. Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, was appointed to the office of surveyor. He laboured 'with diligence and sedulity,' we are told; and Edward, considering that, 'out of mere love towards the Order, he had given himself the leisure daily to attend to the advancement and progress of this goodly structure,' made him Chancellor of the Garter, an office to be held by his successors in the See. When Berkshire was severed from Salisbury and made part of the Diocese of Oxford, the Chancellorship went with it, being conferred in 1837 on Bishop Bagot, but on several occasions the succession of Bishops had been interrupted. Sir William Petre was Chancellor in the time of Philip and Mary, and was the first to whom the decoration of a badge was granted. Sir Francis Crane, just mentioned, was Chancellor under James I.; and it was not till the restoration of Charles II. that the office was finally annexed to a bishopric. The duties are not overwhelming, and certainly, since the time of Bishop Beauchamp, no Chancellor has combined with them the work of architect to the King as well.

The design of St. George's Chapel, so far as it was carried by Edward IV., was probably the same as that which Henry VII. completed; that is to say, subject to the changes of fashion, or, as they were thought at the time, the improvements, in Gothic architecture, the credit of the present magnificent and beautiful edifice belongs to Bishop Beauchamp. But at the death of Edward very little had been done, and

though the works were continued by Richard III. and Henry VII., it was not until 1517, or 1518, that the Chapel was finished.

Meanwhile its character as a royal sepulchre was established. I have mentioned the graves of Edward IV. and Henry VI.; Pope says of them:—

> 'Whom not the extended Albion could contain
> The grave unites;'

a chantry to his memory. It was dedicated to St. Stephen, but is still known as the Hastings Chapel, and is situated in the north aisle of the choir. Some mural paintings, illustrating the life of the proto-martyr, are still visible on the walls. Another victim of the short, but sanguinary, reign of Richard lies close by. Sir Thomas St. Leger was beheaded in 1483, and his body was laid here beside that of his

but they lie respectively on the north and south sides of the high altar. In 1492 Elizabeth (Wydeville), the widow of Edward, was buried beside her husband. The tomb of Henry VI. was esteemed as that of a saint, and there are several notices of offerings at it. Lord Hastings, so barbarously beheaded, without trial or attainder, by Richard III., after a Council meeting in the Tower of London, was brought to Windsor, and buried near his royal master, Edward IV. His widow and son were subsequently permitted to build

wife, the Duchess of Exeter, the King's sister. Their daughter married Sir George Manners, ancestor of the Earls and Dukes of Rutland, whence the name of the Chapel, which, like that which faces it on the south, has the appearance of a transept. Both are in the same style of architecture, and bear the badges and other heraldic devices of Sir Reginald Bray, after whom the southern transept is called.

When, in 1481, Bishop Beauchamp died, and was buried in the north aisle, Sir Reginald Bray, whom

we must look upon as his pupil, succeeded him as surveyor of the works: and if the Bishop's devotion to the task of designing and commencing this great edifice deserved the praise of his contemporaries, Sir Reginald is to be accounted still more worthy. Not only did he continue the building for upwards of twenty years, but at his death, in 1502, he bequeathed his lands and money to be spent on the Chapel and on his tomb. The tomb was never made; but the roof of the nave, which must have been nearly finished, is his best monument. The roof of the choir was contracted for by John Hylmer and William Vertue, 'fremasons,' in 1505. We thus obtain the dates for the chief features of the whole Chapel. First, Bishop Beauchamp completed the 'fan-work' vaulting of the side aisles. Next, Sir Reginald Bray and his executors vaulted the nave, the choir being, so far, only roofed with wood. Finally, in the last years of Henry VII., and the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., the choir also received its magnificent groining, and the whole of the sacred edifice stood complete.

Of this vaulting a very careful and elaborate study was made by the late Professor Willis, who published the result in a paper, which may be found in the Transactions of the Institute of British Architects so far back as 1842. During the repairs then going on he was enabled to visit the space between the top of the stone vaulting and the outer roof, and made an elaborate drawing of the peculiarities of the construction. According to him, it stands alone among the vaults of the period. I must refer the reader who wishes thoroughly to understand the construction to Willis's paper; but it may be noted here that the masonry is very solid, jointed in large slabs, and so designed as to form a 'wagon vault' of very obtuse angle, so that the central part appears from below perfectly flat. The nave is nearly three times as wide as the side aisles, and the effect was considered by Rickman the richest in England. The choir is rather more elaborately ornamented than the nave, and, as the wording of the contract above mentioned runs, the principal keys are 'more pendant and hollower than the keys of the body of the Chapel.' Some authorities date the fan vaults of the side aisles as late as 1537. The span under the central tower measures thirty-seven feet, while that of the side aisles is but twelve.

Of the monuments a brief survey may not be out of place, but I shall only mention a few of the least known. There are full details in 'Pote' and the local guide-books, and the first thing that strikes the reader is, that so few of the names are those of people of any eminence. It seems that at one time it was quite easy to obtain leave to dig a grave even in the choir. Of course, St. George's did not become the regular burial-place of our kings until a comparatively recent period; but even so, it is strange to find a Mrs. Townley, the wife of a London merchant, buried in 1741, or a Mr. Dent, of Thornbury, in 1634. In the time of the Commonwealth, of course, St. George's was not deemed an exclusive place, and we have such an inscription as this, quoted by Pote:—

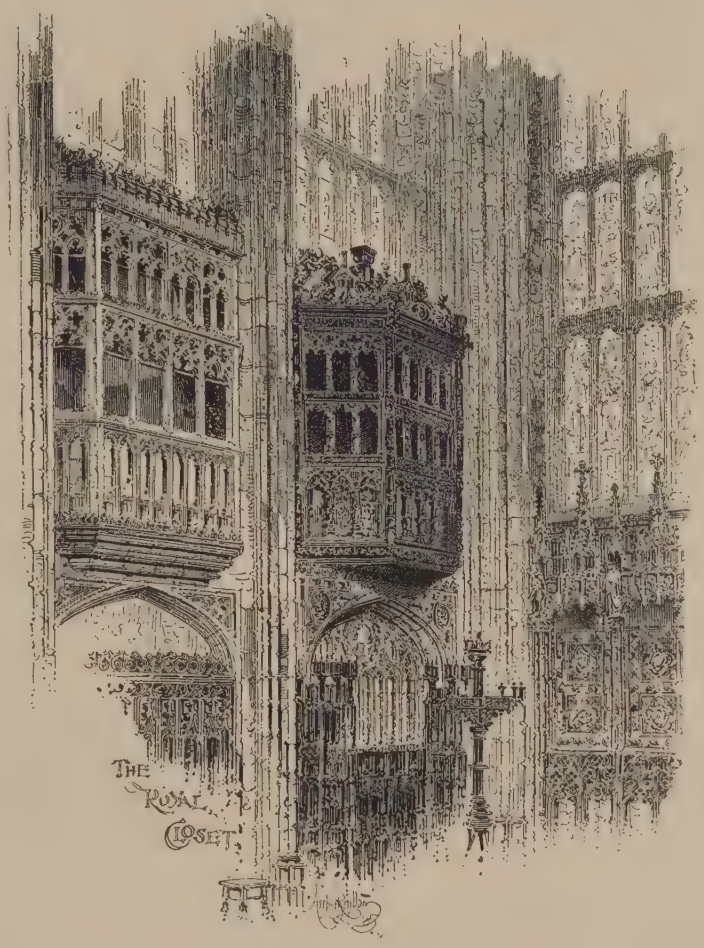
> 'Here lies Charles Cleland.
> Triumph with joy. 1657.'

One epitaph is sometimes repeated:—'Dorothy King, lent to her parents John King, Doctor of Divinitie, Prebendarie of this Chappell, and Marie, his wife, but speedily required again, Octob., 1630.' Near it is another on Dorothy's little brother William, who died some three years later, and who, 'being soon weary of his abode on earth,' left his parents 'to preserve a memorial of him after ten weeks' pilgrimage.' In

CHAPEL
Windsor

another of these miscellaneous epitaphs on obscure people there is a curious example of the old spelling of 'person,' from which one might suppose, at first sight, that George Brooke, 'sometyme Yeoman of the Garde vnto King H. the 8, Ed. the 6, Qveene Mary, and vnto Qveene Elizabeth that now is,' was no good Churchman :—

> 'He lyved content with meane estat,
> And long ago prepared to die;
> The idle parson he did hate;
> Poore people's wants he did svpply.'



In the presence of so many royal and noble tombs it is easy to overlook these humbler memorials, many of which occur also in the cloisters. The whole of the consecrated ground in and about the Chapel seems, in fact, to have been a regular burial-place for people connected, however remotely, with Windsor Castle; and, as we saw in a former chapter, the Castle, until Wyattville's 'restoration,' harboured a very motley crew of sojourners.

George III. made the first attempts to improve the appearance of the Chapel. Unfortunately the royal zeal was not according to knowledge. The 'Gothic revival,' of which we of a later generation have heard and seen so much, had not spread far beyond Strawberry Hill, and the improvements of St. George's cannot be considered a success. Many other churches suffered about the same time, from an idea that stained glass in windows should be of the same character as the transparencies we have recently seen in Gainsborough's 'camera,' at the Grosvenor Gallery. The new decorations were commenced almost a hundred years ago, and continued steadily till 1790, when the chapel was reopened for divine service. The alterations must have been very striking to those who knew the place when it was 'dirty and disregarded to such a degree as to become a nuisance to the eye and a reproach to the sextons,' as one visitor says of it. The stalls and monuments were repaired; a new organ was introduced; the pavement was relaid; but the greatest work of all was the removal of the mullions of the east window and the substitution of a great picture of the *Resurrection* for the old lattice-work. The design was made by Benjamin West, P.R.A., and was carried out by Jervaise, who had done similar work for Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the exhibition of whose pictures last year a portrait of the glass painter was to be seen. But the transparency did not satisfy even its authors. True, Miss Burney goes into raptures about it, but Miss Burney probably never really saw it, for her sight was not equal to the task. In order to try and improve matters, the stonework near the window had to be stained with a dark colour, 'to subdue its bright opposition to the heavy masses of the picture;' but even this device proved inadequate. Another was tried. The two adjoining windows of the clerestory at each side were built up, and decorated with 'plates of tin, with very indistinct heraldries painted on them.' The same treatment was applied to the panels below the east window, and two additional clerestory windows were filled with the darkest and dingiest coloured glass that could be used. For these Vandalisms West received 1500*l.*, and Jervaise 3400*l.* Willement, to whom a good deal of the present condition of the chapel is due, would have liked very much to remove West's window. The Gothic revival was in full swing in 1844; though, to tell the truth, poor Willement never quite grasped the fact that a window is not a picture. He only, however, obtained leave to reopen the blocked windows, remove the tinfoil, and put up some heraldic designs of his own. He has detailed all his works in the chapel in a well-known volume, and may be said to

have first succeeded in really 'restoring' the original state of things. He repainted and regilt the bosses of the roof, and cleared the beautiful bay window of the Queen's Closet, at the north side of the altar. It had been painted, probably in the works carried out in the time of George III., to imitate stone.

Meanwhile another serious alteration was made. At the western end of the north aisle was the Urswick Chapel. Christian Urswick was the Dean who rebuilt the Deanery in the reign of Henry VII., and he was presumably buried in his own chantry,

which was railed off by a fine stone screen, now removed to the farthest corner of St. George's, near the Lincoln Chantry at the south-east end. The Urswick Chapel was filled with 'the extraordinary monument erected by a very general subscription,' says Wiliement, 'throughout the kingdom, of unknown amount, to the memory of the lamented Princess Charlotte.' A most extraordinary monument indeed it is. To heighten its theatrical effect the small window adjoining was filled with yellow glass, and the white marble appears to be gilded with perennial sunshine. A statue of the Princess's widower, afterwards Leopold II. of Belgium, has been very appropriately placed close by. It is by Mr. Boehm, who here comes into competition, by a curious coincidence, with Matthew Wyatt, whose statue at Hyde Park Corner he is about to replace.

The Queen has also erected handsome monuments in the nave and south aisle to the memory of her nearest relations, and to the Prince Imperial, and tablets to the unfortunate young Abyssinian Prince whom our terrible climate killed in 1879, and to King George V. of Hanover. But the greatest work of her Majesty's reign in St. George's Chapel is the removal of West's transparency from the east window and the substitution of stained glass, as we understand the term, with stone mullions, designed, as nearly as possible in accordance with ancient views, by Sir Gilbert Scott. This improvement was effected at the cost of the Dean and Canons, as a memorial of the Prince Consort, and was carried out in 1863. I am not fond of 'restorations,' but even at the risk of falsifying the history of a building I must acknowledge this to be an improvement. The Chapel, and especially the nave, will appear to the visitor too cold and light: but this is a fault which time and stained glass will help each other to remedy. The stonework, which was in a dangerous condition, has been recently renewed where defective, and the construction strengthened, which partly accounts for the look of newness.

This is not the place to enter into details of modern ceremonials, or to describe the gorgeous spectacles which the present generation has witnessed in St. George's. I cannot conclude this chapter, however, without a few words about some of the Deans of Windsor, a complete history of whom would form in itself a curious book. A great many of them have been promoted to the bench of Bishops, and the Deanery of Windsor used to be looked upon as a sure stepping-stone to higher preferment. Oglethorpe, in 1534, was the first Dean who held the office of Registrar of the Garter, an office ever since annexed to the Deanery. Perhaps the most extraordinary of all the list is the name of 'Marcus Antonius de Dominis, formerly Archbishop of Spalato,' who was appointed by James I. in 1618. This strange man was, as we should say, the lion of London society for three or four years, and then disappeared as unexpectedly as he had come. He had been educated as a Jesuit, and while still young had been made a Bishop, and soon after an Archbishop in his native country, Dalmatia. He abandoned the Church of Rome in 1615, and was immediately invited to England, which he reached towards the close of the following year. He was received with the highest respect. Crowds flocked to hear him preach in Italian. His sermons were translated and published. The English Bishops supplied him with funds until he obtained preferment. This was not long in coming, for he flattered King James, whom he openly compared to Solomon. He was first made Master of the Savoy, and a few months later Dean of Windsor. In March, 1623 (1622 old style), he suddenly made up his mind to recant his recantation. Resigning his English preferments he started for Italy, expecting, at the least, to be made a Cardinal by his old friend and schoolfellow, Gregory XV., who had just been elected Pope. It is asserted by some that he proceeded to Rome 'to confess his faith before

the Pope,' and the assertion has at least this element of probability in it, that he may have given it out before he left England. He was arrested and imprisoned immediately on his arrival, and died within a year, whether from disease or ill-treatment is not known.

He was succeeded at Windsor by Dean Beaumont, who died five years later, and was succeeded by one of the greatest of the whole line, Matthew Wren. When Wren became a Bishop, in 1635, the Deanery was conferred upon his brother, Christopher, the father of the great architect. He fell on evil times, and died during the usurpation. The chief act of his life connects him closely with the history of Windsor Castle. We have already seen how the Parliamentary soldiers treated the Chapel and Wolsey's Tombhouse. One Captain Fogg is described as demanding the key of the Treasury of St. George's from the Dean and Canons, and as threatening to pull the whole place down over their heads. The keys being, nevertheless, refused, Fogg broke open the Treasury and plundered it. Dean Wren had expected some such violence, and had buried certain jewels of the Order of the Garter, but everything else was carried away. A few years later the buried jewels were also stolen, and the Deanery itself ransacked. With great courage and persistence, Wren at last obtained back the books of the Order, containing all its ancient records, and they were thus preserved until the Restoration; but the diamonds and the altar-plate had disappeared for ever.

W. J. Loftie.

S. MARIA DEL POPOLO AND ITS WORKS OF ART.

With the close of the fifteenth century the lingering traditions of sculpture, which survived among the members of the school founded by Mino da Fiesole, rapidly died away, and a new style was introduced into Rome by the Florentine sculptor, Andrea Sansovino, which formed a link between the thoroughly religious sentiment of the fifteenth century, and the pagan spirit of Michelangelo and his imitators. The two tombs in the choir of this church which Andrea Sansovino executed for Julius II., probably in the year 1508, became to some extent the model which for some years was followed in the design of sepulchral monuments in Rome.

STATUETTE OF JUSTICE, FROM THE TOMB OF CARDINAL SFORZA. BY ANDREA SANSOVINO.

Though the architectural beauty of the general design, and even the execution of some of the smaller statuettes, show but little falling off from the earlier tombs; yet in the treatment of the main effigy a serious decadence of taste is very apparent. Instead of the peaceful pose, with hands calmly folded, of Mino's effigies, Sansovino was the first to invent that most uncomfortable and ungraceful attitude, which was imitated in nearly all the effigies of the sixteenth century. The figure props itself on one elbow lying on one side, an impossible attitude for either sleep or death. A specially undignified example of this is the effigy of Julius II. in St. Pietro in Vincoli, the work of Maso del Bosco, perhaps the feeblest among Michelangelo's many feeble pupils. In it Sansovino's faults are much exaggerated. Each of his tombs in this church is signed on the plinth in a very conspicuous manner Andreas · Sansovinvs · Faciebat.

Paintings by Pinturicchio.

Soon after the completion of the Sistine Chapel by Baccio Pintelli in 1474, Sixtus IV. invited the most illustrious living painters of Florence and Umbria to unite in painting on its walls a series of frescoes. With them, as assistant to Perugino, came his fellow-citizen, Bernardino Pinturicchio, who executed a considerable part of two of the frescoes

on the north wall of the Sistine Chapel. He is often called a pupil of Perugino, but it would be more correct to speak of him as Perugino's partner: the two Perugians in many cases worked together, though not on equal terms, the older Perugino usually getting the lion's share both of the credit and the pay.

As the result of this visit to Rome, Pinturicchio grew into high repute as a fresco-painter, and was more largely employed in the decoration of both churches and palaces than any other artist of the fifteenth century.

Luca Signorelli was also at work in the Sistine chapel, and his style had evidently no little influence on that of Pinturicchio, in some of whose finest paintings an accuracy and vigour of drawing is seen which he certainly never learnt from the somewhat mechanical Perugino. Partly owing to the very prejudiced account of Pinturicchio given by Vasari, the works of this painter are generally rather undervalued.

The Bufalini Chapel, in the church of Ara Coeli, wholly painted by Pinturicchio between 1497 and 1500, contains compositions arranged with the greatest skill, and some single figures, which are almost Raffaelesque in their sweetness and grace. It was, however, more especially as a decorative painter that Pinturicchio was almost unrivalled.

The six rooms* in the Vatican, known as the *Appartamenti Borgia*, painted by him for Alexander VI., in 1493–5, are perhaps the most perfect existing masterpieces of painting treated in a decorative manner, subordinate to the architectural surroundings; and the church of S. Maria del Popolo contains so large a series of works of this class, with others more purely pictorial, as to show that Pinturicchio must have laboured with almost incredible industry and rapidity.

The chapel of the Virgin (21 on plan) was the first painted by Pinturicchio in this church, namely in 1480. The altar-piece is a graceful but rather weak composition, representing the Adoration of the Shepherds, among whom the portrait of the founder—Card. Domenico della Rovere—is introduced. The vault has unhappily been repainted, but its lunettes still contain some fine frescoes, on a small scale, of scenes from the life of St. Jerome. It may here be remarked that although all Pinturicchio's wall-paintings are laid in with *fresco buono*, that is, with earth pigments on the wet stucco, they are, as a rule, so completely painted over and finished in *tempera*, that but little true fresco is visible. The reason for this, probably, was Pinturicchio's desire to make his paintings highly decorative works, even at a distance, with which object he was led to prefer the brilliant colours which are available for *tempera* rather than those duller earth pigments, which alone could bear the contact of wet lime. This is specially the case with his fine series of wall-pictures in the Cathedral library at Siena. The frescoes in the Cibo Chapel perished when it was rebuilt by Card. Alderano Cibo, in 1700; but the next chapel (22 on plan) is still a very complete specimen of Pinturicchio's decorative power, the whole of the walls and vault being completely covered with graceful arabesque designs in gold and colours, which surround and frame a number of highly-finished pictures.

The altar-piece, one of Pinturicchio's finest works, represents the Madonna enthroned between four standing figures of saints; the faces, evidently portraits, recall the powerful and realistic, yet noble, heads of Ghirlandaio.*

The vault has, among its decorative bands, medallions of the life of the Virgin, painted with miniature-like delicacy.

The lower part of the walls is decorated with a sort of dado, painted in monochrome, with female figures of the Virtues, between subjects from the martyrdoms of various saints. It is especially in the vigorous and sculpturesque modelling of these graceful female figures that the influence of Signorelli, the most powerful draughtsman Italy then possessed, can be clearly traced.

Though foreign to our subject, it may be mentioned that the floor of this beautiful little chapel is covered with the fine early maiolica tiles which were made at Forli, probably about 1480—interesting as being among the earliest examples of the then budding art of maiolica manufacture, and almost the only specimens which exist in Rome.† The brilliant yet rich colours of these tiles harmonise thoroughly with the painted walls and vault, so that the whole of this miniature chapel is one mass of skilfully applied colour, made more salient by the band of monochromatic painting, and the ivory-like surface of Mino da Fiesole's marble tomb.

On the east wall is a large picture of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, treated after the old Perugian traditions. The Madonna, in an aureole, is surrounded by flying angels, whose fluttering drapery and floating ribands are so familiar to all students of the school of Perugino.

Perhaps Pinturicchio's masterpiece as an architectonic painter is his treatment of the plain vault over the choir of this church. Never has a quadri-

* One of these rooms was repainted by Perino del Vaga in his usual gaudy and inharmonious style.

* Ghirlandaio was one of the painters employed in the Sistine Chapel, so that Pinturicchio had special opportunities of studying his manner.

† Other maiolica tiles, later in date, and of greater elaboration in design, are those made by one of the younger members of the Della Robbia family for the floor of the uppermost of Raphael's *loggie* in the Vatican.

partite groined compartment been treated more successfully, either in the arrangement of its main lines, which follow and emphasize those of the structure, or in the bold use of gold and strong colouring, so broken up as to be free from gaudiness of effect.

The pictures on this vault are kept in complete subordination to the general scheme of decoration; each is surrounded by enriched mouldings, and broad bands of arabesques in gracefully flowing lines on a gold ground. Joints, as of mosaic, are painted over the gold, not with any intent to deceive the eye, but simply to give a pleasant texture to the gilt surface by breaking up its otherwise too monotonous glare.

In the pendentives of the vault are noble figures of the four Latin doctors, each enthroned under a canopy, the vertical lines of which lead upwards towards the central space. In the middle of this, at the apex of the vault, is a large octagonal medallion of the *Coronation of the Virgin*, and round it, framed by bands of flowing patterns and grotesques, are four other medallions of the Evangelists. The oblong spaces between these are very skilfully filled up by graceful reclining figures of the four chief Sibyls. Various ornaments on this richly decorated space are modelled in stucco in relief, a method of emphasizing his decoration which Pinturicchio frequently used, and always very skilfully.

S. JOHN, FROM THE VAULT OF THE CHOIR. BY PINTURICCHIO.

The unrivalled richness of effect for which the *Appartamenti Borgia* in the Vatican are so remarkable is due, in a great measure, to the exquisitely modelled stucco scrollwork which surrounds the painted subjects. The designs of these are frequently taken from the reliefs in the then newly excavated baths and other ancient buildings in Rome, the discovery of which, especially in the hands of Raphael and his pupils, introduced a new style of decorative treatment, the most elaborate examples of which are in the Vatican *loggie*.

The choir of this church is also remarkable for the possession of two very beautiful stained-glass windows, the only examples of old glass in Rome, the work of two French artists, William and Claude of Marseilles, who executed these windows for the art-loving Pope Julius II.

These represent scenes from the life of the Madonna and that of Christ, and though treated in a somewhat more pictorial way than is usual in the magnificent mediaeval glass of France and England, they are nevertheless arranged with that simplicity of composition and restriction to one plane, which the canons of stained-glass work require. Unlike the tasteless modern fashion, a large proportion of white glass is used, giving a general pearly effect to the whole, and setting off the jewel-like brilliance of the ruby and blue used, though but sparingly, in the draperies. Much use is made of 'silver stain,' with its rich effect as of transparent gold. A quiet olive green, used among the draperies, is a colour of unusual beauty, and brings into keeping the few more brilliant colours. Other windows by the same French monks exist at Arezzo and elsewhere in northern Italy, but none are finer than these unique Roman examples.

Unhappily, the windows are too high to be plainly visible, and to some extent interfere with the colouring of Pinturicchio's vault, the light on which mainly comes from these windows. To the universal use of fresco pictorial decorations in Italy is probably due the fact that stained glass was so little used.

Raphael's Chapel.

It is in the Church of S. Maria del Popolo alone that the universal art-genius of Raphael can be judged in his threefold character of architect, sculptor, and mosaicist.

In 1515, the rich Sienese banker, who also em-

ployed Raphael to decorate his villa by the Tiber,* decided to build a chapel for himself and his family in this church, pulling down for this purpose one of the original octagonal chapels of Baccio Pintelli (see fig. 1).

The building was wholly designed by Raphael, the original sketch for its plan still exists in the Uffizj at Florence, and has recently been identified.† The chapel is a square with its corners cut off, so as to receive niches for statues. Its main feature, the dome, is a miniature reproduction of that which Bramante designed for St. Peter's; in the panels, into which the inner cupola is divided, are a series of mosaics designed by Raphael's own hand. In the round central panel is a figure of God the Father, supported by lovely angel boys; with outstretched hand He is creating the planets, represented in the surrounding panels as Pagan deities, Jupiter, Saturn, and the rest, each directed by an angel, in accordance with Dante's scheme in the vision of Paradiso. The whole character of these figures, vigorously drawn with strong deceptive effects of foreshortening, is a typical example of Raphael's style after it was influenced by Michelangelo. It must, however, be admitted that these designs offend against all possible rules of what is appropriate for mosaic. They are treated in every respect as if they were paintings—varied planes and vivid atmospheric effects being introduced.

THE ANGEL OF THE PLANET MARS. BY RAPHAEL.

The central panel, with its bright blue ground, looks like a hole in the cupola through which the sky is visible, and the figure of God is foreshortened exactly as a real body would be when looked at from below. The colouring of the glass tesserae is very brilliant; gold is used, not as in the earlier mosaics, for backgrounds, but on the high lights of the drapery which have thus a 'shot' effect. The actual execution of the mosaics was carried out by one of Raphael's pupils, Ludovico di Pace, of Venice, as is recorded by the letters LVD., P.V.F., and with them is the date 1516, on the torch carried by a figure of Cupid.

These brilliant mosaics are perfectly preserved and look as fresh as if they were the work of yesterday. Fortunately they are well and skilfully lighted by a series of windows in the drum of the cupola.

The Statue of Jonah.

What Raphael's exact share in the execution of the beautiful statue of Jonah, in the north-west niche of this chapel, may have been, is rather difficult to decide. That he did produce works in marble is proved by a letter, dated May 8th, 1523, from Baldasarre Castiglione to his steward, Messer Andrea Piperario, in which the former says: 'Desidero ancora sapere, s'egli (Giulio Romano) ha piu quel puttino di marmo di mano di Raffaello, e per quanto si daria all' ultimo.' 'I wish moreover to know if he (Giulio Romano) still has that boy in marble by Raphael's hand, and what his lowest price for it would be.'

The group referred to in this letter has been supposed to be identical with one now in the Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg, representing the boy who, according to the old Greek story, was accidentally killed by the sharp dorsal fin of his dolphin playfellow. But this attribution is, to say the least of it, very doubtful.

Another allusion to Raphael's work as a sculptor is contained in a letter written to Michelangelo to inform him that his young rival had been modelling a statue which was highly praised. See Melanesi's 'Appendix to Vasari's Life of Raphael.'

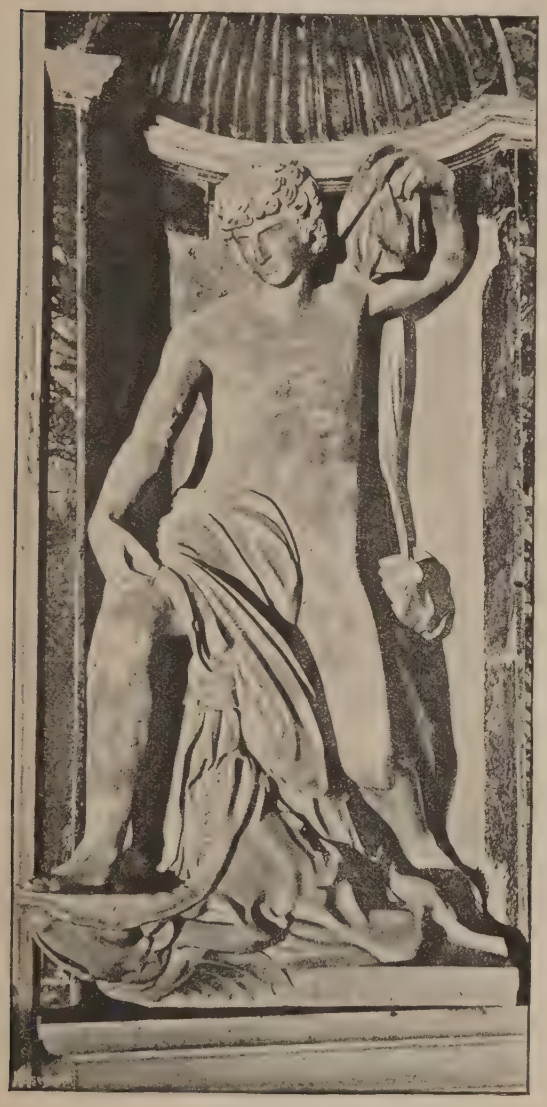
The statue called of Jonah represents a beautiful youth, thoroughly Greek in character, who is seated with one foot in the mouth of a marine monster, which does duty for Jonah's whale. The motive of this group is really taken from a Graeco-Roman statue, representing Arion or Taras and the dolphin; and it was simply christened Jonah by Raphael because it was necessary to give it a sacred name.* The pose of the figure and the beauty of the face bear strong marks of Raphael's hand; and it is impossible to doubt that it was at least designed by him. Almost

* Now known as the Villa Farnesia.

† On this drawing is written: 'Capella di Agostino Ghigij (sic) ch'eh nel Popollo a Roma.' Though the drawing is certainly by Raphael, these words are in the hand-writing of Antonio da Sangallo.

* Compare also the beautiful *reverses* on the didrachms of Tarentum of about 300 B.C. which have representations in great variety of Taras, the eponymous founder of Tarentum, riding on a dolphin.

certainly by his hand is the small clay sketch for this group, slightly different from the finished marble, which is now in the South Kensington Museum. The actual marble work may possibly have been begun by Raphael, but it was certainly completed by the Florentine Lorenzo Lotto, generally called



STATUE OF JONAH. BY RAPHAEL.

Lorenzetto, a rather feeble sculptor, who once worked as assistant to Verrocchio.

Vasari, in his first edition of 1550, speaks of this statue as being then in Lorenzetto's bottega, but in his later edition of 1568, he says it is in the Chigi Chapel.* Lorenzetto also executed another statue, that of Elijah, which is on the other side of the chapel —a very poor work of art, contrasting strongly with the graceful figure of Raphael's group.

As might be expected, the finish and modelling of some parts of the body of the Jonah are very inferior to the general motive; and it is difficult to say why so insipid a sculptor as Lorenzetto was selected for the important task of carrying out a piece of sculpture which had at least been designed by the master mind of Raphael.

At the time of Raphael's premature death in 1520, the decorations of the Chigi Chapel were not complete; and among them the large painting which was to fill the wall-space over the altar. This was to have been painted by Raphael, and the artist selected as a substitute was the Venetian Sebastiano del Piombo, who at the time of Raphael's death was engaged, with the assistance of Michelangelo, in painting a picture intended to rival that of *The Transfiguration*, which Raphael left unfinished when he died. The picture of Sebastiano's, which was painted with this bold aim, was the *Resurrection of Lazarus*, now in the National Gallery of London. It and its pendant, *The Transfiguration*, were ordered by Card. Giulio de' Medici (afterwards Clement VII.), for the Cathedral of Narbonne, of which he was Archbishop. Sketches for the figure of Lazarus and some others by Michelangelo's own hand still exist, and to him is certainly due most of the credit of the magnificent composition of this noble picture. This was not the only case in which Sebastiano was assisted in the drawing of his figures by Michelangelo. The much-damaged fresco of *The Scourging of Christ*, in the Church of S. Pietro, in Montorio, owes the massive and powerful drawing of the central group to Michelangelo, though the execution of the picture was carried out by Sebastiano. The Venetian, in fact, though an excellent colorist and a most able portrait-painter—witness the noble head of the chief of the Doria family, now in the Doria Palace in Rome—appears to have been somewhat weak in the arrangement of groups, and in the general composition of a large subject-picture.

This inclines one to give credit to the tradition which says that the Chigi altar-piece, representing the Nativity of the Virgin, or at least its chief group, was painted by Del Piombo, from a sketch made by Raphael shortly before his death. The very skilful arrangement of the principal figures—a group of women in the foreground gathered round the naked new-born child, the grace of their attitudes and the beauty of the child, strongly recall Raphael's most developed manner, and appear to be a work of more artistic knowledge and genius than ever the talented Venetian painter possessed.

The upper compartment, with God the Father in a mass of clouds surrounded by angels, is far inferior to the lower part; and this may possibly be because in this part Sebastiano had no sketch to aid him.

However this may be, the lower part of the picture is in design one of the noblest paintings in Rome; unhappily now little beyond the drawing remains. Like all Sebastiano del Piombo's pictures

* See 'Vasari,' Ed. Milanesi, 1880. Vol. iv., p. 368.

the pigments have changed much by darkening, and the whole has suffered greatly from ignorant restoration and even partial repainting. As is the case with the pictures in S. Pietro in Montorio it is painted in oil on stucco, one of the causes of the serious deterioration which has taken place in the colouring.

This notice of some of the works of art in S. Maria del Popolo, though treating but briefly on a few only of the treasures which this church contains, will at least show that it possesses a rich store of the most varied branches of the Fine Arts, some unique of their kind, and certainly worthy of careful study on the part of all those who are interested in the history of the development of Art in Italy.

J. Henry Middleton.

BOLTON ABBEY.

BY DAVID COX. ETCHED BY S. MYERS.

THIS plate is etched from one of two drawings of Bolton Abbey, by David Cox, in the collection of water colours in the British Museum. There are many drawings by him of the same Abbey in other collections. It was part of Cox's practice to sketch in the same locality year after year; and he was at Bolton in the years 1830, 1834, 1837, 1842, 1844, and 1846. Between 1830 and 1847, he exhibited nine drawings of this subject at the Water Colour Society; and one more in 1857, two years before his death. He evidently took an especial delight in the scenery of Wharfdale. There is a letter of his, written in 1841, in which he expresses a desire to obtain a picture by Müller in exchange for some drawings of his own. He writes: 'I very much admire Mr. Müller's style; it is quite to my feeling, both in breadth and colour. I should much prefer a scene with some trees and water, with a distance seen, &c.' Trees and water, with the ruined abbey among the hills as a most interesting object in the distance, were what he delighted to paint again and again at Bolton.

PHOENICIAN ART.

THE greeting which so cordially welcomed Mr. Walter Armstrong's translations of 'The History of Egyptian Art,' and 'A History of Art in Chaldea and Assyria,' by MM. Perrot and Chipiez, is now as worthily challenged for a third pair of handsome volumes on 'The History of Art in Phoenicia and its Dependencies.'* The same standard of excellence, appropriateness, and abundance of illustrations, is maintained. The whole field of published and unpublished materials has been so thoroughly swept, and surveyed with such judicious selection, that of the six hundred and forty-four engravings in the text, a large proportion will be new even to those who have considerable knowledge of Phoenician antiquities. In addition to these, ten steel and coloured plates are given, which are justified by value beyond their mere decorative effect. What is not clear, it has been said, is not French, and certainly these volumes are as remarkable as their predecessors for accuracy of method and lucid distribution of the subject. The authors have the courage of their opinions, and do not fail to vindicate their right to maintain them by well-expressed argument. The frankness with which they recognise their obligations to other students is in pleasant contrast to the obstinate onesidedness of too much German archaeology and criticism, as their self-respecting independence is to that timorous and obsequious deference to the authority of Continental professors, by which too many English writers on ancient art are content to admit themselves mere echoes.

The Dependencies which the title refers to include not only such important settlements as Carthage, Citium in Cyprus, and Cyprus generally, but towns and stations more or less permanently occupied, from Thasos and the Cyclades to Sicily, Sardinia and the Straits of Gibraltar. It is probable that Phoenician art took on, in many instances, a special provincial character; something of the kind may be recognised at Cyprus, but otherwise we have to be satisfied if we can recover its general features. The remains on which we are reduced to rely are scattered and intermixed to a degree that defies minute local classification. We go to the soil of Phoenicia itself in vain for standard original types. Phoenicia was a narrow strip of country but a few miles wide at the broadest part, between mountains and sea; but it has always been thickly populated, and the materials of its ancient buildings have been reworked from century to century, when they have not been carried off by the coast. 'The first impulse of natives of the Lebanon at the present time, Christian and Mussulman alike, at sight of a statue, is to break it;' all tombs not very securely hidden have been rifled and broken up

* 'The History of Art in Phoenicia and its Dependencies. From the French of George Perrot and Charles Chipiez. Chapman and Hall, London, 1885.

by treasure-seekers. Antique Phoenicia is so absolutely obliterated that the site has only yielded nine inscriptions out of the thousands now known to students. Thus it is that students, anxious to know the works of the Phoenicians, have had to follow their example, to take ship and explore the routes of a nation of traders, and even to track their wares as they were dispersed overland and found resting-places at last in the sepulchres of nations very contrasted in genius and disposition.

It is as adventurous navigators and merchants that they appear in the earliest history of the Greeks, and in the earliest poetry as manufacturers also. They may be credited with the virtues which pertain to peaceful and industrious preoccupations; but we must not be surprised if men who, like the Homeric heroes, delighted in predatory war, imputed to them the shabbier tendencies of perfidy and greed. The Phoenician is usually referred to in the 'Odyssey' as an habitual cheater, and quite as ready to kidnap men, women, and children, to hold or sell as slaves, as to trade; experienced and daring seamen, but too much engrossed with the cares of the super-cargo to be, or desire to be, either effective athletes or warriors. Paris brings away from Sidon to Troy female slaves, accomplished workers of feminine raiment. One of the prizes set forth by Achilles at the funeral games of Patroclus was a silver crater elaborately finished by Sidonian workmen; and Menelaus received a solid silver crater, with brim enriched with gold from a King of Sidon, lineal, let us say, with Esmounazar, whose sarcophagus of Egyptian material and design is now in the Louvre. The tissues produced by the looms or embroidered by the slaves in the factories of Tyre and Sidon have necessarily perished; but shells of the purple murex in vast heaps attest the activity of the ancient dye-works. The best-preserved and most characteristic productions of Phoenician art are in metal, and then in jewelry, feminine ornaments, such as kept the women amused when the child Eumaeus was stolen away. A certain number of interesting objects in glass can also be plausibly identified as relics of a manufacture which did not originate in Phoenicia, but of which it was the most celebrated ancient seat.

It must be admitted that on review of all the remains, it cannot be said that we have any Phoenician work which challenges a place as belonging to really fine art, as evincing originality and imagination of high order. But considering what mere fragments we gather up of what a wreck, it behoves us to give full value to whatever glimpses appear of truly independent power. If the critic lights upon what appears but a germ, he must remember that it may have had developments which have perished. In any case a very high historical interest attaches to all.

Sooth to say, so far as the works of art which the Phoenicians traded in were of their own production, they usually rank in respect of taste very much on a par with those which a Midland town designs to meet the taste of populations on the Gold Coast, if not sometimes nearer home. Herodotus states that in very early times they imported Assyrian and Egyptian wares into Greece; their own earliest models appear to have been Assyrian; then Egyptian came in, and symbolical imagery and hieroglyphics were combined with a certain regard to symmetry and variety, but with utter disregard to meaning or consistency. Later still they submitted to some influence from archaic Hellenic art. What originality they display is that of the art manufacturer, not of the artist; it is skill in unintelligent, if dexterous, imitation and adaptation. Fully advanced Hellenic art had at last to submit to their debasing manipulation; to make the contrast complete, Hellenic genius from the first had, by fusion or development, transformed the coarse types and motives put before them by the Phoenicians into grace and power and meaning, into the Artemis of Ephesus, the Aphrodite of Corinth, into Heracles or Hephaestus.

COIN OF BYBLUS. ENLARGED.

VOTIVE STELE FROM SULCIS, SARDINIA. HEIGHT, 28 INCHES.

The first volume opens with a succinct notice of the civilisation of the Phoenicians, and then comprises all that can be recovered respecting their architecture —sepulchral, sacred, and civil. A coin of Byblus preserves the type of a Semitic temple, which corresponds curiously with the mosque of the Caaba at Mecca; it exhibits the sacred stone erected within a balustrade at one end of a spacious court, which is surrounded by an internal colonnade. Evidence of the usual confluence of nationalities is glaring in the attachment to the sacred enclosure of a portico of Greek design. In like manner a votive stele from Sardinia presents a goddess, who, in accordance with

FRAGMENT OF A CYPRIOT STATUE.

the Phoenician type, presses a disk to her bosom, but who stands in a niche between two proper Ionic columns, which again support an Egyptian cornice with the winged disk above her head. A cornice, ornamented in like manner with winged disk and row of *uraei*, crowns a stele from Adrumetum; the Egyptian motive is so far continued in the columns below, that their capitals are female heads with Egyptian headdress, but the bust is also given with the arms, which press to the bosom the constant Phoenician emblem of a disk combined with a crescent; Greek associations then contribute a fluted shaft, which rises from a base enriched with acanthus leaves. The elaborately adorned sarcophagus discovered by General di Cesnola is a pasticcio of Greek, Egyptian, Mesopotamian, and Phoenician art and ornament, most impartially selected and combined (p. 208).

Neither in Phoenicia proper nor in Cyprus was there any material so tempting and so suitable for sculpture as the alabaster of Assyria or the glorious white marble which offered itself so opportunely and

PRIEST WITH A DOVE. LIMESTONE. HEIGHT, 9 FEET 3 INCHES.

in exhaustless abundance and admirable quality to the genius of the Greek. But clay was made use of at a very early date for the production of small terra-cotta figures, and even for groups of some complexity, as war and travelling chariots.

Parts of these are modelled and mounted by the hand, the voids being taken out with a cutting instrument, but the small human figures were

squeezed in a mould. Phoenicia, like Assyria before her and Greece in after times, painted her terra-cottas; sometimes the whole figure is tinted, and details of costume are indicated in pink, green, and blue. It is much if a single example can be referred to as of any true artistic merit of any kind; still it is of interest to notice, what seems to have escaped the attention of the authors, that Tanagra, which has yielded such exquisite specimens of the art, is said by Herodotus to have been that district of Boeatia which was colonised by the immigrants who introduced the Phoenician alphabet into Europe.

M. Heuzey is quoted for a satisfactory refutation of the theory that the archaic style of Greece was derived from the Phoenician works which have its impress. But, it is argued, before this reasoning can be adopted, we must admit that Phoenician art had a third epoch, an epoch full of originality and creation; that, after having passed from mediocre imitations of the style of Egypt to equally poor ones of the style of Assyria, Phoenicia ended by creating a new and truly national style of her own. All the facts point to an opposite conclusion.

PHOENICIAN PLATTER. SILVER. DIAMETER, 7⅝ INCHES.

The predominance of the Grecian element in the population of Cyprus naturally preserved its sculpture from the poverty of style and conception observable in whatever has been recovered from other settlements of Semitic population. The collection which is accessible in the British Museum, and, still more, that which has found a home at New York, attests a remarkable activity and variety in style and execution, despite the inferior material, an almost friable limestone. But, nevertheless, the Syrian influence was strong enough to arrest the development of Hellenic genius. It was stopped, in consequence, at a point a long way on the hither side of the true manifestation of what sculpture is capable of, at its best. What the Cypriot artists did cast off was slavery to the Oriental passion for minute fringes and ornaments; they even arrived at a feeling for the beauty of flowing outlines and accidental symmetries of fold in draperies. The *Priest with the Dove* in the Metropolitan Museum of New York may be compared in these respects with the Attic bas-relief of the *Charioteer* (ii. 108). Something even beyond this—something of the response of drapery to free agitation—is indicated in one fragment of a Cypriot statue (p. 136), which otherwise is rigid enough.

The subject of painting in Phoenicia only supplies the heading of a blank chapter. It is very different with gem-engraving. This was an industry for which the materials and the processes were obtainable from the cutters of cylinders in Assyria and of scarabs in Egypt. The Syrian productions, mostly in the form of seals, are scattered far and wide, but are identifiable by subjects, symbols, and inscriptions. Seals were habitually employed in business in Mesopotamia on the one hand, and Greece on the other, in verification of contracts; it may have been only in this respect that the Phoenician cared for them, for his native art is described as terribly commonplace, and any figure taken, without scruple as without selection, from the rich stores of Egypt or Chaldaea, served his purpose. These merchant seals were distinguished, therefore, neither for originality of theme or beauty of execution; it is much if we can claim for them the distinction of having been the first to be set in finger-rings, and to have given the hint which was so marvellously improved upon by the glyptic artists of Greece.

Among the subdivisions of the chapter on 'Industrial Arts,' attention will be attracted to those which treat of ceramics and glass. It will be ob-

served with interest that among the archaic Cypriot vases are certain forms which are direct analogues of some of the most peculiar vessels unearthed by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik.

But the most interesting products of Phoenician industry—they are also described by the authors as the most authentic—are considered under the head of metallurgy; they are shallow metallic bowls of small depth, and without stems, ornamented with designs in low relief. These were partly beaten out with punch and hammer from the reverse side, and then brought to more exact definition and finish by chasing. The specimens are very numerous, and readily identified by the usual decorative commingling of Assyrian and Egyptian groups and ornaments. The tomb of an overseer of Thothmes III. has given up paintings of tributary vases brought by Phoenicians, of which both the colours and forms evince, for some of the more elaborate, that they must have been of metal. These must date some centuries before the Homeric poetry which describes Sidonian craters of silver highly ornamented and enriched with gold.

BOWL FROM PRAENESTE. SILVER-GILT. DIAMETER, 7½ INCHES.

The Phoenician bowl from Praeneste, the ancient Palestrina, is formed of a thin plate of silver overlaid with gold—diameter, 7½ inches. The ornament of the interior consists of a series of subjects disposed in a central medallion and two concentric bands or zones. A vast serpent coiled in a circle, head to tail, encloses the whole. Other such bowls are of bronze, but are still worked without stint of labour. The general scheme of all is much the same. Sometimes the bands are more numerous, or more of them are occupied by mere patterns, or the groups alternate with decorative objects, or figures seem introduced at random and with no definite purpose. Sometimes also circles of hieroglyphics are distributed very lavishly, but ever without the slightest regard to their meaning.

The distribution of subjects in a series of concentric bands has an obvious analogy to the arrangement of numerous subjects on the circular shield of Achilles—a work of Hephaestus, the same immortal artizan to whom is ascribed the silver vase which Menelaus received from the Sidonian king. The bowl recovered from Praeneste, in the very heart of Latium, and which is in many respects the very crown of Phoenician antiquities, supplies another Homeric illustration, to which we are led by the ingenious interpretation of its chief band by M. Clermont-Ganneau. We have here an example of how Homer conceived the representation of progressive incidents. We first see an armed hero in a chariot quitting his castle; then we see him alighted and stalking a stag; his arrow strikes the stag. Then ensues a scene of rest; the horses are unharnessed; the hunter, seated, is occupied with religious preliminaries of a meal. A mountain then intervenes, beyond which the hunter, on his return, is attacked by a huge anthropoid ape; such appears to be his enemy—as if an exaggeration of the Gorilla of Hanno, the Carthaginian, that has not escaped exaggeration of dangerousness in our own day. A strange combination in the air seems to represent his supernatural rescue; then we see him slaying the monster, and then quietly in his chariot regaining his home.

A succession of actions is thus represented by the simple convention of repeating the actor. It is impossible to assign a date within even conjectural limits to this bowl, or others of the same class; but a convention of this nature is precisely one of those which are transmitted from

the early times when Art resorts, without hesitation, to whatever *naïve* contrivances will help it to tell its story.

With the Praeneste bowl of the Phoenician metal-worker before us, how easily imagination supplies the division into scenes of this episode, here given in literally literal translation, in the Homeric description of the city at war on the shield of Achilles :—

'But for the other town, near it were seated two armies of people,
Aglitter in arms; and the counsels betwixt them approved were divergent;
Whether to spoil it by sack,—or of all accept half division,
Whatsoever the wealth which the fair-seated fortress protected within it;
But the others were not yet compliant, but armed for secret ambush:
For the wall,—their consorts beloved and the unable children
Kept watch in station above, and men with them whom eld had clutched hold of;
But themselves were on march; their leaders were Ares and Pallas Athene,
Formed of gold were both, and golden the garments upon them,
Beautiful both, and majestic in size, with their arms as godlike,
Radiant all around; but the people were less important:
And when they had reached the position where they designed to ambush,
By a river-side at a watering-place for all manner of cattle,
There was it they crouched down,—enveloped in glancing armour:
And for them forthwith at a distance were posted two scouts of the people,
On watch when of sheepflocks they sight should obtain, and of crook-footed oxen;
And speedily these were approaching, and following with them two herdsmen,
Amusing themselves with pipes, and of treachery had no forethought;
But they having sight of this, rushed forward, and then very swiftly
Intercepted on all sides the oxdroves and fair fleeces
Of sheep all radiant white, and slaughtered, moreover, the shepherds;
And the others, so soon as they heard the great tumult about the oxen,
Seated where they were in debate, at once to their horses
Betaking themselves, — the fleet-footed, — pursued and arrived at the instant,
And took up a stand and were fighting a fight by the banks of the river;
And at each other they darted with javelins brazen-pointed;
And amidst them was Strife, and was Tumult in throng with them; and there was dire Fate,
Grasping one yet alive with a fresh wound, and one unwounded,
And another already dead did she drag by the heels through the battle;
A garment she had on her shoulders, bespattered with gore of mortals;
And they were closing together like living men and fighting,
And dragging away from each other the bodies of the slaughtered.'

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

LANDSCAPE IN ART.

THE beginnings of landscape-painting, its first introduction in backgrounds to figure-pictures, and subsequent detachment and independence, are of great importance in the history of art, and might well occupy the attention of a writer in our time, when the origins of all things are investigated. The historical study of landscape-painting is in itself one of the greatest interest; but there is a peculiar difficulty in presenting the results of it so as to make them readily accessible, on account of the necessity for abundant and very faithful illustrations, which, however, from the nature of the originals, cannot always, or often, be complete or beautiful in themselves. This difficulty was felt by Mr. Ruskin when he touched upon the history of landscape in 'Modern Painters.' The engraving from primitive attempts at landscape, or from recent developments in wrong directions, had to be done just as carefully as those from the most learned and perfect works; in other words, the utmost skill of modern draughtsmen and engravers had to be employed in copying work far inferior in knowledge to that which they would have produced if simply left to themselves. Such illustration is so costly and unrewarding, it is so difficult to execute it without putting more science into it than the primitive artist possessed, and when the precise degree of ignorance has been reflected in the copy, the achievement is such a thankless result of skill and self-abnegation, that the task can hardly be continued long enough to do justice to the complicated subject. It is true that since the publication of 'Modern Painters' photogravure has come to our aid, but even here there are great practical difficulties, especially with the backgrounds of old pictures, and the cost of printing photogravures would limit the quantity of them so strictly that the history of landscape could not be adequately illustrated by their help. Mr. Gilbert* has chosen the only effectual way of getting over the difficulty. He has contented himself with a number of woodcuts and reproductions of drawings and en-

* 'Landscape in Art, before Claude and Salvator,' by Josiah Gilbert, author of 'Cadore, or Titian's Country,' and one of the authors of 'The Dolomite Mountains,' &c. London, John Murray.

gravings that could be printed in the text, just where the sense of the book required them, and by their help he has made his meaning clear. The quality and fidelity of the illustrations are, however, very variable. Some of them render, with considerable truth, not only the facts given by the old artist, but also the peculiarities of his style, whilst in others the style is absent. The coarse and inaccurate sketch which stands for Van Eyck's exquisite distance in the *Vierge au Donateur* is one of the worst examples in the book, because it gives no notion of the clear, minute, and precise drawing that Van Eyck put into landscape. On the other hand, it may be fairly said that the woodcut from Titian's landscape at Buckingham Palace, which serves as the Frontispiece, does really give, so far as woodcutting allows, some notion of the style of Titian, and even of his feeling. The woodcuts from some other Italian masters, such as Masaccio and Annibale Carracci, have the same merit of an approximate fidelity. The coarse reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's drawing in the Royal collection at Windsor, *A Storm over an Alpine Valley*, is apologised for by Mr. Gilbert, who expresses his regret for its imperfection; but to any one who is familiar with the bad process, the qualities of the original are imaginable, and may be seen with the eye of the mind. All the illustrations are interesting and useful, if only we take them for what they are; that is, notes to elucidate the text. Beyond this, they may have an educational value in directing the reader to the originals, and here, perhaps, is their most important use.

I have dwelt on the difficulty of illustrating this volume, because it must have been the greatest cause of perplexity in its production. The writing of the text, for an author who, like Mr. Gilbert, knows the principal European collections, and is familiar with the landscapes most illustrated by artists, would be comparatively plain sailing. It is excessively difficult to write a book on such a subject that could be read consecutively, and the mere attempt to be always easily readable would involve the frequent sacrifice of matter to phrase. Mr. Gilbert is, at least, as readable as Kugler (edited by Eastlake), which is, perhaps, all that ought to be required from an author who has worked for the instruction, rather than the amusement or literary gratification, of his readers. The merits of Mr. Gilbert's book are chiefly in the great number of references to art that it contains, and in the writer's extensive knowledge of his subject and ample opportunities for its investigation. The dedication to a lady who inspired the work and took her share in the labour bears reference to past toils, and it is easy for any critic who has done work of the same kind, even on a much more limited scale, to appreciate the great patience and care that must have been bestowed upon the collection of these materials, and in the arrangement of them in presentable order.

Mr. Gilbert has not escaped the tendency to overrate the landscape science of the old masters, which seems to be a result of much study in picture-galleries. For example, in speaking of the *St. Anna* in the Louvre, by Leonardo da Vinci, he says: 'A blue multitude of peaks—unreal only in their multitude, for each individual form might find warrant in nature—stand, heaps upon heaps of them, till they fade, near the very top of the picture, into a pale, but deeply-toned, sky.' The picture is very familiar to me, but I could not venture so far as to say of its mountain-peaks that 'each individual form might find warrant in nature.' Neither should I venture to affirm that the very bold piece of mountain-drawing by Holbein in his 'Lucerne' bore any real resemblance, even in general characteristics of structure, to the mountains about Lucerne. It is a highly simplified representation of slope on one side and precipice on the other, answering, by its division into light part and shaded part, to the light side and shaded side of the church and houses below. The great celebrity of Titian, which is due chiefly to the composition, and colour, and rich texture, of his figure-pictures, has led to considerable exaggeration of his merits as a draughtsman of landscape. His trees are fine, but they recall rather too much the muscular science of the studio. His mountainous distances are certainly good evidence that mountains did not escape his attention, but surely no candid critic would see in them anything more than the recreation of a great painter of men and women. I have never seen any thorough study of mountain form by Titian, in the sense that a modern landscape-painter attaches to such studies. It is significant that amongst the illustrations from Titian selected by Mr. Gilbert, there does not occur a single important piece of mountain-drawing; indeed, in this respect the artist is inadequately represented, as his pen-sketches contain many passages from which a good representative selection might have been made. Mr. Gilbert does right to notice Titian's sense of the poetry of the plain, especially with reference to the *Noli me tangere.*

> 'But if sea or lake is not so common as might have been expected in Titian, the plain—the dark, rich, level plain—that might almost be mistaken for sea, is a frequent feature with him. We have already noticed it in the *Three Ages;* it is seen in the *Noli me tangere* of the National Gallery; and again in the portrait of the Duchess of Urbino at the Uffizj, where the vast expanse, though only a view through a window, is glorious in its calm and simplicity.'

The restless and often uncomfortable landscape of Rubens is fairly represented by two reproductions from engravings and a woodcut from his view of the Escurial, which is not without some of the more important elements of mountain grandeur, including some fine rising clouds in the distance. It is curious

as an instance of the *naïveté* in the arrangement of a landscape subject which was possible even in the time of Rubens, that in *The Shipwreck of Aeneas* the vessel is being engulfed quite in the right-hand corner of the picture, whilst people are kindly preparing a fire exactly in the opposite corner, the space between being furnished with a broken tree that conveniently dips its higher branches into the water for a sailor to catch hold of. In the other landscape, which is of a more peaceful character, so far as the elements are concerned, the necessary degree of uncomfortableness is supplied by a waggon going over ground so uneven that it would probably upset without the efforts of a muscular rustic, whose body acts as a flying buttress. It is a relief to pass to the restful landscape of Claude, who is represented by a subject with a rich foreground of trees, streamlet, pool, and temple, and a fine vista of distance, of the kind which, before Turner's time, enchanted the world.

Turner is mentioned at the close of the volume, though the subject of it, as we are forewarned on the title-page, is only landscape before Claude and Salvator. It is almost impossible to say anything new of Turner, who, so far as criticism is concerned, is an exhausted subject, though the pleasure of a high kind that he will give to future generations may really be inexhaustible. The principal interest of Mr. Gilbert's book does not lie in fully developed landscape, but in the early tentative efforts towards landscape art made by figure-painters who took an unequal interest in the surrounding world, and represented it in fragments with more or less fidelity, sometimes surprising us by an unexpectedly accurate observation, but often also making us wonder that their considerable knowledge of the human form should not have been supplemented by a more equivalent knowledge of the inanimate creation. Mr. Gilbert does not fail to notice the really surprising early development of landscape in the Pompeian pictures, and gives some interesting examples, amongst others a leafy branch, which is repeated with good effect on the cover of the volume. We find also on the cover a sketch of sea, with a lateen-rigged boat and mountainous shores, which is certainly one of the most laconic sketches ever executed, even by its author, Leonardo da Vinci.

This notice gives, of necessity, but an inadequate idea of a volume so full of various matter as Mr. Gilbert's book, which is valuable both for what it gives and for the lines of study that it suggests for the reader's own subsequent pursuit elsewhere. It is very welcome to a place on my shelf, and though it is not a book to be read straight through, it will be frequently referred to.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE fourth exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers, now open since the last day of May at the Dudley Gallery, is, in spite of the absence of several distinguished members, American, Continental, and English, a gain upon its predecessors, especially in the matter of variety. The resources of the art of etching for the expression of distinctive style, and the artistic affinities which draw certain experts with the point into groups, are, in this selected collection of some three hundred and thirty plates, brought out in a very interesting way. The large, incisive manner of Mr. Colin Hunter translates by broad deeply-bitten line his own *Herring Harvest at Sea* of last year's Academy, and *The Rapids of Niagara*, which hangs in this season's exhibition. The hangers have given good position to *Toilers of the Deep*, a study of wave, with fishing-boat that sways on the swell, by Mr. Charles Robertson. The work is fresh and vigorous, and a little over picturesque perhaps. The picturesque is a snare to clever draughtsmen like Mr. Pennell and Mr. Duveneck, who send Venetian and other studies of buildings and scenery; yet it is seldom that the first-named, at any rate, falls into the trap. In style these etchers share much in common; Mr. Pennell has the steadier hand, and carries his plate further, Mr. Duveneck has extraordinary scintillation, and cunningly uses that sketcher's privilege to suggest rather than portray which Mr. Whistler so deftly exercised in his Venetian etchings. Drawing and apt emphasis are everything in work of this kind, where even texture is intimated by outline rather than surface. Another class of suggestive sketching is that which, in the hands of Mr. Menpes and of Miss E. A. Armstrong—whom we could suppose his pupil—produces delicate and beautiful results. Mr. Menpes sends Moorish subjects, in which the figure is most prominent; the lady's poetically felt designs are drawn from humble life, French or Belgian. The colour, so to speak, of the work has almost the purity of silver-point, and the effect depends on the absolutely right significance of line in carefully sought design, as regards form, and the fine relative values throughout. To turn to Mr. William Strang's many figure contributions illustrates an opening remark on the variety of styles exemplified. Mr. Strang's work is well known to readers of THE PORTFOLIO: the broad deliberation of his method seeking characteristic truth corresponds with the somewhat rugged and homely, but dignified, power of his design. The illustrations to Burns in this collection are happy examples. Miss Hallé's *Miserere Nobis*, a group of peasants praying in a dark church by the tremulous light of tapers, shows some advance in drawing with clever management of effective, if not orthodox, methods of working up the plate. A newcomer, Mr. Herbert Dicksee, sends clean, vigorous plates, just a little prosaic, scenes of field labour in New Zealand, animals, and a more ambitious and praiseworthy effort — *Hercules wrestling with Death*. Mr. Roller's capital drawing and intelligent use of the white space come out in Spanish and other scenes with prominent figures. The landscapes are rather disappointing. Mr. Law's thorough and honest work is apt to be a little dull and a little fussy in detail, though well deserving respect. Mr. Farrer, Mr. Angley, who has a light hand, Mr. Twining, Mr. Stanley Berkeley, Mr. Thos. Huson, send more or less satisfactory plates. Mr. Edgar Barclay's etched studies have the intricacy of his water-colour work; indeed, where fault here lies, if fault must be found, is in the artist's apparent difficulty over the method of expression, which he hardly seems yet to understand thoroughly; nevertheless, such a plate as the pastoral *Bee Music* is full of patient and sensitive labour from one end to the other. There is nothing fresh to say about the highly effective architectural studies of Mr. Axel King; *The Cathedral of Upsala* has given him a noble subject for large treatment. Mr. Ernest George's *Bridge at Prague* is his only

contribution. M. Brunet-Debaines also sends a solitary example —*La Rue St. Romain, à Rouen. The Forum, Rome*, by M. Lucien Gautier, is a fine specimen of dry but dignified precision. The workers in true mezzotint are few. Mr. Seymour Haden's elaborate mezzo version of his *Agamemnon* will be most acceptable to those who least prize the especial attractions of the former plate in line. Mr. Joseph Knight's mezzotint landscapes, chiefly under poetic moonlight effects, set forth the soft, velvety qualities and tender gradations which secure popularity. A little head, *Phillis*, by Mr. Edward Slocombe, is a beautiful and effective piece of work, which puzzles the uninitiated by its cunning use of mixed mezzotint. The touch in the hair runs hard on the sweep of a painter's brush. Mr. Hamerton has sent four copperplates in various stages of his process, by which an etcher is enabled to see his previous work while he progresses.

THE Royal Academy, at the elections in the closing week of May, bestowed Associateships upon a notable group of artists. Mr. Henry Moore, first, was awarded unanimously this long-merited honour. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, painter of the *Audience of the Emperor Honorius*, *The Oracle*, and in the current exhibition of *The Martyrdom of St. Eulalia*, an artist whose claims have been pretty accurately assured by the steady advance of his work from season to season, comes next. The third painter elected, Mr. E. Burne Jones, who has worked comparatively little in the oil medium, and we believe never sent to the Academy shows, was offered a distinction which he had not sought, though from his consent to be entered as candidate and his acceptance of the title, we may presume the recognition is not unwelcome. The art of this painter has been distinctly off the lines generally known as Academic; it is out of harmony with the modern realistic spirit, and is saturated with the fantastic mysticism of the early renaissance. But Mr. Burne Jones is an artist of strong aspiration and a noble colourist, and the Academy has done honour to itself by this somewhat magnanimous election.

THE distinguished etcher, M. Rajon, has held since June a small exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, in Bond Street, of his labours with the needle, the crayon, and the brush. Many of the studies of heads in sanguine have charm, especially in graceful touch. That M. Rajon is, however, strongest as an interpretive etcher is proved finally by this little collective gathering of his work. Whether the artist be of our own day, Alma Tadema, Ouless, Watts, Chalmers and Seymour Lucas, Meissonier and Vibert, or Franz Hals and De Hooghe or English Gainsborough—and how could one find a company in styles more diverse?—yet in all does the richly various play of M. Rajon's needle, more or less find congenial subject for interpretation and opportunity for brilliant execution and skill. Among recent plates the rendering of, presumably, a crayon portrait of himself, by Bracquemond, and the translation of Bonnat's portrait of Victor Hugo, are very notable.

A STATEMENT was recently made in the art columns of the 'Athenæum' to the effect that the Blenheim Aneidei Raphael has, since its exposure to 'the desiccated atmosphere of the National Gallery,' parted in the panels, cracked seriously, and even blistered. To this alarming and serious statement the Director, Sir F. Burton, gave in the 'Times,' of June 3rd, an emphatic and authoritative denial. The picture, he explains, is precisely in the same condition as when acquired from Blenheim, only such slight blemishes as exist are more evident under the searching light of its present position: the 'joining of the panels is more visible;' in short every precaution is taken at the National Gallery to temper the drying influence of artificial heating, during the period of its necessary use, by placing pails of water over the hot-air pipes and under the open gratings to produce evaporation. The answer of the Director, however, only produced a reiterated statement on the part of the 'Athenæum' as to the present and past condition of the Raphael panel, and the writer claims to speak from careful personal inspection of the picture before and immediately after its arrival in Trafalgar Square.

THE Berlin Photographic Company have directed especial effort to overcome the chemical difficulties in the translation of colour and relative tone, without retouching of the negative or copper plate. They now publish, under the editorship of Director H. Riegel, the first instalments of a series of photo-engravings from the Brunswick Gallery. The total issue will be a hundred plates in two series, of which two are ready. From the examples submitted to us, we should judge the process to be highly successful in the harmonic results though with some want of sharpness. The half tones are for the most part very good.

ONE of the most important art sales of the season, that of the collection of the late Mr. Beckett Denison, commenced early in June. Mr. Denison was well known as a liberal bidder, and in too many cases the prices he gave have proved, by heavy fall on the re-sale, to have been excessive. Many precious objects from the Fountaine, and Hamilton, and other noted collections, were acquired by this eager buyer, together with many celebrated pictures, such as Turner's *Departure of Adonis for the Chase*, from the Novar collection, an extraordinary example of the painter's command of the figure, and his emulation of Titianesque colour, Bronzino's portrait of *Garcia dei Medici*, Rubens' *Birth of Venus*, a design for a salver in grisaille, and the famous *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, all from the Hamilton Gallery. The unique piece of Gubbio lustre ware by Maestro Giorgio, *The Three Graces*, which Mr. Denison bought at the Fountaine sale, more than realised its value in June, when Mr. Whitehead, acting for South Kensington, obtained it, after sharp contest, for 790 guineas. The Turner went for 1450 guineas, less by 450 than it cost Mr. Denison; while the Duke of Hamilton bought back his big Rubens for 2900 guineas under the sum he got from the late owner. The Rubens Grisaille, a couple of studies by Tripolo, and *Christ driving out the Money Changers*, by M. Venusti, were acquired for the National Gallery at very moderate figures.

WE have received a delightful volume from Messrs. Cramer, in which, under the title 'Songs of the North,' the sister arts of design and music combine to illustrate the native genius of Scotland. Mr. Malcolm Lawson has harmonised, in a way to satisfy all but the most carping of purist critics, the melodies that have sprung out of the musical heart of the Scotch people; the old words have, in most cases, been kept, but now and again modern Scotchmen have been called upon to furnish brave songs for old melodies. Photographic facsimiles of drawings by artists of Scotch blood enrich the book, including the names of Sandys, Burne Jones, Pettie, Keene, Archer, Wilfrid Lawson, Lorimer, Lockhart, &c.

THE death of M. Alphonse de Neuville, the brilliant French military painter, pupil of Picot and Meissonier, must be deplored this side of the Channel, for his art produced an impression in England, if anything, more profound than in his native country, where public decision seemed to regard him too emphatically as an illustrator. His larger work dealt with such episodes of warfare as offered the pathetic and the heroic equally with the terrible, and though energetic and thorough never reeked of the slaughter-house. The scenes from the Franco-German War at Le Bourget and the Cemetery of St. Privat are among the best known pictures, as they are also the most characteristic, of the painter's highest qualities. M. de Neuville painted successfully incidents of English campaigns in Zululand and Egypt, under commission from Her Majesty or otherwise.

HASTINGS.

ETCHED BY STEPHEN PARRISH.

ON comparing this etching with a drawing of the same place, precisely from the same point of view, made about thirty years ago, I find the same elements of boats, houses, and cliff, but observe with some satisfaction that Mr. Parrish has exaggerated his cliff much less than might have been expected, and that he has relied for his effect chiefly upon the real characteristics of the place, with only such adventitious help as may be derived from the unloading of a vessel, a common incident at Hastings. And yet I think that, notwithstanding the prevalent moderation in this work, it conveys the idea of Hastings as completely and as powerfully as a more exaggerated performance might have done, a result which I take to be due to the close and lively observation of the most characteristic details. A clever American, when he visits Europe, sees things with a freshness that we ourselves can hardly hope for; and when he brings a power of expression already cultivated, he is in a peculiarly favourable position for producing work in literature or art which depends for its interest alike on freshness of sensation and experience in description or representation.

EDITOR.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MENDICANT ORDERS UPON THE REVIVAL OF ART.

I.—*Francis of Assisi and Cimabue.*

EVERY two hundred years or so in the history of the world a man appears—hero, demigod, call him by what name you will—who is at once the embodiment and the ideal of his age. Such were Moses, the Buddha, Mahomet, and Charles the Great, and such also was Francis of Assisi. All these men produced by their enthusiasm an extraordinary effect upon their contemporaries; and the essential quality of this effect was, that it was personal. Their power was a personal power, and drew its strength from the deepest and most lasting of sources, the face-to-face influence of man upon man. All men influence one another, more or less, but a very few are capable of producing an immediate and enduring impression upon all with whom they are brought in contact. Those who have been thus impressed feel that they have fallen under the influence of a higher, a miraculous power; they not only bear the memory of it to their dying day, but they are often capable of conveying the impression to others, and thus extending the area affected by the influence which they have directly experienced themselves. Now when such a leader of men passed away, writers might report certain of his words with accuracy, but the personal effect of the man, his miraculous power of communicating enthusiasm, would swiftly have been lost had not legend arisen to give it greater extension and longer duration. The miraculous in legend is, in a sense, as true as, nay, is often truer than, the plainest statement of bare fact, for it is an embodiment of the miraculous effect which the living man seemed to produce upon living men. It cannot be dissected and analysed with the methods and tests of historical criticism, for it addressed itself only to that part of a man, by his power over which the living prophet gained his ascendancy.

When, therefore, we approach the consideration of such a life as that of Francis of Assisi, with the desire of estimating his effect upon the epoch that succeeded him, and upon which he so powerfully impressed the seal of his own personality, we are not concerned to inquire what, in the legends about him, is true and what only based upon truth, what is fact and what only the exaggeration or invention of fancy. Francis, to his contemporaries, was a man of miraculous power, a striking and inexplicable phenomenon upon any other supposition than that he was directly inspired of God; Francis, to generations immediately succeeding him, was the man described by the legends we possess, and the marvellous effect he produced in his lifetime by personal contact with men, face to face, was extended after his death by the belief in him as a person of divine power. The suppliant before his shrine, invoking the intercession of the departed saint, went away in much the same frame of mind as the man who approached the living Francis and heard words of pity rushing from his lips.

The legendary life of St. Francis has come down to us most perfectly in two forms—the writings of his follower and friend, St. Bonaventura, and Giotto's frescoes round the walls of the nave of the Upper Church at Assisi; the two are in perfect agreement. The life thus told contains many miraculous incidents indeed, but the miraculous element nowise interferes with, but rather helps, our understanding of what manner of man Francis was.

Giotto's frescoes show us first the promise of his boyhood and his enthusiastic youthful charity; they then make us sharers in his romantic visions, which are not without a tinge of ambition, and of his heavenly call and whole-hearted renunciation of all earthly comforts. *The Vision of Pope Innocent III.* is the bestowal of divine consent upon the mission of Francis, and the approbation of the Rule of his Order by the same Pope marks the consequent bestowal of consent upon it by the authorised spiritual powers of the world. Then follow various miraculous incidents, some of which tell, in an emphatic manner, of his transcendant power over his followers, and of their unbounded reverence for him; some tell of his enthusiasm, which carried him fearlessly to the throne of the Soldan, and fed him, in his long hours of solitude and prayer, with ecstatic visions; some tell of his kindness to the poor and the afflicted wherever he met them. Lastly, we behold his death and burial, and the remaining subjects symbolise, in various ways, the power of his memory after he himself was gone.

But Francis' power, great though it might have been, would not have been so great had he lived at any other time. He was born in the last quarter of the twelfth century, just when the barbarism of the Dark Ages was beginning to pass away. The early years of the thirteenth century were marked all over Western Europe by a great revival of civilisation. This revival was consequent upon the growth of the middle class in the towns. Trade and manufacture arose from a sleep of centuries, and with them the intelligence of the trading classes rapidly advanced. The constitution of the towns into self-governing republics produced greater security for life and goods. A higher standard of morality spread through the more vigorous classes of men, along with a greater refinement of manners and the diffusion of education. Things had reached this point when Francis came, and beheld the masses of men that they were poor and ignorant, and still in the bonds of heathendom. Christianity of a kind had, for well-nigh a thousand years, been the recognised religion of Europe, but it had never penetrated to the hearts of the people; it had been little more than the religion of knights and monks. Francis was the first to lead a successful crusade against the forces of squalor and heathendom at home. Such a crusade was impossible until a respectable society existed as a base of operations. Once that was called into existence nothing was lacking but a man to see the need and lead the way. Such a man was Francis. His temperament was of a kind that naturally led him to extremes. When he looked on the poor, and pitied them, he could not be withheld from casting aside everything, and becoming himself poor as they. Recognition of the misery, bodily and spiritual, which penetrated so deeply in every direction, led him to an extreme act, and so called public attention to him and to a problem already pressing for solution, if the boundaries of barbarism were to be driven back. His visible act of supreme renunciation was an example that swiftly bore fruit. Others joined themselves to him at St. Mary of the Angels by Assisi, and in an incredibly short time he had organized an army of preachers, which commenced an ordered attack along the whole of the enemy's line.

'These new preachers,' says Hallam, 'were received with astonishing approbation by the laity, whose religious zeal usually depends a good deal upon their opinion of sincerity and disinterestedness in their pastors. And the progress of the Dominican and Franciscan friars in the thirteenth century bears a remarkable analogy to that of our English Methodists. Not deviating from the faith of the Church, but professing rather to teach it in greater purity, and to observe her ordinances with greater regularity; while they imputed supineness and corruption to the secular clergy, they drew round their sermons a multitude of such listeners as in all ages are attracted by similar means. They practised all the stratagems of itinerancy, preaching in public streets, and administering the Communion on a portable altar. Thirty years after their institution an historian (Matt. Paris) complains that the parish churches were deserted, that none confessed except to these friars: in short, that the regular discipline was subverted.'

The Franciscans then were a body that rapidly sprang up, produced a sudden and powerful effect, attached to themselves a large following among the masses of the people, and extended their influence not only throughout Italy, but far beyond the Alps. Wherever they settled they attracted crowds to their preaching. The secular clergy were hostile to them, so they preached in the open air till they could collect money to build a church large enough for themselves. They did not require very splendid edifices, they wanted large ones, unencumbered by massive pillars, so that a crowded congregation might hear in them. The mere edifices of Franciscan churches are always simple, usually built on the same plan and of brick, the church of Sta. Croce, at Florence, being typical of them all. They were built, moreover, not in the old Romanesque, but in the new Gothic style of beyond the Alps; for it was the Franciscans who introduced architecture of definitely Gothic form into Italy, the earliest Italian Gothic church being that raised over the tomb of St. Francis at Assisi. Romanesque architecture did not suit their needs; it was too heavy and expensive. Very plain Gothic, with its slender columns, pointed arches, and low-gabled, wooden roofs, was just conformable to their needs.

They built plainly because they had to build quickly and cheaply, but their churches were not destined to remain long bare of ornament. They were prized by the masses of the people, and the people's delight in

them soon began to make itself felt. A law, universal to the human race, prompts men to ornament whatever of their possessions is pleasant to their pride. The new Franciscan churches were the first churches that the poor and ignorant had felt to be their own. It is not, therefore, surprising that, in a day of new and great religious enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which the Franciscan Order had been chiefly instrumental in kindling—these Franciscan churches should soon have been adorned. It is a fundamental rule of ornament that it must be of a kind conformable to the uses of the object ornamented. In all Franciscan churches the chief adornment was fresco-painting; and it is easy to see why this must have been so. Much of the architecture of the later classical period had been of the kind called incrusted; that is to say, the body of the walls was built of brick, and this was overlaid with slabs of marble or coated with plaster and frescoed. The same system was revived for the embellishment of the new architecture, permitting, as it did, a great church to be built quickly, and then leaving the after-decoration of it to be carried on from year to year, as the devotion of the worshippers prompted. There is no instance, indeed, of any such church wholly covered with marble, either within or without, but a marble façade was in many cases added at the west front. It was for decorating the walls within that the faithful chiefly devoted their offerings. And this, indeed, was but natural, for the churches of the Franciscans were not, like the older cathedrals, symbols of the power of the Church, requiring to be grand outwardly and visible from afar, but they were buildings intended for daily use by multitudes of people, who did not look at them from a distance, but entered into them and used them, so that decoration was naturally first lavished on their interiors. Bearing in mind the great size of these churches, the quickness with which they sprang up, the enthusiasm they called forth, it is clear that the kind of embellishment required for them was such as could be speedily applied, on a large scale, to brick walls. Fresco-painting alone answers this requirement, and thus we are led to the important conclusion that, owing to the religious revival brought about by the Franciscans, a building activity was called into play of a kind which involved the copious employment of fresco-painting. Thus, towards the middle of the thirteenth century, the forces of artistic revival became concentrated upon fresco-painting, and that art soon began to develop with rapidity.

THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE.

The first great Franciscan church was built at Assisi over the tomb of St. Francis. It cannot be taken as a type of ordinary Franciscan churches, for its object was somewhat different from theirs. It was primarily intended to be a monument to the saint, and a resort for the pilgrims, who flocked to Assisi in a continuous stream from all parts of Europe. With them came large contributions in money, and thus funds were available for the building of an edifice such as no single body of Franciscans in any town could hope to raise. The church of St. Francis at Assisi, therefore, is far beyond the average of such churches. It is built of stone, and has a stone roof. Moreover, it is not one church, but two, built one over the other. The Lower Church is formed of the most massive masonry, with huge buttresses, and is by no means suited for the worship of a large congregation; the Upper Church is light and lofty, and, as has been said, is both the earliest and likewise the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Italy. By the liberality of devotees from every land these two churches were adorned, from end to end, and from floor to roof, with fresco. Painters were at work there from the middle of the thirteenth to the end of the fifteenth centuries, and it is in Assisi, and Assisi alone, that the early history of the revival of painting can be traced.

Coming now to a consideration of the subjects

chosen for representation by painters working in the pay of Franciscans, it must be borne in mind that the leading quality in the preaching of the master and his followers was simplicity and directness. They taught little or no doctrine; their gospel was a gospel of works. They aimed always at producing an effect upon the lives of their hearers. Naturally, therefore, they dealt much in stories of the lives of saints and other holy men and women of the past. They told the tales of the life of Christ and of the well-known saints, and after Francis's death they were never weary of recounting his deeds, his visions, and his glory. It was owing to this insistence upon tale and legend that the Franciscan churches, when they came to be painted, were covered with frescoes illustrative of such subjects, and of such only. With the Dominicans, as we shall hereafter see, it was otherwise. The Franciscans addressed an unlettered folk, and told tales to them. Nothing could be better suited to help them in their work than a set of pictures bringing before the eyes of the most stupid those very events, on the power and meaning of which the preacher was for ever insisting. In the churches of Assisi, for instance, we find a series of subjects from the Old Testament, series from the Life of the Virgin and the Life of Christ, twice over the story of St. Francis's miracles and wondrous career, besides the legends of St. Martin of Tours and several other saints. The most favourite subject of all was 'St. Francis receiving the Stigmata.' Bonaventura relates how, on the eve of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Francis 'saw descend from heaven a seraph with six wings of fire and burning light, and amidst the wings appeared the figure of a man crucified. After this vision the hands and feet of the Saint were found pierced through the midst with nails, the heads of the nails being in the palms of the hands and above the feet, and the points visible at the other sides. In his right side was a red wound, as if it had been pierced with a lance, and, from time to time blood came forth from it and moistened his garments. In this state Francis came down from the mount bearing in his body the image of the crucifixion.' To his followers Francis was little less divine than the very Founder of Christianity Himself; accordingly this legend of his receiving the *stigmata* took the same importance in the story of his life as that of the Crucifixion in the life of Christ. Pictures of St. Francis in ecstasy, receiving the wounds, became at one time almost as common in Europe as those of Christ on the Cross. Moreover, the event being associated with the festival of the Holy Cross, which at the time had formed the subject of the saint's meditations, the legend of the Holy Cross became a very favourite one with Franciscans; and thus it is that the choir of Santa Croce, the Franciscan church at Florence, was painted over with this legend by Agnolo Gaddi, and the choir of the Franciscan church at Arezzo was similarly painted by Piero della Francesca.

We can now see how it happened that the Franciscan movement, coming at the time it did, necessarily gave great employment to fresco-painters; and we may readily perceive what were the subjects upon the representation of which Franciscan art was to be occupied. The friars of Assisi, however, in mid-thirteenth century might give their order for frescoes, but they had to be satisfied with such work as the artists of the day could provide, and that was poor enough. It was only the long continuance of the demand and its magnitude that was sufficient to raise painting gradually from the depth to which it had sunk. The earliest paintings at Assisi, which are those in the nave of the Lower Church, date from the end of the first half of the thirteenth century, and are probably by Giunta of Pisa, who is known to have been working there at that time. Anything worse than these pictures, which represent parallel incidents in the lives of Christ and Francis, it is scarcely possible to conceive. They are poor in every sense, and scarcely serve the purpose of decoration. Later than these, and dating from the beginning of the second half of the century, are the frescoes in the transepts of the Upper Church. Almost every trace of colour has faded from them, but the walls still retain the dark outlines of the original design. Giunta may also have been their maker; if so, he must have progressed rapidly, for there is in them a largeness and majesty, an earnestness and mysticism, unmistakably betokening new life. They are as much the product of Francis's teaching as the embellishment of his monument. They are not the perfunctory telling of old-world tales, but the enthusiastic preaching of them. The simplicity of the artist's powers of execution rather emphasises the grandeur of his conceptions, calling largely as it does upon the spectator for the exercise of his imagination.

Next in date, and of still greater importance, is the row of frescoes round the upper part of the walls of the nave of the Upper Church, which were painted by Cimabue and his pupils in the last part of the thirteenth century.* In them the influence of Francis's teaching becomes unmistakably apparent. They retain, indeed, much of the solemn, almost rigid dignity of the old school, which harmonised so well with the old religious ideals; but there is in them a new element, the presence of which cannot be overlooked. It must be borne in mind that, notwith-

* Of these frescoes a very carefully executed series of copies in water-colours may be seen in the rooms of the Arundel Society, No. 24 Old Bond Street. The copies were made some few years ago, since when the original pictures have suffered much injury. We are kindly allowed to reproduce one of them.

standing the strong mystical element in the preaching of the Franciscans, their aim was to bring before their hearers the reality of the events about which they spoke. The saints of whom they talked had been men, living upon this earth amongst their fellows. Francis himself was personally known to multitudes of them, and he too had been a miraculous being, flesh and blood though he was, even as themselves. They strove to impress upon their hearers a firm belief in the reality of the miraculous as a power continually present in the persons of living men. It was this feature in the teaching of the Franciscans that produced the change we observe in art. The rigid orthodoxy of Byzantine types was forced to give way before the modern humanising tendency. The Franciscan preacher wanted pictures to point to, quite different from those old frozen outlines which so long had done duty rather as symbols than images of great events in sacred history. Hence Cimabue was carried along by the momentum of the day in which he lived, and, in striving to represent the events of the past in the garb of the present, he did what the extension of Francis's influence rendered sooner or later inevitable. To measure the length of the step which Cimabue took it is necessary to go to Assisi, for there he was working at the very centre of the new life and most strongly under its influence. Elsewhere we only see his panel pictures, and those that have come down to us are exclusively Madonnas.*

ISAAC DECEIVED BY JACOB AND REBECCA. FRESCO BY CIMABUE.

These Madonnas are far more orthodox in type than the Old Testament frescoes, and for a reason which is not difficult to discover. The mediaeval symbol of the Deity was the image of the Virgin and Child, such as we find in old Byzantine paintings, especially those superstitiously asserted to be by St. Luke. These early Madonnas were almost exact repetitions one of another. Now when the powers of art developed, as they did, under the hand of Cimabue, painters hesitated a long time before venturing to tamper with this highest of all symbols. They felt themselves free to change and improve the mode of depicting certain events, but reverence for the symbol of the divine presence hindered them from trying experiments upon that. Thus it came to pass that Cimabue in his Madonnas adheres closely to the old Byzantine type, the posture of the figure and the arrangement of the drapery being the same, and only something of graciousness and affection being subtly infused into the old forms.

This slight change, however, which a modern spectator might well fail to notice, was keenly appreciated by the people of Cimabue's day. Consider the aspect and surroundings of the altar-piece in a mediaeval church—the long vista, the dim-lit aisles, the crowd of worshippers, the pomp of ceremonial, of all which the altar was the centre, whilst above it appeared the mystic forms of a woman and her child, faintly relieved in rich colours against a golden ground. To the devout worshipper the Virgin was the type and essence of all that was queenly, and gracious, and loving. The whole ideal of womanly dignity and enduring virtue was enshrined in her,

* The Rucellai Madonna in S. M. Novella at Florence, and three more—one in the Academy at Florence, one in the Louvre, and one in the National Gallery.

and the strength of that ideal had been nurtured for centuries by the institutions of chivalry, the traditions of knightly prowess, and the songs of the minstrel warriors. Then, on a sudden, in the mid course of a great religious revival, a man arose with power to take the old symbol, long endeared, and (without altering its forms) to shed a new glory upon it, to endow it with new meaning, and to bring down, as it were, the very Virgin Mother herself from heaven, and make her *visible* in all her dignity to the multitudes, who had but dreamt of her before. Small wonder that the folk rushed together to his studio, and, with the sound of trumpets and loud cries of joy, bore off in procession to the church of its destination the symbol of their faith and the sign of its waxing power.

W. M. Conway.

WINDSOR.

VIII.

The Town of New Windsor—First Signs of Life—An Unfree Town—Its Troubles—The Charter of Edward I.—The Guild of the Holy Trinity—Windsor in Shakespeare's Time—The Scenery of the 'Merry Wives'—The Town Hall—Sir Christopher Wren, M.P.—St. John's Church.

IN the foregoing chapters there has been frequent occasion to mention the town of Windsor. Apart from the Castle there is more in it than might at first sight be supposed. Historically, the borough, every step in whose municipal progress may be traced, is typical of a large number of English boroughs. From a picturesque point of view it abounds in what artists call 'bits,' though the rough hands of the sanitary reformer diminish their number year by year. And to the student of English literature Windsor stands beside even Stratford-on-Avon in her association with the name of Shakespeare. As to situation, on a promontory round which winds one of the finest bends of old Thames, backed by the lofty Castle Hill, and the wide-spreading park, nothing can be more charming; and now that railways and telegraphs have made such strides towards the 'annihilation of time and space,' people have found out its advantages, and perhaps Windsor may be destined before long to figure as a suburb of London in some future municipality bill. In a very few years the area built over has doubled; and all the region round about, Upton, Slough, Staines, Ascot, Egham, Datchet, and many other villages, are growing into populous towns, the paramount attraction being the same to each, namely, the neighbourhood of Windsor.

The Old Windsor of the Confessor dwindled to nothing after the Conquest, and the houses which soon sprang up in that part of Clewer which immediately adjoined the new Norman castle appropriated its very name. As early as the beginning of the disastrous reign of John, there were enough people in New Windsor to go to law with each other. From the names of the pleaders, and the value of the property over which they disputed, we may conclude that they were members of the lower middle class, small tradesmen who lived by the custom which the occasional residence of the Court afforded them. The widow of Simon the saddler sues Hugh the draper for a house worth two shillings a-year; and Robert, 'of the Brick Bridge,' and Alice his wife, become leaseholders of a messuage and its appurtenances. The 'Brick Bridge' was of course that which crossed the Thames on the London road, and connected Windsor in Berkshire with Eton in Buckinghamshire. We have evidence of the importance of the bridge in 1205, when John gave a license to a merchant at Oxford to ply on the river with one boat, and exempted him from toll or 'pontage' at Windsor. The collector was the bailiff. So from this document we gather that the old trade with London by way of the Thames, which had made Oxford prosperous centuries before still went on, that bridges were superseding fords on the King's highways, and, above all, that Windsor had already gone so far towards developing into a corporate town, that she boasted of a bailiff or reeve, who accounted to the King as over-lord, or to the Constable of the Castle as his deputy, for the 'ferm' of the town. Among the leases of this period is one of a booth in the Market Place.

Before long Windsor was rapidly rising in importance. A certain amount of protection in troubled times was expected from the vicinity of the Castle. After all, it was better to be plundered by the King alone, than by a lower oppressor and the King himself also, as in other places. Though no fewer than ten horsemen were required of the town during the Barons' War, the great events which preceded and followed the meeting at Runnimede benefited Windsor directly or indirectly, as did also the vast building schemes at the Castle of Henry III. In 1242 compensation to the amount of 7*l.* 5*s.* was paid to certain good men of Windsor whose houses had been pulled down to widen the Castle ditch; but in 1256, when perhaps Henry had forgotten the constitutional scruples of his youth, the town had to pay various small sums to an artist who was employed in decorating the new chambers of the palace. This artist,

who received two shillings a-day for his pay, out of the neighbouring manor of Cookham, was named William, and was a monk belonging to Westminster. Perhaps we may ascribe the fragment of a fresco still remaining in the cloisters to William; possibly he was the painter of the beautiful little altar-piece of this period, which now stands near the entrance to the south aisle of the apse at Westminster Abbey.

Although, so far, Windsor could be taxed and oppressed, although it had to contribute men and money for the King's wars, and pay for artists to decorate the King's chambers, it had no corporate existence. Strictly speaking, it was only a hamlet in the parish of Clewer. What this meant in the reign of Henry III., we of the reign of Queen Victoria can hardly understand. Windsor was not a borough 'by prescription.' It had grown up wholly since the Conquest. Other places, that had once been free and were now 'in demesne,' had their traditions at least of folkmote, and had burgesses who fought for their rights, and united in guilds and juries against the common enemy. But Windsor had no organization. The people who dwelt under the Castle were the King's tenants, nothing more, and were governed solely by the bailiff, whom the King set over them. The great ambition of every little town in similar circumstances was to obtain an enfranchising charter. When a charter had been conferred on a borough it became a wholly different kind of place from what it had been before. True, some things were more highly taxed than before, some narrow restrictions were imposed. Still a chartered borough had its liberties. It could elect its own officers; it could assess its own payments; it could impose its own bye-laws; it could regulate its own commercial dealings, in all things saving the peace of the King, and providing duly for the 'ferm,' or rent, which had to be annually paid through the reeve. Nor was this all. The burgesses of a little town which had obtained recognition by means of a charter were free. It required a certain probation, no doubt—a certain apprenticeship, perhaps, before a serf from without the boundaries could become a freeman within; but the man who resided and plied his business in a free borough for a year and a day, and who was still unclaimed at the end of that time by any master or lord, might appeal to the governing body of the town and claim to be admitted a burgess. The admission of such a claim involved payment, and the town was the better. But it may be asked what was the governing body of such a town as Windsor. In the case of some towns it would be very difficult to answer such a question. The governing guilds of London, of Oxford, of Canterbury, of Lincoln, at the period of which we are speaking, were flourishing bodies, no two of them exactly alike, and no two of them with any very distinct point of origin. We do not know how a certain guild in London came to govern the whole city. We do not know when Canterbury received, or assumed, the right to elect her own chief magistrates. But in the case of Windsor there is no ambiguity.

At the beginning of the reign of Edward I. the little town began to be regarded, or at least called, a borough, and its inhabitants burgesses; but they were 'let to farm' by the King, and were held by the Governor of the Castle, who made what he could out of them. Within certain limits, that is, while he paid the King his rent, and while he kept the King's peace undisturbed, he did pretty much as he pleased with the town and the people. Of one constable we read that he purposely left a pasture open, so that the cattle and horses of the people going and returning from their work might trespass on it, and so enable him to impound the beasts and fine their owners. This is only one of several similar complaints against the same oppressor, who paid the King twenty-five pounds a-year for his office, and made it worth thirty. The townsmen were practically at his mercy. It will easily be seen that a charter, which would allow them to elect their own bailiff, which would enable them through him to pay the rent direct, and which would give them the privileges above enumerated as be-

longing to a corporate town, was the greatest boon they could hope for from any King. They were finally indebted for it to Edward I., who, in 1276, made New Windsor a free borough, the 'good men of the said town' free burgesses, and instituted as a governing body, or, as we should say, a corporation, the Merchant Guild of the Holy Trinity.

Of the subsequent history of the borough there is not much which need be told here. The Guild held its annual 'obit, with mass of requiem,' at the season of Trinity in the parish church; it accumulated a little property, and built itself almshouses; its chief officer was the Mayor, and it returned through him the two unwilling members who were paid forty shillings to represent the borough in Parliament. In all these things there were fluctuations. Sometimes Windsor was under misfortune, as other towns, in spite of the royal favour, and in 1439, indeed, was practically bankrupt. The terrible epidemic visitations of the fifteenth century fell with peculiar heaviness on it. Its houses were unlet, its merchandise went elsewhere, and the various sources of the municipal income, which had formerly been as high as 17*l.* yearly, were reduced to 6*l.* 11*s.* at most. But in a few years things came right, and though the Guild was dissolved at the Reformation, Windsor contrived to lose less than some other places, such, for example, as Birmingham, and in the reign of Elizabeth was in very prosperous circumstances. This is proved by its activity in paving, lighting, and other improvements, and by the building of a new market-house.

To call up a picture of Windsor in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that is, at the time when Shakespeare wrote of its 'Merry Wives,' is a somewhat difficult task, and has tried several skilful pens. Mr. Jesse, Mr. Charles Knight, Messrs. Tighe and Davis, and others, have left us something more than mere notes on the subject. Yet much remains undetermined; Herne's Oak is as vaguely identified as Datchet Mead, and the Fairy Pit as Page's House. Of the general aspect of the place, nevertheless, we may, perhaps, call up a very correct presentment. The narrow, straggling street of picturesquely gabled houses led up the hill from the steep arch of the bridge; the blue roofs and grey walls of the Castle towering over the red tiles and half-timbers of the town. A cross stands at the top of the hill where Peascod Street leads down on the right and the Castle Hill leads up on the left. Where there is little or none of the vehicular traffic of the present day, the street seems very wide, and for the convenience of the weekly cattle market a stout barrier of timber runs down the middle. Two inns hang out their signs, gaudily painted, near the cross, the 'Garter,' sometimes no doubt called the 'George,' and the 'White Hart.' Opposite, under the Castle wall, is the house of the Fords. A little farther on is the Market House, then recently built, and standing on high arches over the centre of the market-place at the cross. The upper storey forms a source of revenue to the Corporation, as it is let to an inn-keeper for five or six pounds a-year. A little to the left, nearly facing the new gate which Queen Elizabeth has built to the Castle, at the corner of Church Street, is the Town Hall, the seat, before the suppression of chantries, of the governing Merchant Guild of the town or fraternity of the Holy Trinity, and afterwards of the Mayor and Corporation. Still going south, over the shoulder of the hill, we come, beyond the market-house, to the pillory standing ready for offenders, and a little to the left, with green fields about it, the church, its spire rising from a square tower. A hundred yards farther on the houses cease, and we are in the open country, the Park, with its dense foliage, closing in the view on the eastern side, and the river winding away into the distance westward toward Bray.

Such is the background, the scenery, for those passages of the 'Merry Wives' which relate to the town of Windsor. Of those which relate to the Park we may have occasion by-and-by to speak. Not only has everything changed, as in the town, but controversy has raged as to the identity of each spot. To people who are not specially Shakespearian scholars there is something very deterrent both in the futile guesses and the divergent views of students, and also in their absorption in a pursuit which, notwithstanding the number of minds exclusively devoted to it for the hundred years last past, has added hardly anything to our knowledge of the personal history, appearance, or disposition of the poet. That he was thoroughly acquainted with Windsor is beyond dispute. He even knew the names of some of the leading townspeople. Ford and Page are not accidents; both occur in the registers of the time. That he should have used the names of local families for his characters, and should have purposely distorted the local topography, is incredible. We cannot doubt that in his mind's eye he had before him the places he describes: to identify them now would, perhaps, be easier if Shakespearian commentators had not been so busy with their wild guesses for a century at least. The action of Malone, who painted Shakespeare's bust a dirty white is typical of a majority of the tribe; and each wiseacre, as he has gone over the ground, has so carefully erased the footsteps of his predecessor that the footsteps of the great poet himself which underlay them all have long ago been obliterated. Charles Knight, perhaps, did less harm in this respect than any other critic, and, moreover, knew and loved Windsor. In his *Studies of Shakespere* (1851) he makes a vehement, if ineffectual, attempt to date the 'Merry Wives;' but he goes on, in a passage of considerable beauty, to sketch Elizabethan Windsor,

a quiet, country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour the Castle. He speaks of its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, 'from which the elm, and the chestnut, and the lime, throw their branches across the unpaved road,' and he introduces us, one by one, to the 'goodly company' assembled under their shade. But in Mr. Knight's local illustrations of the play in his 'Pictorial Shakespere,' he observes that the period of its action is 'about two centuries before Shakspere's own age,' an assumption in which it is not easy to follow him. Still it leads to a vivid little picture of the appearance of Windsor in the time of Henry IV., from which we gather that the Castle must have still presented the aspect, not of a palace, but of a very strong fortress, for the terraces did not then conceal 'the stern grandeur of the walls standing boldly upon the rock of chalk.' He places Page's house in the High Street, a little to the north of the present Town Hall, and is probably right in believing that there were no houses along the edge of the Castle ditch. But though the Fords may not have lived on that side, or in Windsor at all, in the time of Henry IV., this is no reason for supposing they did not in the reign of Elizabeth: and altogether, what with local allusions, what with historical allusions, what with manners and customs, the play of the 'Merry Wives' is thoroughly and wholly Elizabethan, and the Elizabethan scenery of Windsor, as it is preserved to us by Norden's drawings, now in the British Museum, suits it best.

Of the late history of the royal borough there is not very much to be said. With a single exception

it is devoid of interesting buildings. The Market House has been mentioned above more than once. The old building must have resembled the market houses now or lately standing at Warwick, Leominster, and other places; a wide open space below, supporting on stout oak pillars a chamber above. In 1687 it became ruinous, and about the same time it was decided to unite the Town Hall with it; and a certain Sir Thomas Fitz, the Surveyor of the Cinque Ports, was employed to make the proper design and carry out the building. On the 5th of September the first stone was laid, but Sir Thomas died early in the following year, and Sir Christopher Wren was directed to finish the work.

Wren's connexion with Windsor was long and intimate. His father had been dean, and was gratefully remembered for having saved the records of the Garter during the Great Rebellion. Sir Christopher himself, besides being Surveyor of Works at the Castle, sat for the borough in the famous Convention Parliament which acknowledged William and Mary, the very year he began to work at the new Town Hall. He had trouble about his election, which was annulled by the House, and he was eventually unseated: but his building remains much as he left it, and, we may hope, will remain for a little longer; for as Thorne, who did not admire it, observes, it is the oldest building now in the town, though a private house is sometimes doubtfully attributed to Inigo Jones. The Town Hall was a good deal pulled about and altered, not for the better, a few years ago; but is in some respects a characteristic example of the plain, solid, yet delicately proportioned style of the great architect—a style which, for a few years during the present century, was as little understood by the ordinary architect as Gothic in the reign of George II. The building cost the modest sum of 2000*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*, another example, like a majority of his City churches, of the small sum a real artist requires to produce a good effect. Wren did not employ excessive ornament to conceal faults of construction and proportion, but by spending a little thought he saved a great deal of money. The day is coming when his unerring canon of proportion, forgotten awhile, will be recognised again; and architects will have to find out, by his example, why it is that granite columns, carved capitals, marble inlay, and the expenditure of vast sums on stucco, fail to make a mean design look handsome. I do not want to over-praise the Town Hall of Windsor; but given a similar sum, in the proportion of the present day, given the same site and the same requirements, and let us ask, is there an architect in England who can produce anything so suitable, so solid, and, on the whole, so picturesque?

An anecdote is sometimes told about the Hall which well illustrates both Wren's character and his method of going to work. It is told by one of his latest biographers, and rests probably on tradition, yet there is nothing in it absolutely improbable. When the Town Hall was finished the Corporation attended to inspect and approve. It was, and is, like the Market House it superseded, built upon tall pillars, which, supporting the council chamber and offices of the municipality above, leave space for the ancient Corn Exchange below. One of the burgesses objected that the upper room was not adequately supported, and Wren undertook to strengthen the lower storey by putting in two additional columns. The objector was satisfied, little guessing that the

architect, when the new pillars were erected, left half-an-inch between them and the floor they were supposed to sustain. 'Wren must many a time have laughed to himself when he passed that way.' Miss Phillimore attributed to him three other houses in Windsor.

When the new Hall was finished the inhabitants set up at one end of it 'the Queen's effigies.' For this statue, which stands in a niche nearly facing the gateway of Henry the Eighth, and represents Queen Anne, with all the ensigns of royalty, the town paid 40*l.* in 1706, and a few years later Sir Christopher gave them a similar statue of Prince George of Denmark 'in a Roman military habit,' to set up at the opposite, or southern end of the building. The Corporation accounts contain various small charges for gilding these statues, and for cutting bombastic inscriptions beneath them.

In 1835 the old Corporation was reformed, with so many others, under the Act of that year, and since then the corporate body consists of the Mayor, six aldermen, and eighteen councillors, and the old restricted qualifications of burgesses are enlarged to admit all men who occupy houses or shops, and have paid their poor-rate. While they are enlarged in one direction they are narrowed in another, as women are no longer allowed to become free of the borough, as they were previously. Windsor continued to send its two representatives to Parliament until 1867, when a member was taken away.

One other public building must be noticed. The Church of St. John the Baptist used to stand, as we saw above, well clear of the town, and, in the time of Shakespeare, was probably quite as large as the parish required. At the suppression of chantries the Corporation accounts contain an item from which it seems that 'Mr. Mayor' paid for the 'brasen deske in the parishe church to the use of the halle,' ten shillings. This was only part of a large amount of church furniture and ornaments which was disposed of in a similar manner at that time. In 1822 the church had become so dilapidated that a new one was considered necessary. The design was made by a Mr. Holles in what was considered to be fifty years ago the Gothic style. Notwithstanding the thorough remodelling which was given to it by Mr. Teulon in 1869, it remains 'large, light, and commodious,' but essentially and irremediably ugly and common-place. There are several other churches in the Windsor of to-day, but neither they, nor the schools, nor other public institutions, add much, or anything, to the picturesqueness of the royal borough.

W. J. Loftie.

MILKING-TIME, DORT.

FROM A PICTURE BY ALBERT CUYP IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

It is eleven years since we published in the Portfolio an etching of Cuyp's *Ruined Castle on a Lake* in the Peel Collection at the National Gallery. The picture was chosen by M. Brunet-Debaines as the subject of the first plate which he contributed to this periodical. The etching appeared in 1874, with an account of the painter from the pen of the late Mr. R. N. Wornum. At that time the National Gallery possessed five Cuyps, four landscapes and one portrait, but two years later the Wynn Ellis Gift added three more to the collection. These are all landscapes. *The Windmills* (No 960) is a view of a town, not identified, in which three windmills are conspicuous objects. The picture (No. 961) which Mr. Murray has etched for us is known as the *Large Dort*, the background being a view

of the city in which Cuyp was born, and in which he lived to the age of eighty-six years. The picture is a large one, measuring more than five feet by six. No. 962 is a similar subject, but much smaller, with a group of cows in the foreground, and Dort in the distance.

THE STONES OF ROME.

'Roma, Roma, Roma,
Non è piu come era prima!'

IT was in the old church of the Aracoeli, which stands where was once the Arx of the Romans, and which is built with columns and marbles brought from Pagan temples and palaces, that Gibbon, as he listened to the vesper chants of the monks, the modern successors of ancient warriors, first thought of writing his history. To those who have, with him, eyes to see, there is not a street, not a corner of the seven-hilled city, which will not appeal as strongly, which will not speak as it did, of the death of the old, the growth of the new. In the stones of Rome the story of the decline and fall of the great empire is written more clearly than in the most eloquent pages of the historian. It is told even where the life of modern Romans is brightest and busiest, and where but few traces remain of the past. It is the lesson you learn when you linger on the Pincian while the band plays, and watch the people—the monks and soldiers, the tourists and models, the nurses and children, the students from the Propaganda and the long lines of schoolboys—and then remember that it was here Lucullus had his villa in which he supped in state with Lucullus; and that here, later, were the gardens of Messalina, where now she danced as a Bacchante, with her lover as Silenus and her attendants as Satyrs, and where, again, the storm from Ostia having broken overhead, she crouched in her despair to await the death-blow which, despite her mother's exhortations, she was too cowardly to give herself. It is the chapter you read when you walk along the Corso and compare the careless crowd aimlessly wandering up and down, or lounging about the Piazzas and Caffés, with the throng that came forth to meet the conquerors from the north as they marched over the same road, then the Flaminian Way, and under the triumphal arches there raised in honour of their victories. It is the beginning and end of the reflections awakened within you as you pass from streets full of bustle and activity to the silence and desolation of the Forum and the Palatine.

But on the Corso and the Pincian it is through the imagination that these contrasts are realised. In the Forum and on the Palatine the bare brick walls, the broken columns, and the defaced arches, are expressive witnesses of the mighty fall that is there. But they are now guarded with care and respect, as the last years of a once powerful monarch, who has grown too old to reign, and who has suffered the many slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, might be protected by new rulers of a younger generation, and the reverence thus shown them continually recalls their former greatness. It is when buildings and monuments, when temples and theatres and tombs, raised by emperors and patricians, have either been allowed to sink into neglect and contempt worse than actual ruin, or else, instead of being reverentially set apart, have been adapted to their modern surroundings, that the changes wrought by time are most marked. Not, however, in the sense that they are noticed at once. In many cases the old has been made so completely subservient to the new that it is only by degrees its age and original purpose are remembered. When, for example, you first look at the little baker shop at the corner of the Via della Croce Bianca and the Via Alessandrina, and where of old was the Forum of Nerva, you wonder at the caprice which made such a building into such a shop, before you become conscious that those columns, half buried by the street, and by happy chance spared when Paul V.—as true a barbarian as any Genseric or Attila—destroyed and carried off five others to decorate his fountain on the Janiculum, once formed part of the portico of a temple of Minerva; that those sadly worn bas-reliefs on what was the entablature probably represent the priests who, in women's robes and with womanly occupations, waited on, and honoured the goddess in her temple at Albano. Or, when you walk out to the church of St. John Lateran, your attention is called to the stages and street cars coming and going in the Piazza and the street beyond, to the peasants and soldiers and perhaps monks gathered near the Trattarie and wine-shops opposite, before you remember that the high brick arches, between which the Trattarie and wine-shops are built, belong to the old Aqua Claudia, through which Claudius sent water flowing from far Subiaco, for miles over the Campagna, into Rome; that the Obelisk, by which street-cars and stages pass all day long, records the power of Constantius, who brought it from where in Thebes it stood before the Temple of the Sun, to grace the pleasure-grounds of Romans. But the changes here are in the end more striking from the fact that the past is thus absorbed in the

everyday life of the present, and is at first so easily ignored. Would not the fall of a monarch from his high estate—to continue the simile already used—seem much sadder if, instead of being cared for in his old age, he was forgotten and lost sight of in the midst of a vile rabble with whom he had been forced to make his home?

A bakery Shop

It is for this reason there is no place in all Rome full of such strange significance as the Ghetto. At its very entrance its story is told by a tall, narrow, grey house, which rises above the lower houses on either side, as if to concentrate the attention of the passer-by on itself. It is very shabby and forlorn, and at all hours ragged, bare-footed children play at its foot, and frowsy-headed women lean out of the windows and scream, in Roman fashion, to their neighbours. It seems even shabbier and more forlorn because of the signs it gives of better days; for on its lower storey, directly on the ground, is an old Roman archway, now all built up; above is a Gothic window, particularly noticeable in Rome, where almost all Gothic forms have been so carefully destroyed, while just beneath the roof are ordinary modern square windows, whose battered, disreputable, green shutters bang to and fro with every breeze. The vicissitudes of fortune through which the Ghetto has passed are much the same as these which are here typified. In it the extremes of ancient wealth and power, and of modern misery born of mediaeval and priestly oppression, meet. It is the lowest quarter in the city, the one in which the poverty, and dirt, and squalor, so long shut in by barred gates and high walls, still linger, though walls and gates have been removed. There, in streets so narrow, and lined with houses so high that they are chill and damp even when the sun shines at midday, and which are often overflowed for days at a time by the Tiber, live the Jews, now as in the time of their slavery, the most wretched of the Roman population. Side by side with their dreary, shabby houses, or but a few steps from them, are the ruins of buildings erected in the palmiest days of the empire. It is as if Whitechapel had taken possession of Westminster; the Bowery of Fifth Avenue. And it is because their greatness is unfelt by the many people living in or near them that these ruins are more truly desolate than empty Coliseum or Baths of Caracalla, though in the latter in summer time wild flowers grow and birds sing undisturbed.

Just on the outskirts of the Ghetto, and close to the Piazza Montanara, where the blue-cloaked, brigand-hatted peasants congregate, is one of the most melancholy of these wrecks of former grandeur. It

In the Ghetto

was once the theatre of Marcellus, built by the mourning Augustus, on foundations laid by Julius

Caesar, to the memory of his young nephew, the husband of his daughter, and his chosen successor, who died, however, before he could attain the power

The Theatre of Marcellus.

his uncle destined for him. When the Farnese prince, Paul III., made a quarry of the theatre, part of the outer wall was fortunately untouched, and this is now standing. But it is blackened and begrimed, and bears testimony to the varied fortunes through which the building has passed since that first day, nineteen hundred years ago, when thousands gathered within to see the games and wild-beast fights, and gladiatorial combats, held for its dedication. Other, even fiercer, contests which followed in after years, left their marks upon it. For when Romans, their thirst for warfare not yet quenched, ceased to fight the enemy abroad, to fight each other at home; and when Frangipani were safely ensconced in the neighbouring Coliseum, and behind the Arch of Titus, Orsini in the theatre of Pompey, and Crescentii in the tomb of Hadrian, Pierleoni, and then Savelli, sought their stronghold in the theatre of Marcellus. Its walls, had they been less strong, could not have withstood more successfully the assaults, then directed against them, than they did later the attacks of Paul III.'s army of destroyers. As it is, in those portions which still remain, the heavy blocks of stone, every here and there, have disappeared to be replaced by bricks, making a strange patchwork, while the columns, in places, have sunk deep into the walls, and their capitals have gone entirely.

Temple of Vesta.

Where the amphitheatre had been, the same Savelli, the rivals of the Orsini and the bitter enemies of the papal power until it was given to one of their own family, finally built their palace. There was no nobler house in Rome than these fierce Ghibellines. They ranked with Colonna, Conti, and Orsini. Every year it was their right to set free a criminal sentenced to death, no matter what his crime or by whom condemned. But the last of their line died in the seventeenth century, and, by a curious freak of fortune, their palace became the property of the Orsini, their once deadly foes, who thus peaceably obtained the building which, when it had been a fortress, they had many times vainly tried to gain by force. Niebuhr lived here when he was in Rome, in what had been the third storey of the ancient Theatre, and in rooms from which he could look below to the orange-trees, and

jessamines, and vines, which had sprung up on the soil watered by blood of mediaeval knights, of lions and tigers, and of gladiators.

Here lies one whose name is writ in water.

The entrance to the palace is towards the river, and, though the porter who stands in the gateway wears in his cocked hat the colours of another family, the Savelli bears still keep guard above him on the tall gateposts, the old name still survives in the near Via di Monte Savelli. But it is on the other side that the ancient walls are now to be seen. Here is no well-kept carriage-road lined with soft grass-plots, watched by a porter, and over which only carriages of aristocratic guests pass. Following the curve of the building is a narrow, somewhat dirty street, full of people, peasants from the Piazza Montanara, and Jews from the Ghetto, and within its lower arches, between the Doric pillars, are small shops. These are dark enough, for the only day-light which reaches them is from the street without, and it fades away into gloom a few feet beyond the threshold. Therefore the tradesmen, who are of the lower rank, to suit their customers, set out their wares in the open air, that all who go by may see them. The dealer in second-hand furniture spreads far beyond his archway his beds and chairs and tables, in every pitiful stage of dilapidation, and hangs above them his rusty dented pots and pans. Next to him a butcher has his stall, and from the blocks of travertine dangle joints and pieces of meat of shape elsewhere unknown. A few steps farther on is a Trattoria, in which from morning till night men sit at the little tables eating and drinking, but most often only talking. Then comes a blacksmith's shop The fire in its farthest corner is the brightest spot in the gloomy row, the hammering of the workmen the loudest noise in the noisy neighbourhood; so that in the memories you carry away with you from a visit to the Theatre of Marcellus, a blacksmith, instead of mighty emperor or youthful hero, stands out the central figure.

The modern Campagna.

And as you turn to the piazza beyond, on the road over which once rolled Titus and Vespasian, in their chariots in triumphal procession, with their rich

spoils of gold, and silver, and precious stones, of seven-branched candlesticks, and tables of the law, from the Temple of Jerusalem, most eloquent of all their proofs of victory, borne before them, you see a horse-car track, and the car which has just arrived from, or is just starting to, San Paolo beyond the walls. Instead of sound of trumpets, and clang of armour, you hear the conductor's horn loudly blowing.

Horse-cars in Rome are as incongruous as steamboats in Venice, and under the very shadow of a building founded by Julius Caesar are even more out of place than in the modern, broad, characterless Via Nazionale. Their usefulness, however, more than compensates for their incongruity, and, indeed, a ride in them is interesting as well as useful, if only for the contrasts between old and new Rome which it constantly suggests; for soon after they leave the theatre, they run by the old round Temple of Vesta, —a temple to which its modern name of Santa Maria del Sole is as inappropriate as its Corinthian columns to the mean, wooden roof which they now support.

After the Temple of Vesta, the track lies for some distance at the foot of the Aventine, and then, with a sudden turn, passes through an archway, where, a surprise perhaps to those who have not come guide-book in hand, is the pyramid of Caius Cestius. By it, but at a little distance from the road, is the Protestant Cemetery, where Keats and Shelley are buried. It is a quiet place, notwithstanding the close proximity of barracks and stoneyard, and full of the sad peacefulness which the presence of the dead seems always to bring with it. A fosse runs around the little graveyard, as if to separate it the better from the outer world, and within stand tall cypresses, like sentinels. In the spring and summer violets and roses cover the mounds and gravestones, and even as early as January pale-pink daisies dot the grass. Beyond is the Porta San Paolo, of old the Porta Ostiensis, with its mediaeval battlemented towers, and to the right is the grey pyramid, which still serves as tomb to the Tribune in whose honour it was raised, while mausoleums of emperors have been put to uses vile. Thus it has come to pass that, just as the brick battlements of mediaeval Rome, and heavy stonework laid in far earlier ages, exist together in the same gateway, so the dead of the ancient world and of the modern—he who ordered his body after death to be wrapped in precious stuffs, and he whose tomb, at his own desire, declares that his name was writ in water—lie side by side.

Scarcely less significant, in its own way, is Monte Testaccio, which you see at some little distance before you as you turn from the quiet graves towards the city again. It is an artificial hill, formed of broken pottery. But it is well worth while climbing to the top; for after you have passed by the shining pink and white houses at its foot, entrances to the wine-cellars, which run like catacombs beneath it, and have scrambled by a little narrow path, rough with broken bits of pots and jars, to the cross on its summit, you look forth across the broad plain of the Campagna. It stretches on one side, with the yellow Tiber winding through it, to the white sea-line on the horizon, and in front to the soft purple hills, on whose slopes Marino, Albano, and Tivoli gleam like patches of sunlight. Your eyes cannot but follow the sweep of the hills as they rise and fall, as if to show the shadowy, white-topped Appenines beyond until they reach the many peaks of tall Soracte. They will not rest there long, however, for on this side, just below, is Rome herself, with her domes and here and there a lofty bell-tower springing up high above her brown and yellow roofed houses. As you look, it will seem to you as if, in the days when proud emperors played with the elements, and made lakes, and planted forests in the centre of the city, they must also have raised this hill, that ever after men, who saw from it the surpassing loveliness of the land over which they ruled, might feel their power. But Monte Testaccio is really the growth of chance, though no one now knows exactly why or when the old pottery was thrown here. It may be that merchants, unloading vessels just arrived from Africa or farther Spain, pitched into this one great heap the jars which, because of rough waves and storms, had come to them in pieces. It may be that the *plebs* on the near Aventine made this their refuse-heap. One thing alone is certain, that while rare marbles and precious metals were being scattered far and wide, so that Rome again became a city of brick, as Augustus had found it, the odds and ends of pottery which no man, not even the most destitute, cared for, were preserved until they had accumulated into a goodly pile, as if Fate had built a lasting monument to her own inconstancy.

But there are other ruins just without the Ghetto which are no less striking than those of the Theatre of Marcellus. If, instead of taking the horse-car, you leave the Theatre by the Via del Teatro di Marcello, you will see, at its farther end, an old brick arch, through which and the two arches beyond you look into another narrow, crooked street, winding between high houses, from whose windows clothes for ever hang. Above these arches are, here, great blocks of stone, which would fall apart were it not for strong iron clamps which hold them together; and here, blackened brick walls, in every nook and cranny of which weeds are growing, and which are overlooked by the upper storeys of the houses built close to them. On the near, flat, irregular roofs, more clothes, some bright yellow and red, are always drying in the sunlight. Within the enclosure made by the archways and a small church, which forms the fourth side of the square, are columns forlornly mutilated, some

standing apart, others imbedded in the wall. Without, in the old Pescheria, or fish-market, are heavy marble slabs, and about the shabby doors of still shabbier houses are strips of marble, with here and there a cracked and stained relief.

These are all that remain of the beauty and grandeur of perhaps the handsomest of all the many handsome buildings once standing hereabouts, and which made Strabo say of this quarter of the city, then the Circus Flaminius, that the rest of Rome seemed but a mere supplement to it. It was because it already gave signs of this splendour in the latter days of the Republic that Caecilius Metellus came to it, after his victories in Macedonia, to erect a Portico which, like his new name Macedonicus, would commemorate his triumphs, and which would at the same time be a fit setting for the bronze statues of Lysippus he had brought back with him as spoils. It was in restoring its first splendour, much impaired by fire and neglect during years of civil war, that Augustus built upon the site of the Portico of Metellus the Portico of Octavia, in honour of his sister. This building was destined to be the scene in one age of an emperor's triumph, and in another of a priesthood's cruelty; to be appropriated now to the pride of tyrants, degenerate descendants of ancient patricians, and now to the wrath of patriots incensed against them. For it was here that Vespasian and Titus came to celebrate their conquest of Israel, quished, were pricked through the streets like hounds, that the Christians, whom they had helped to their

sins, might, as Browning says, help them to their God!

On the walls and arches of the same Portico, the semi-barbarians of mediaeval Rome painted their

Josephus mingling with the crowd of courtiers, and noting all the pomp and ceremonial, of which he was afterwards to write the account for future ages. And it was here, too, to the Church of San Angelo, which had taken the place of marble temples of Jupiter and Juno, that later generations of the Jews, then van-

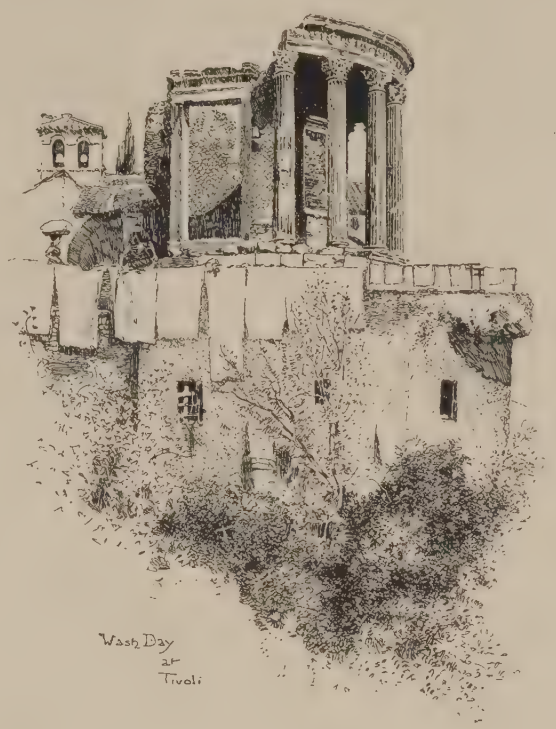
stemme, as proud of their so-called noble blood as heroes among their ancestors were of great deeds of patriotism. And close to these armorial bearings Rienzi painted the famous allegory of his triumph over the haughty Roman Barons. 'I see the time of great justice; do thou await that time!' was inscribed

beneath. One wonders if he would think that time had come now that frescoes, his, as well as theirs,

have faded away, leaving only traces of their once bright colours, now that the building that nobles were proud to claim as theirs is shamefully dishonoured by its surroundings. What Colonna or Orsini to-day would care to raise his standard on this crumbling pile? The old ragged skirt waving from a tiny window in the bricks over a defaced Corinthian capital is the true banner of the neighbourhood. Cobblers sit at work by the side of imperial marbles, above which dangle long strings of onions, and a feeble light burns before a picture of the Madonna. From the church in which Rienzi assembled the people who had not yet lost their dream of freedom, now come the poorest of Rome's many poor, whose only conscious need is that of *soldi*, whose only struggle is one with their own poverty. On the spot where was found the Medicean Venus, the Roman's ideal of female loveliness, now crouch old hags, digging in the refuse of the Ghetto, and looking up with a smile and a triumphant '*Trovato!*' as they pick out scraps of food which men but a degree less miserable have thrown away. These are the successors of Caesars and mediaeval princes in the Portico of Octavia. It is easily understood why Ampère called it "one of the most remarkable ruins of Rome, one showing the strongest contrast between past and present in this city of contrasts.

This French scholar was always deeply impressed by the places in which ancient and modern Rome are brought so closely together that, paradoxical as it may sound, the wide gulf which separates them is only made to seem the wider. He was struck as forcibly by the Ponte Rotto as by the Portico of Octavia, from which it is not far distant. 'Scipio Africanus and a suspension-bridge! here, is one of those contrasts only to be found in Rome!' he exclaims, in speaking of this bridge, of old the Pons Aemilius, begun by Aemilius Lepidus and finished by Scipio Africanus, swept away by the Tiber and rebuilt by Popes, until the latter, tired of a contest in which they were always worsted, left it for many years broken, thus giving it its modern name, and then finally connected the uninjured arches by the present chain bridge. And if you look from the Ponte Rotto down the river when the tide is low, you can see, not far off, fragments of massive masonry said to be, though Ampère doubts the fact, ruins of the Pons Sublicius, built by the grandson of Numa Pompilius, kept by Horatius in the brave days of old, and already ancient when Aemilius Lepidus undertook his work! Who, however, but an occasional tourist or scholar, in looking at these fragments, thinks of the past or cares for the dim ages when there were still Sabine kings in Rome, and Romans prayed to their father Tiber? The men and women who see them almost daily are as indifferent to them as the bright lemon-trees growing on a terrace near the Tarpeian Rock are to the centuries' old archway and heavy wall just below them.

But merely to point out all these contrasts would be to write the history of the City of Rome. They confront you at every step. There is scarcely a city gateway through which you pass in or out where the memories of other days do not thicken upon you, so that the presence of the modern custom officials seems an impertinence; at the Porta del Popolo, and the Porta San Sebastiano, because through them you go beyond to the great northern and southern military roads, at the Porta Maggiore, because remains of old aqueducts there commemorate the victories of Dentatus over Pyrrhus, while inscriptions record the work of great emperors—and so on with the others. If you come to the city in the railway train, itself an anomaly in the capital of the Caesars, it will carry you into a station by the side of which still stands, though broken and towerless, part of the wall of Servius Tullius, much of which, indeed, was pulled down, as if it had been useless rubbish when the station was built. While it is yet in sight you drive or walk by the brick wreck of the Baths of Diocletian, to find it encircling the tents and waggons, the merry-go-rounds and shooting galleries, of travelling showmen. Posters of petty Italian Barnums decorate walls whose splendour once outshone even that of the Baths of Caracalla and of Titus. It is the same wherever you go. The Tomb of a Hadrian has become a common fortress, and the site of a famous Christian miracle; that of an Augustus, a circus ring, or the ball-room for children's carnival gaieties. Pieces of the ivy-grown aqueduct of a Claudius now serve as chief ornament in the garden of a modern villa; the Arch of Gallienus is used as a lounging place by peasants who, on St. Anthony's Day, bring their donkeys to be blessed at the adjoining church of San Vito. In one monastery are the ruins of a Temple of Venus and Cupid; beneath another, the underground passages where wild beasts were kept for the Coliseum. Christian saints are honoured in the very buildings where Pagan heroes and heroines were worshipped; the feasts of the Virgin are celebrated on the very spot where of old were held the rites of Ceres and Proserpine. Water, brought from far mountains to fill imperial baths flows into fountains where women come to wash their clothes; obelisks from the conquered East rise in squares which every year are given over to carnival follies or the din of the Befana Night. Nor do these contrasts cease in the Rome beyond the walls,—in the Campagna and the near hill-towns. There



railway tracks run between the arches of aqueducts and telegraph wires over them; wine-shops and farm-houses are built in ancient tombs, and in Tivoli a Temple of Vesta is enclosed in the garden of an inn-keeper, an advertisement to bring him custom.

Thus has it fared with the glory that was Rome. Her stones lie deep in the dust of ages. It seems as if, like Jerusalem in the Lamentations, the ancient city waits by the roadside of time to ask all those who go by to attend and see whether there has ever been sorrow like unto hers!

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

ART CHRONICLE.

AMONG honours bestowed by the retiring liberal Ministry in July were baronetcies offered to two Royal Academicians—Mr. Millais and Mr. G. F. Watts. The first-named painter accepted the honour; Mr. Watts, however, begged permission to decline the title. The respect due to the profession of artist may be considered as recognised, though from different standpoints—both by the acceptance of the one painter and the dignified refusal of the other.

MR. C. T. NEWTON has requested leave to retire after Christmas next from the office of Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum which he has so long and so worthily filled.

THE Science and Art Department recently received permission from the Pope, through the good offices of Mr. Errington and Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, to have a model made to scale of a portion of the *Appartamento Borgia* in the Vatican. These rooms, which are not thrown open to the public, were decorated with frescoes by Pinturrichio, and with exquisite stucco work in the dainty style of the period, for Pope Alexander VI. At present they form part of the library. The frescoes will be represented in the model by water-colour copies on paper, and the plaster relief will be painted and gilded after the original.

AN International Exhibition of Fine Art will be held next year at Berlin.

A PAPER has been circulated among artists urging the desirability of united effort in appeal to the Royal Academy body to make strenuous amendment in the matter of privilege and order of hanging pictures at their annual exhibition. Such appeal is based on certain suggestions set forth by a leader in a June number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The main substance of that article, which bore the heading, 'A Reform Bill for the Royal Academy,' was, that by the consent of Academicians to limit the number of their own pictures to four, and to allow outsiders to send in only two, more evenhanded justice would be dealt all round, the quality of work would rise in proportion to its limited quantity, and the difficulties of the hangers would be greatly lightened, and a more reasonable sale and selection rendered possible. The huge amount of pictures now submitted for admission arises partly from the fact that outsiders are allowed to send in as many as eight, and numerous painters of less repute than ambition avail themselves of the utmost limit, and chance the acceptance of one picture out of the lot. Thus it often happens that a meritorious work will be crowded out by the luck that has admitted four, or even six, of less worth. The result under the first process of selection is that something under two hundred pictures are absolutely accepted, while a majority of the rest are marked 'doubtful,' which means that they run a chance of being hung, and that the artist may extract his utmost of comfort for final exclusion from the remote compliment of his work having been considered worthy of possible acceptance. It appears that four years ago a numerously signed petition to the effect of the above proposition as regards outsiders was made to the Academy, approved of by a small meeting of members, but rejected at a larger assembly on the plea of some Royal Academicians that a great limit placed on the privileges of outsiders would necessitate also curtailment of the sacred rights of 'the Forty.' There can be no doubt that reform is needed, and very little that reform, based probably on the lines of the *Salon*, will be ultimately effected; for it is well known that a generous spirit animates a large proportion of the Academic body in this matter, while the liberal wishes of the President are beyond suspicion. In every society there are certain conservative misers of privilege difficult of persuasion, who are aware—but will not submit to the truth—that their day of efficient work is past—if it ever existed—and that only privilege grants them their foothold on public attention. At the same time it may be well, in this connexion, to point out that the good cause of the outside claimants on Academic justice is not bettered by hardly pressed individual attack in public journalism and private coterie against veteran painters who in their day have done fine work and upheld the standard of 'what we are pleased to call' our English school. Such personal attack passes quickly over the border of righteous protest against selfish monopoly into the region of ungrateful forgetfulness for past service.

ACCORDING to a recent number of the Berlin *Kunstfreund* Venice will gain little under the will of the late Countess Morosini-Gatterburg, the heirs having successfully combated the legality of her bequest to the city. Thus the famous Titian portrait of General Morosini will come, with other precious things, into the market next winter.

MR. MILLAIS' picture of the sick ornithologist, catalogued as *The Ruling Passion* in the past Academy Exhibition, although it failed to please the individual for whom it was painted, has found purchasers in the antipodes, being bought for the town Art Gallery of Sydney by the Trustees.

THE Royal Institute of Water Colour Painters offers a graceful wedding gift to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, who belongs to the Society, in the form of an album containing original drawings by the members.

THE loan collection of musical instruments at the Inventions Exhibition is delightful, not only to the musical connoisseurs and the student of historic associations, but from a purely artistic point of view. The curves of the finest Amati violin in the world may only appeal with full force to an executant on that divine instrument: but here are gathered instruments of quaint form, beautiful material, or graceful decoration, that appeal straight to the senses of an artist. Here is a little table organ at which St. Cicely might have played while an angel blew the bellows, with gilded lions guarding the keyboard, inlaid ivory plaques in the tiny panels, and fretted carving on the cross-piece that binds the graduated row of little pipes. Here are Virginals decorated with frosted gilt low relief on the case, and curious paintings on the inner lid. Two of these are said to have been touched by the great Queen Bess herself. Here are venerable spinets and elaborately ornamented harpsichords and little old-fashioned upright pianos, with taper legs and fanciful painted arabesques on cool grounds of the Louis Seize period, or figure medallions in the taste of Angelica Kauffmann; lutes, delicately carved, and theorbos that bring the days of Titian's villa parties to one's mind; cithers, with daintily moulded edges, a mermaid coiling at the curved end of the fret-board, and trefoil pegs; any number of strange pipes with costly or curious mountings, and serpent trumpets that seem to have been taken direct from the shoulders of some company of rejoicing angels in a mystic sphere. Here, again, are chamber organs, dark and rich in deep carving, Flemish of the sixteenth century, some of the best. These are but a few of the picturesque things for the uttering of music which seem made for a painter's delight. And as finish we may admire the grand Broadwood piano which Burne Jones painted for Mr. Graham within and without, and that other which adorns Alma Tadema's drawing-room, beside both of which the costly gesso piano case of Queen Christina of Sweden, with its heavy gilded foliations, looks clumsy and baroque. It is heartily to be hoped that a good catalogue raisonnée will be given to the world of this unique collection of things musical, illuminated and other manuscripts and relics as well as instruments, and that illustrations may be given of some of the beautiful and interesting objects.

THE Viennese 'Society for the Reproduction of Art' issues a prospectus of a new illustrated work on the minor picture collections of Germany and Austria, the text of which will be supplied by Dr. Wilhelm Bode, and the plates engraved by noted artists. The galleries of Oldenburg and Schwerin, and the collection of Herr Wesselheft in Hamburg, will be first undertaken, and followed by the galleries of Gotha, Nürnberg, and Darmstadt. Afterwards the collections in Prague, the Vienna, and Innsbruck, will be illustrated. *A propos* of Prague, it may be noted here that the famous picture by Albrecht Dürer, known as the *Feast of the Rose Garlands*, which used to be difficult of access in the Premonstratensian Abbey of Strahow near the Hradschin, is now hung on loan from the Order in the Rudolfinum or Bohemian Art Gallery in the town.

MR. C. H. BRANNAM, of Barnstaple, North Devon, has been showing a small collection of his recent ceramic productions at Messrs. Howell and James' Gallery. Some time ago we drew attention to the originality of this 'Barum' ware. Every piece is still marked as heretofore by qualities which raise it above the dead level of mechanical skill. The use of white and coloured slips, or liquid clays, of incised or scratched work, and the employment of a throbbing blue glaze somewhat capriciously distributed, are the chief decorative processes which are seen on Barum ware. For original and thoughtful work, of considerable artistic freshness, the prices charged are most moderate. Mr. Brannam's advance in technical skill during the last five years has been considerable, but the shapes of some of his cups and vases are rather ungainly. We wish he would have a few first-rate forms of vessels in strong outlined sections or carefully selected specimens of Greek, Italian, and Chinese vases before him as he works at his potter's table.

WINDSOR.

IX.

The Home Park—Herne's Oak—Datchet Mead—Datchet—Iver Church—Langley Church, Almshouses, and Library—Upton Church—Salt Hill—Eton College—Gray and Stoke Poges—Burnham Beeches—The Northern and the Southern Environs of Windsor contrasted.

IT seems to be now a settled matter, even in the minds of the Shakespearean controversialists, that Herne's Oak has not been seen above ground during the present century. Nevertheless, a tree, which fell in August, 1863, and which had stood on the eastern side of the Broad Walk, not far from the footpath to Frogmore, was long known locally by the name. In any question which relates both to Shakespeare and to Windsor, the authority of the late Charles Knight stands very high, and he speaks with little hesitation in his comment on the 'Merry Wives.' He was satisfied, both by the testimony of some old inhabitants and his own recollections, that Herne's Oak stood in what is now the Home Park at a spot which he describes as 'a little dell,' now filled up. The oak itself was probably cut down at the end of the last century with several other decayed trees, which were removed by direction of George the Third under some misapprehension. The 'little dell' and the old tree or trees which Knight recollected have alike disappeared. During the alterations which resulted in the diversion of the footpath to Datchet the dell was made level, the thorns which filled it were buried, and the ancient roots of the old trees which stood in and about it were covered up. 'Surely,' he exclaims, 'the rubbish of the Castle might have been conveyed to a less interesting place of deposit.'

With regard to Datchet Mead Knight was equally clear. The road from Windsor to the bridge connecting the two sides of the river at Datchet—a bridge which, after existing for some years in the reign of Queen Anne, was succeeded by a ferry, passed across some flat ground below the North Terrace. In the time of William the Third this field was taken into the Home Park and a wall built round it. It thus lost its Shakespearean name, and the avenues of elms planted on it were said to have been intended by Queen Anne to represent the disposition of the allied forces at the battle of Blenheim. Certainly when you look down upon what remains of them from the windows of the Castle above, they do present signs of a somewhat whimsical arrangement. Knight had no doubt that it was in this field, then unenclosed, that Falstaff, according to Shakespeare, was emptied into a muddy ditch beside the river's bank. In the year 1845 Mr. Tighe, well known as one of the authors of the 'Annals of Windsor,'—a book from which I have constantly quoted in the foregoing chapters—made a suggestion that the road between New and Old Windsor should be removed much farther to the south, and the footpath to Datchet, which ran very close under the Castle walls, should be shut up, a new carriage-road nearer to the Thames being substituted. He also suggested the building of the two bridges, and several other improvements, most of which were carried out to the great convenience of the public and the great improvement of the Home Park. But we can scarcely now realise how entirely different was the condition of the Park adjoining the Broad Walk, even at the end of the last reign. At present we can hardly perceive that there is any point of separation between the Park immediately adjoining the Castle and that part of the Great Park into which the Broad Walk leads us. Then, and later, there were long gaps even in the Crown estate, and places had been let off as farms, and even sold as villas. There is a receipt extant in a private collection of historical documents, dated as far back as July 3, 1683, which shows that the project for uniting the two parks by an avenue was already entertained in the reign of Charles the Second; but I must refer any reader who wishes to trace the gradual steps by which order was brought out of confusion and the present admirable example of landscape-gardening on the largest scale was completed, to the work of Mr. Tighe and Davis just mentioned, and to that of Mr. Menzies on 'Windsor Great Park.'

Queen Anne's bridge to Datchet, after having been rebuilt and frequently repaired, was so decayed in 1795 that it became useless. Various attempts were made in vain to compel the counties of Berks and Bucks to rebuild the bridge, but it was not until 1812 that these efforts were successful. Even then the two counties could not agree as to the design, and each built according to its own pleasure half across the river, the junction being but clumsily effected. The very handsome Victoria and Albert Bridges which now join Datchet to New and Old Windsor respectively, were built in 1851. The views from them are exceedingly fine. Of Datchet itself there is not much to be said except that it contains a fine half-timbered house of five gables. The church is not thirty years old, but is a favourable example of modern Gothic. The ecclesiologist must go a little farther inland for anything of interest, but he will be abundantly satisfied within a few miles by an inspection of Iver or Langley, of Upton or Stoke Poges. There are full accounts of Iver in all the local and other guides, and it is certainly a very

handsome old church, and well worthy of a visit for its fine long nave and chancel, its Norman arcades and its very curious monuments. Among these last there is one which I have not seen noticed. Perhaps it is considered too modern since it only dates from 1813, yet this was the age of 'Marmion,' first published in 1808; and it would be hard to believe that the author of a rhyming epitaph on the young lieutenant Hawkins Whitshed, killed in a naval action, had not the worst but most celebrated of Scott's couplets in his mind. After describing how gallantly Whitshed led his men to the capture of one French ship, it ends by asserting that he,

DATCHET.

> 'Dying, exclaimed amid the battle's roar,
> "Carry her if you can, my lads, I am no more."'

We have heard so much of the picturesque aspect of Gray's Stoke, and some people have in the same connexion taken occasion to press the claims of Upton with its 'ivy-mantled tower' to be the true scene of the Elegy, that I am surprised so little notice has been taken of a church and churchyard in the same neighbourhood which most people would be inclined to consider more interesting and more beautiful than either, although no poet has sung of its 'rugged elms,' its uncouth epitaphs, or its 'shapeless sculpture.' Some authorities seem to think that the name of Langley Marish contains a reference to the dedication of the church to St. Mary, but to my mind such a derivation is inadmissible. 'Marish' is marsh 'writ long,' and serves to distinguish this one from innumerable other Langleys. The flat, low-lying land, of which a great part of the parish consists, is quite enough to account for it. Within the compass of a very few square yards we have here an unusual number of features of picturesque and historical interest. The churchyard, which in summer is a blaze of flowers, is flanked north and south by rows of red brick almshouses. Those on the south are dated on a stone over the porch, 1617, and were built by Sir John Kederminster. His father, Edmond, was keeper of the royal park of Langley, a part of the honour of Windsor; and in 1626 Charles I. granted the estate to the family. Sir John in 1630 made extensive alterations in the interior of the church, when he removed the pillars and arches between the north and south aisles and supplied their place with a Doric screen so well proportioned that had he not put the date upon it the design might have been attributed to a much later period. His almshouses were imitated on the north side by Sir Henry Seymour, who was created a baronet at the Restoration, and came to live at Langley in 1666, when he rented the house and park from the heirs of the Kederminsters. He eventually bought the estate, but the date of his coming here is worth noting, as otherwise his almshouses might be supposed much older than they are, and certainly at least a century older than the screen in the church. It is evident that an attempt was made—and a successful attempt—to imitate the style of the Kederminster building opposite. The two contrast unfortunately with a modern schoolhouse, which forms a third side to the little square. The visitor

ALMSHOUSES AT LANGLEY.

finds it difficult to understand the mental and aesthetical condition of the architect who with two such models before him could have designed this deplorable building.

But Kederminster deserves to be remembered at Langley for a building which is more interesting in itself by far than even his almshouses or his alterations in the church. Adjoining a kind of south transept, fitted up in 1792 for the private pew of the lord of the manor, there stands on the west side a small chamber filled with books. The fittings are carved and painted in a style so singular, yet so effective, that at the present day, when architects so recent a period as 1830. This assertion is made in nearly all the modern books in which Langley is mentioned. Thorne avoids falling into the error, and as the library is mentioned by Hakeswill, who wrote in 1813, it was evidently open then, while Charles Knight makes the pleasant suggestion that John Milton may have used the books during the seven long years that he lived at Horton, two miles across the fields from Langley.

The books are for the most part great folios of ancient divinity, some three hundred in number. They are contained in five panelled cupboards, decorated with coats-of-arms, the Kederminster

LIBRARY AT LANGLEY.

study so carefully the remains of Jacobean and later Stuart work, it is surprising that Langley is not constantly occupied by students. The carved and painted woodwork is in excellent taste, and almost as fresh as if only executed yesterday. On the inner sides of two cupboard-doors were the portraits of Sir John Kederminster and Mary Gerrard, of Dorney, his wife. Unfortunately, through an injudicious attempt at restoration, the figure of the lady has utterly perished. Both portraits appear to have been painted over, perhaps during the Civil War, but by the loving care of a local artist the features and the heraldic badges of one—that representing Sir John—were revealed once more. Strange to say, the story goes—an excellent example of the difficulty of ascertaining historical truth—that after Kederminster's death, which occurred in 1631, the doorway of the library was built up and its existence forgotten, until badge, an eye and the words '*Deus vidit*,' figures of saints, angels, and prophets, together with a long series of curious little landscapes, representing, among other places, Windsor Castle as it appeared in the reign of James I. The whole chamber is so small that it may be thought that I am dwelling too long upon it, but parochial libraries are very rare in England, and probably no other is of such interest to the artist or the antiquary as this, and, considering its nearness to London, so little known.

A very short way westward from Langley is Upton Church, whose ivy-clad Norman tower has of course given rise to a local idea that it is the scene of Gray's Elegy. It stands in a beautiful churchyard, with all the proper accompaniments of rugged elms and yew-tree's shade. No doubt Gray did not confine his mind to the contemplation of any one church in particular; and it is a curious coincidence that so

many churches of the character of that alluded to in the Elegy should be in the immediate neighbourhood. But Upton has suffered from most sweeping alterations and restorations. Its tower has been lowered, but is still ivy-clad. The Norman north aisle, with its rare groined chancel, has been supplemented by a south aisle so closely imitating ancient work that even a fair judge may be forgiven if he finds himself constantly deceived as to what is old and what is new. The visitor will observe with interest the Herschel monument against one of the tower piers. There is a long inscription in Latin in honour of the great astronomer; but it is remarkable in these days when we hear so much about woman's genius and woman's work, that the ladies of England have set up here no memorial of the marvellous powers of calculation and the devoted assiduity of Sir William's sister Caroline, who is also buried in the same tomb. A broken stone in the churchyard on the north side bears an inscription which may be worth noting as suggesting possibly a soluble, if difficult, historical question :—

'Here lies the body of
Sarah Bramstone,
Of Eton, Spinster, a person who
Dared to be just in the reign
Of George the Second.
Obyt Jan^{y} ye 30th, 1765,
Ætat 77.'

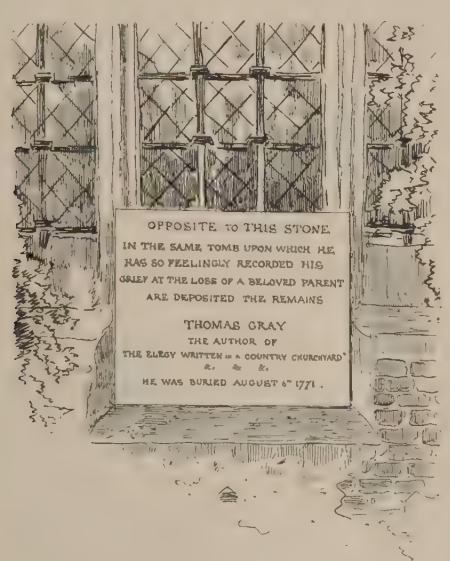
From Upton Church to Slough is but a step, and there, in the grounds of a private house, may still be seen some relics of the famous telescope which was described heraldically in the grant of arms to the Herschel family, thus: 'Argent, on a mount, vert, a representation of the forty feet reflecting telescope, with its apparatus proper.'

A little beyond Slough is Salt Hill, the celebrated Eton Montem. It stands in a field on the south side of the road, close to a clump of very fine elms. Strange to say, the whole ground is advertised for sale for building purposes. The Montem itself seems to be a barrow of the same kind as that which was opened not long since at Taplow. If it is to be rased in favour of a villa or a row of houses we must hope some competent antiquaries will be present, as it is not very creditable to the present state of historical knowledge that the Eton Montem is so constantly referred to as Druidical, and the Taplow mound was so often called the grave of a Viking. The school celebrations, at first triennial, were attended by large crowds of spectators, although, except when the festival was honoured by the presence of royalty, there cannot have been much to see. The collection made for the captain of the school was, no doubt, a serious consideration, but when the railway came to Slough the crowds were greatly augmented, and the whole thing became objectionable. It is now almost forty years since it was abolished.

ETON COLLEGE.

From Eton Montem to Eton College Windsor Castle is in sight all along the pathway. When the bridge is reached close by the Playing Fields a back view of the old school buildings, although all the grander features of the place are invisible, should certainly not be missed by any traveller who admires harmonious colour—old red bricks contrasting with fresh green vegetation—and the charm of ancient irregularity. Although this is the back way to enter Eton it is in many respects superior to the approach from the Windsor end. The best buildings of the school are seen at once and appear to form a little town in themselves. The first quadrangle has but a mean entrance, although it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, but as he was only allowed by Dr. Allistree, the head master, to spend 1500*l.* he could not have been expected to do much better. The arcade viewed from the interior of the quadrangle is in excellent proportion. On the right or

south side is the chapel, a very fine and interesting building, but incomplete. In general appearance it comes halfway between St. George's Chapel on the hill above and the chapel of King's College, Cambridge. It is possible in a view from Snow Hill at the southern end of the Long Walk to get St. George's and the Eton Chapel into a single line,


OPPOSITE TO THIS STONE
IN THE SAME TOMB UPON WHICH HE
HAS SO FEELINGLY RECORDED HIS
GRIEF AT THE LOSS OF A BELOVED PARENT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS
THOMAS GRAY
THE AUTHOR OF
THE ELEGY WRITTEN in a COUNTRY CHURCHYARD
&c &c
HE WAS BURIED AUGUST 6th 1771.

when the general resemblance, details being hidden by distance, is very plain. The chapel stands on the site of the ancient parish church which was wholly done away with; but the situation was badly chosen, because if the nave, as originally intended, had been built it would have stretched right across the roadway. The troubled times of 'Holy Henry' both prevented the building of anything but the choir and left that unfinished. After just four centuries had elapsed what was called a 'restoration' was commenced, in the course of which some improvements

STOKE POGES CHURCH.

and some terrible destructions were wrought. The roof, which had been covered by a plaster ceiling, was opened with handsome beams. All traces of classical work were swept away; and when the oak panelling was removed a double row of very curious paintings was revealed. They represented the miracles of the Virgin; and, incredible as it may seem, half of them were erased and the lower row was covered by the new panelling on the grounds that they did not suit Protestant worship.

The gateway under the clock which leads to the Green Yard, as the inner quadrangle is called, reminds us of Hampton Court and of St. James's Palace. It is curious that no example of this kind of architecture should remain in Windsor Castle, nor does it seem likely that any of the buildings of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth resembled it. The variety of red brick chimneys is famous, but most of them, I fear, have been removed of late years. Modern innovation has also been very busy among the master's houses, but it is satisfactory to observe that the latest buildings are less incongruous and more picturesque than those of a few years ago. It would be but too easy to linger in Eton College, and few visitors can tear themselves away before they have seen the hall and the library, and perhaps also the pictures in the Provost's lodgings; but when we reach, through a little ivy-mantled postern, from the cloisters, the wide expanse of the Playing Fields—the boys call them

the Shooting Fields, which gives more point to the Duke of Wellington's assertion that Waterloo was won in them—we involuntarily think of Gray. The grove, the lawn, the mead,—

> 'Whose turf, whose shades, whose flowers among
> Wanders the hoary Thames along
> His silver winding way,'—

are calculated to direct our thoughts to Stoke, of which he also sang, and where he lies buried. Stoke is a very short way off, and may easily be visited in the course of the same excursion. As Mr. Gosse has well observed, the Eton Ode is redolent of Stoke Poges, and merely to have walked in fields where Gray 'must have muttered his verses as they took shape gives the reader a certain sense of confidence in the poet's sincerity.' From Stoke Gray could see 'the distant spires and antique towers' of which he sang. 'The woodland parish' is full of little rights of way, meadow paths without hedges, skirting the breast of a gentle acclivity, and revealing 'against the southern sky the embattled outline of Windsor.' When he wrote this little poem he entitled it in his first manuscript, 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, Windsor, and the adjacent country.'

The church of Stoke would be thought pretty anywhere. No vestige of hamlet or village is to be seen, 'and the aspect of the place is slightly artificial, like a rustic church in a park on the stage.' Mr. Gosse continues in language that seems almost profane in this connexion, yet which is so exactly appropriate that I cannot refrain from quoting it: 'The traveller almost expects to see the grateful peasantry of an opera, cheerfully habited, make their appearance, dancing on the green sward.'

The next parish beyond Stoke to the westward also contains vivid associations with the name of Gray. He it was who discovered Burnham Beeches. Writing to Horace Walpole in 1737, he says that half a mile from his uncle's house at Stoke he has a forest all his own, 'for I spy no human thing in it but myself.' This was Burnham Beeches, which must be reckoned as the north-western corner of that part of the great woodland district which rendered Windsor so attractive to our early kings. Although finer single trees may be seen in Windsor Great Park—as we shall have occasion to notice in our next chapter—there is nowhere, as Mr. Thorne well observes, so wildly picturesque an assemblage of ever-varying giant trunks, or such striking combinations of sylvan forms and colours, and endless contrasts of lights and shadows. Jesse, too, was warmed into enthusiasm by 'glens and valleys interspersed with little rushy pools, the winter haunt of the snipe and the woodcock, and overhung with the rich foliage of the holly, birch, juniper, and other trees, under whose shade the purple heaths flourish and the fern and foxgloves add a charm and variety to the scene.' This is no exaggeration of the beauty of this lovely spot. A few years ago it was threatened with destruction, and the resolution of the Corporation of London to purchase the manor and preserve the woods was universally applauded.

BURNHAM BEECHES.

The southern environs of Windsor are even more delightful and attractive than the northern. If I had to make a distinction between them—between what I have partially sketched in this chapter, and the glories of the Great Park, Ascot Heath, Cranbourne Chase, and Virginia Water,—I should be inclined to say that the visitor who is most interested in historical associations, who prefers architecture to landscape, while admiring both, will find more to satisfy him on the northern side of Windsor than the southern, although the latter district must ever be reckoned in pure landscape one of the richest in England.

W. J. Loftie.

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

'I HAVE often,' says Boswell, 'amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people.' To any one moralising as he did, the Thames alone is an infinite source of the same amusement. On it, too, are to be found those, 'whose minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit,' and who consequently see it only through that one medium. The bargeman thinks of it merely as a stream of strong tides and currents, of constant toils and struggles; the pleasure party on the little steamboat, as the happy road that leads to Greenwich or Kew joys. The merchant prizes it as the great highway for his traffic; the clerk as the pleasantest route from the City to his home. To a Rogue Riderhood it is a watery mine of unknown treasures; to the Thames Conservancy, the haunt of suicides and of the Gaffer Hexam species of birds of prey. But to him who is what Leigh Hunt calls a man *par excellence*, and who cares for whatever concerns humanity, it is the sum of these things, and much more besides; for he not only sees all that now exists as a whole, but remembers that which has been, and thus for him the present is coloured by the past, just as the great dome of St. Paul's is softened by the mist that hangs about it. Seen in this way, the heavily-laden, dark-sailed barges going slowly upward with the tide, and the crowded steamboats shooting past, are not simply outcomes of modern commerce and travel, but natural successors in the course of development to the noblemen's boats, with their liveried watermen, and to the still earlier, many-oared triremes of the Romans; while the buildings on either side borrow new attraction from the memory of the castles, and palaces, and gardens, they have replaced. The prosperity and progress of London have been so closely connected with, and dependent upon, the Thames that to note the changes which have been brought about on the river and along its shores is to study the history of the city. Looked at in this double light of past and present, the interest which the Thames excites must ever centre in that part which runs between Westminster and London Bridge.

Now-a-days the saying, that 'London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under,' can be reversed; for there is no pleasanter way to see the bridge and the river thereabouts than from a penny steamboat, starting perhaps 'below bridge,' and so going under and above it too. Times have, indeed, changed since the days when the proverb was made, and shooting the bridge was a matter of life and death, as the Duke of Norfolk learned to his cost that grey November morning when, though he was saved, so many a gentleman, squire, and yeoman, who were in the barge with him, perished. Nor is there any longer that clamour of watermen, which disturbed the repose and quiet of the people on the bridge in the days when it was lined with houses. The many new bridges and the steamers have silenced their cries and songs, just as the *Vaporetti*, which ply up and down the Grand Canal in Venice, threaten to banish the gondoliers. The bargemen, as they work their long, unwieldy oars, make little noise, probably finding it occupation enough to steer, and the wretched creatures who, when the tide is low, wander on the mud, and in and out between the boats lying there like huge sea-monsters thrown up by the waves, are too far sunk in misery and degradation even to cry aloud. The merchants who have raised their warehouses by the Thames may be nobler beings than the savages who, centuries ago, settled on its banks; but these, in their turn, could look down with contempt on the modern 'mud-rats,' as they are called, who know no other life than one of digging and burrowing in mud and slime in search of food. Though traitors' heads do not now stand above the town-bridge, while there is this disgrace below it, who can say that the streams of the river make glad the city?

But though the cries of the watermen are hushed, and the river is undoubtedly quiet in comparison with other London highways, it is not noiseless. It is the scene of too much bustle and activity not to give forth some sounds of its peculiar life. The best time to really see it is not on Sunday, when it is at rest, but on any one of its six working days, when every chimney along its banks is sending up clouds of smoke to help weave the great grey, black, or amber veil which is for ever spread above the city; when men are busy at every warehouse and wharf unloading cargoes; when trains of cars are for ever rushing over the railway-bridges; when little steamboats are every few minutes whistling warning of their coming; and when London Bridge is blocked with omnibuses and cabs and drays. If this bridge

is now the city's most crowded thoroughfare, in the past it was the stage for its liveliest incidents, even from the time that the first bridge was built with the money Old Moll—as the foundress of St. Mary Overy's is familiarly known—left to her nunnery. It is the headquarters of the history, as it is of the commerce, of London. Indeed, in its records, battles and pageants, crimes and punishments, terrible accidents and strange phenomena, press so closely upon each other, that in reading of them one would like at times to call for a halt, just as the policeman so often does when the cabs and carts passing over it follow each other too rapidly. But it has never had an interval of peace throughout all its long career. It seems almost as if in the old days, when men were not building or repairing it, the flames which too often swept through London were laying it waste, or else the strong floods of the river were undermining it. For the elements then were its deadliest foes. It was left for nineteenth century civilisation to arm against it human enemies with cowardly weapons. Moreover, it was ever the favourite rallying point of Londoners. They were always flocking to it; now, perhaps, to insult their hated Queen Eleanor, as in her gilded barge she sought to make her way to Windsor, but was by them turned back at this early stage of her journey; or now, to see the heads of the Scotch patriots set up above the gateway, or that of Sir Thomas More, rosy and fresh and kindly, or those ghastly skulls of the regicides; or again, to welcome King Richard's child-queen, with an eagerness for which several paid with their lives, or to sing *Ave, rex Anglorum*, to the hero of Agincourt, the gyant

> 'That was full grym of myght,
> To teche the Frenchman curtesy.'

A partly brilliant, partly gloomy cavalcade it is, that comes stepping over the bridge from the pages of old chronicles and the verses of old ballads. One day, the houses all shut, women and children leaping wildly into the river beneath, it is Simon de Montfort, Wat Tyler, or Jack Cade, who 'hath gotten London Bridge;' the next, every window draped with cloth of gold and silver, it is given over to the gay display of Richard II., newly reconciled to his citizens, and receiving as pledge thereof two white steeds hung with gaudy trappings and many silver bells; of Henry VI. fresh from his triumphant coronation at Notre Dame; of Edward IV. with his green-clad, well-horsed commoners; of the Pope's legate, his jewelled robes sparkling and flashing through the clouds of incense sent up from the censers of his red-liveried servants; and of many another king and lordynge. Truly there are few bridges, not even the Ponte Rotto in Rome or the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, which have seen more varied fortunes. Beside its procession of kings, and warriors, and priests, it has its train of more modest folk;—Osborne, the gallant apprentice who jumped into the water after his master's infant daughter, and who, later, when she was the fair Mistress Anne Hewet, wooed by not a few rich and noble suitors, had her for wife as his reward; poor Eleanor Cobham, a sorry duchess, as, hoodless, save for a kerchief, and with a taper in her hand, she walked slowly along, followed by guilds and sheriffs, and Lord Mayor himself, to see that she duly performed the penance imposed upon her for deeds of witchcraft, a crime whose very name then set men mad; Hans Holbein going to and from his studio in one of the timbered houses overlooking the water; Hogarth, his day's engraving done, wandering citywards on the bridge he was afterwards to show us through his Countess' open window; Pope and Swift coming to visit Crispin Tucker, the wag of a bookseller; ladies of fashion driving in their carriages to buy pins of the pinmakers who had set up their shops on this 'wondrous street,' as Cowley calls it. A motley train, not a whit less strange than that which yearly follows the new Lord Mayor. But who can count all who came and went over the old bridge until the times when its houses were pulled down, its arches destroyed? It would be as impossible as to number those who have passed over the new bridge since the day some sixty years ago when William IV. and two thousand of his loyal subjects, dined upon it in honour of its opening, while below, on the river, people looked on from hundreds of gay and gilded flag-covered barges.

No less difficult would it be to chronicle all the scenes, tragic and comic, sad and gay, which took place on the Thames just here in the days when the Strand was still a rough, unpaved, country road, beset with highwaymen; when hansom cabs and omnibuses were not; when London Bridge was without a rival, and the river was a broad stretch of unbridged water as far as, and much farther, than Westminster, instead of, as now, a stream spanned by many arches, bearing streets and railways, with cars for ever steaming and screaming, and people walking, and carts rumbling over them. And there were then kings and queens with their different royal residences at Westminster, and Whitehall, and the Tower, and with bad roads between them, noblemen with their palaces and gardens on the water's edge, and honest citizens always ready to leave the city to pass a pleasant hour in the Globe Theatre, to see, perhaps, a play of the famous new dramatist, Shakespeare, or else in the Bear Houses, or in the Rose and the Hope play-houses, all of which were over the water. To supply these wants there must needs have been many barges, some set apart for royalty and the nobility, others devoted to common use, and hence also many barge- or watermen to take charge of them. And

thus it came to pass that the people of London were often on the river, and were well-nigh as much at home upon it as Venetians are upon the canals and the lagoons.

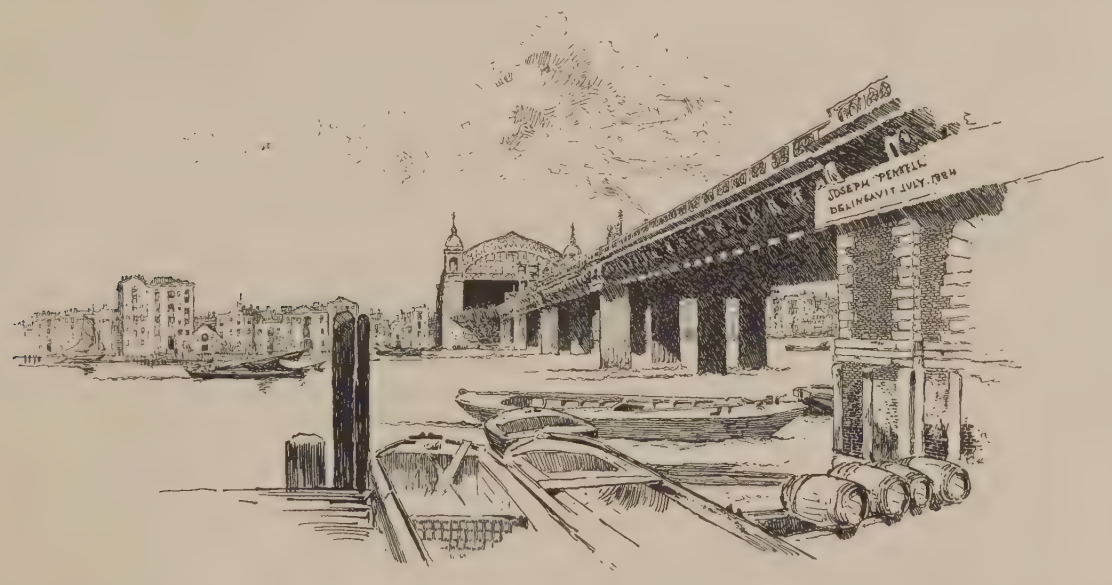
Of that old life on the Thames, however, little but the memory remains. Only those who care for the past sometimes see the boats, which then thronged the river, like phantom barges filled with shadowy figures, taking shape through the mist which long years have cast about even the remembrance of them; just as the passenger on the steamer sees the great dome and those bricky towers,

'Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers;'

the tall warehouses and Government buildings which rise above the river's bank, one by one, emerge from the London fog or haze. Kings and queens, some in great state, others in funeral sheets; gay maskers from the Inns of Court, and poets of high renown; honest citizens and patient anglers; Lord Mayors, their gorgeousness burning into the water, and prisoners of state accused of high treason; sportsmen fighting sham battles, and watermen 'repeating lines of "Hero and Leander"' with the Water-Poet, or singing their chorus of

'Heave and how, rumbelow!'

All these, and many more, are among the figures carried by on the phantom boats. Of the latter some stand out more distinctly than the rest, even as sometimes St. Paul's dome or Big Ben, just touched by the sun, is bright and shining when all the buildings below are hazy and dark. Nor, indeed, could it be otherwise with those which in their day were resplendent with a great glitter of gold and sheen of silk. With this one, for example, freshly furnished with banners and silken streamers, in which in regal state sits Elizabeth, Henry VII.'s wife, and by his will about to be crowned Queen of England; or with this other which a greater Elizabeth of a later generation has surrounded with all the pomp she loves so dearly. A right goodly sight it is, though little pleasure it gives to at least one looker-on, for Sir Walter Raleigh, watching from his far study-window, and but dimly discerning the royal barge at Blackfriars, declares he is suffering the torments of Tantalus, and swears he will disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind with but a sight of the Queen. In a third, from which there comes the sound of gay music, is James, the valiant leader in the battle against the witches of Lothian, holding holiday on the water; and in a fourth, Henrietta Maria, with but little fear for the



morrow, making her first journey to Whitehall with a great waving of hands to the people ready to call her Queen, who now crowd the river banks, as unconscious as she of the tragedy that is to come.

But there are other barges, no less marked, in which mirth and sweet sounds and music have been replaced by the sadness of death and despair. Two of the saddest, but separated from each other by an interval of years, start from Whitehall. Queen Mary, cold and dead, with the word Calais engraven on her heart, lies in one, and thus the time has come for Elizabeth to judge for herself if the crown is lighter on her head than it was in her lap, as the witty French courtier told her it would be; in the second is unfortunate James II.'s wife, now Queen no longer, clasping her child in her arms, and overwhelmed with trouble more bitter than death!

These are not the only sorrow-freighted barges borne along on the Thames by the tide of history. Ill, very ill, it fares with my Lord Cardinal, from the river bidding farewell to all his greatness, and to the

walls and towers of York Place,—no, not York Place, that is past,

'"Tis the King's now and called Whitehall.'

Nor has fate been much more kind to the Duke of Buckingham, refusing the carpets and cushions, with which Sir Thomas Lovel would cater to his physical ease, now his mental peace is gone for ever: 'Nay,' he says, stepping into the boat and putting them aside, 'for when I went to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff of the world.'

It is well, after these in their sadness have gone by, to turn with the tide to more cheerful barges; to this of brave Sir John Norman, 'rowing to Westminster by water' on the morrow of Simon and Jude's day!

'Row the boat, Norman, row to thy leman!'

sing all the Thames watermen in the words writ in his honour. A merry day it is for them, and well does he deserve all the praise they can give him, for never before has Lord Mayor rowed to Westminster, and he is the cause that many whose coin was scant before daybreak will have their wants supplied before evening. Cheerful, too, is the little boat by which moral Gower comes rowing, to be stopped in midstream by his liege lord, and then and there charged, 'to make a book after his hest.'

And right pleasant it is to meet in another an old friend, Mrs. Pepys, and to watch her as she lands at Whitefriars on her way to buy the cloth petticoat and lace trimmings, which will cost her as much as 5*l.*, for which extravagance, however, honest Pepys will be forced to forgive her because of her doing it so innocently.

But even before Pepys' day the number of barges on the river were becoming fewer, the watermen's chorus was less and less often heard. In vain had the latter sent in petitions against the innovation, which interfered so sorely with their calling,—in vain had their spokesman or minstrel denounced the 'fulsome madams' and 'new scurvy squires,' who jolted the streets whilst watermen wanted work. Who knows but that, that 'strange wonder' of the flowing 'of two tydes at London Bridge within the space of an houre and halfe, the last coming with such violence and hideous noyse that it not only affrighted but even astonished five hundred watermen,' was intended not so much to warn Londoners against 'Popish idolatry,' as to prepare these same watermen for coming misfortunes? However that may be, they were certainly doomed, and, finally, like so many other worthy men, went their way to be seen by the world no more. The river ceased to be the principal highway of the city. It is in the Strand, in Fleet Street, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, that the friendly faces of later ages are to be sought.

It is strange that, though so many changes have taken place on the river and its banks between London Bridge and Westminster, the principal landmarks remain. The old gardens and water-gates and water-stairs of the west side have made way for a wide embankment; the fashionable resorts of gay ladies and gallant gentlemen on the Surrey bank, for the squalid streets and ruinous wharves, the factories and breweries, of Bankside. There are seven bridges where before there was but one; a great multitude of steeples clustering about a dome, where of old there were but a few surmounted by a tall cathedral spire. The water that once was sweet and well stocked with fish is now foul and full of mud and refuse, so that if even a dead fish be found floating on its surface, the fact is noted by the papers as a new 'strange wonder.' The trip up and down the river is made on a steamboat instead of a barge; the steam-whistle is the present watermen's music instead of loud song and chorus. But Westminster, though no longer the royal palace, is still the great centre of the kingdom—the most famous spot on all the Thames. 'Above' and 'below' on the river are still reckoned from London Bridge, changed as it is from the street of houses Holbein and Hogarth knew. St. Paul's, though topped by dome and towers, in lieu of Gothic spires and pinnacles, is still London's cathedral. There is even yet a Somerset House, though not that one where the sweet swan, Edmund Waller, was treated so inhumanly. And the Temple, though somewhat altered since Spenser's day, still, as he puts it, 'on Themmes brode aged back doth ride.'

Where there has been more vital change, old names survive to preserve at least the memory of departed buildings; and certain localities continue prominent, though not with the prominence of other days. This is the case with Paul's Wharf below Blackfriars Bridge. Not even the most inattentive, not even the boy with no eyes in Mrs. Barbauld's story, could fail to notice the long reach of warehouses, some many-storeyed, others low and gabled, with odd, old-fashioned bow-windows projecting far out, which here rise in a confused mass above the black barges lining the shore. Here and there, between and beyond the higher buildings, one sees a wonderful grouping of chimney-pots; all sending up thick clouds of smoke, which fall again over the warehouses softening their sharp outlines and staining them darker and darker day by day. And above chimneys and houses towers the cross-crowned dome of St. Paul's—modern London's 'great glory.' There has for many years been a Paul's Wharf here; and before the warehouses were, another far different building, mighty in its own way and one of the most noteworthy on the Thames, marked the spot. This

was Baynard's Castle, the stronghold of Ralph Baynard, one of the Conqueror's followers; and then of the brave Fitz-Walter, who defended his daughter's honour in defiance of king and kingly enmity; and later on it became the castle of the sovereigns. Where merchandise now is packed and stored, strong passions—some fine, others base—were then developed and nurtured. There could be few more striking contrasts than that between modern merchants with their peaceful commerce, and ancient bannerets riding forth at the first rumours of war, or Richard the Crookback, the thought of murder already filling his soul, hesitatingly accepting 'the golden yoke of sovereignty.' With the men and women of the old times have perished their hopes and fears, their sins and ideals.

Gone, too, is the old picturesqueness. But because this is so, it does not follow that the city banks of the Thames as they are now are unpicturesque. As well might it be said that men to-day are without aspirations or crimes because these are not what they once were. The river, with its chains of barges drawn by tugs, or drifting with the tide, or lying in great masses in mid-stream, its red-sailed hay-boats, its steamers, its ever-varying life, now wrapped in smoke and vapour, through which at other times the sun shines, making a golden pathway on the grey water; the banks with their extremes of wealth and poverty, their palace-like buildings and hovels, their tall smoke-towers and vast railway-stations, the innumerable spires of the city, the great dome of St. Paul's ever looming up above them all, combine to form a whole which cannot be equalled the world over.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

STATUE OF DEMOSTHENES.

IN this monumental statue we have an example how a portrait statue may summarise visibly the tone and spirit of a patriotic career: the example is worth insisting on when the question has been mooted as to how far Sculpture can justify itself in this form of public commemoration. It was the merit of Demosthenes, in a far truer sense than it was of the Consul Terentius Varro, defeated at Cannae, that he could not bring himself to despair of his Commonwealth. The marvellously recuperative powers of Athens might or might not be sufficient to recover her forfeited supremacy; but, at least, the energies and genius of her sons should suffice, so he believed, to combine a free confederation of independent cities, which should secure them from being overborne by a semi-Hellenised autocrat. He would not renounce the hope of rekindling in his fellow-citizens the spirit of their fathers: they had carelessly neglected or rashly misused chance after chance of regaining pre-eminence, if only upon a new and restricted basis; but still he persevered with eloquence ever increasing in concentration and force.

It was only under the menace of danger at their very doors that the Athenians responded with full resolution to the appeal of their orator; they then responded only to be finally crushed on the fatal field of Chaeronea. What other fate could be destined for civic levies and loose mercenaries, hastily opposed to a thoroughly organized force, directed by the veteran energy of Philip and the youthful dash of Alexander?

It was as representative of a policy which had resulted in this catastrophe that his opponents, headed by the orator, Aeschines, contrived to put him upon his defence. Fortune has preserved for us the speech of his accuser and his triumphant reply to it, celebrated as the Crown Oration. We are happily, also, in possession of statues of the two orators in characteristic attitudes. Demosthenes stands as in the act of speaking; his aspect, as in

numerous ancient repetitions of his bust, is expressive of that quality which was assigned to him in antiquity, of δεινότης, translatable into English only when a word shall be found which can express the compatibility of ferocity, dignity, and dexterity.

Standing before the statue of Aeschines in the Lateran Museum, I once asked a lady for her interpretation of its expression, as that of an orator who listens to a reply to his own speech. The unhesitating reply was, 'I think, flinching.'

Demosthenes is before us in this statue, the very image of the immovable conviction that his own advocacy, and the adoption by the Athenians of a noble resolution, were no more condemned by failure than so many of their ancestors as perished at Marathon and Salamis were wrong in accepting the risk to which Hellas owed its chance of deliverance from the barbarian.

When Richard Cobden was at Rome in 1847—the Richard Cobden of 'unadorned eloquence'—he turned from the marvels of the Sistine Chapel unmoved, unintelligent, even repugnant; but his sympathies were roused at once by this statue. To this extent he was a true critic; he proved how worthy he was, had the course of his life so willed it, to have corrected by familiarity with the literature of all time his rash estimate of the comparative value of leading articles and 'all the works of Thucydides.'

'The Braccio-nuovo contains a statue of Demosthenes in an attitude most earnest; there is no appearance of effort or art in the figure, and yet it is endowed with an earnest and sincere expression which an actor would seek to imitate. The countenance expresses a perfect forgetfulness of self and everything but the subject on which the mind of the orator is intent. The sculptor has not only succeeded in making his marble convey the idea of sincerity, but it almost makes you think it feels sincere. The whole art of the work lies in this impress of earnestness, and it proves that the artist knew where the secret of oratory lies; and I can fancy that Demosthenes himself might have been the instructor of the sculptor on this point.'—*Life of R. Cobden*, vol. i. p. 432.

The writer of this was to all appearance unaware of the anecdote that Demosthenes himself had declared the quality of importance to an orator, in the first, the second, and the third place, to be power of acting—that is, of finished and impressive personation of the sentiment of his argument.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MENDICANT ORDERS UPON THE REVIVAL OF ART.

II.—*Giotto considered as a Franciscan Artist.*

WE have seen how the rise of the Franciscan Order was instrumental in awakening the art of fresco-painting from a long sleep of centuries, and bringing it to the point at which we find it in the work of Cimabue in the Upper Church at Assisi. That artist's frescoes of Old Testament subjects occupy the whole of the upper part of the walls of the nave; the lower part of the same walls is covered with Giotto's frescoes of the Life of St. Francis. Some attempt has been made to show that Giotto was not the author of this series, but it has failed to gain any support, for the hand of the master is evident in the greater part of it to any really careful student of his work. Giotto, as everybody knows, was Cimabue's pupil, and, doubtless, worked in conjunction with him at Assisi. We are not exactly informed at what date Cimabue left the city of St. Francis, nor for what reason, but in all probability he was called away to Florence about the beginning of the last decade of the thirteenth century. He had to leave his work in the nave of the Upper Church only half finished, and Giotto, though still very young, was selected, as his most promising pupil, to carry it to completion. Whether this is an accurate statement of the facts or not, it is clear that Giotto's frescoes in the Upper Church are the earliest of his works that have come down to us. He may thus be said to have served his apprenticeship and attained the rank of a master at the very centre of Franciscan life. This fact, as we shall see, produced a powerful and lasting effect upon Giotto's art, and it is one that has never yet received due emphasis.

The lifetime of this remarkable artist (b. 1266, d. 1336) may be said practically to coincide with the period of greatest power of the Franciscan Order. When Giotto was born Francis had been dead forty years, and the institution he founded had spread far and wide, and gained enormous power and influence, yet still retaining much of the spirit and energy of the founder. When Giotto died, the power of the Franciscans had scarcely begun to diminish, but they were losing the singleness of heart and fixity of purpose by which they had arisen, and were settling down to the ordinary level of religious societies of the day.

Upon Cimabue the demands of the Franciscans, for paintings of a more realistic type than what had up to that time been produced, came as a new problem, and he applied his life to the solution of it. Giotto, on the other hand, was born when the

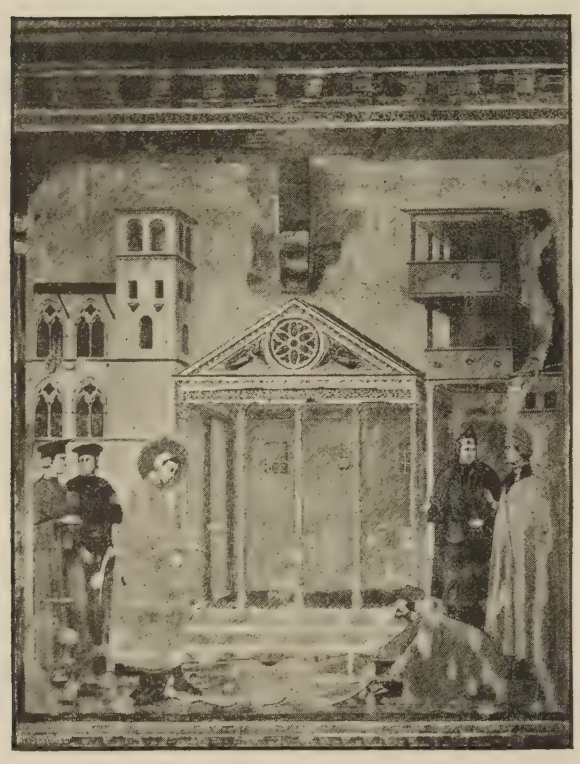
novelty of the idea had begun to wear off; he, so to speak, inherited the results of Cimabue's labour, and, what was of even more importance, the conclusions to which his long years of thinking had led him. Giotto, moreover, felt the trammels of tradition far less than his master; he grew up in an atmosphere which prevented them from ever taking firm hold upon him. To imitate Nature, to attain greater facilities of execution, to develop his art—these were the aims set before him from the very first, and thus it was that, as soon as he came to stand alone, he took rapid strides along the road which Cimabue, though he never travelled far over it himself, plainly pointed out.

The interest, therefore, attaching to Giotto's earliest set of frescoes is very great, and, though in this place we cannot describe and analyse them one by one, it may not be amiss to point out a few of the characteristics which mark them as a whole. Of these the most striking is the artist's aim at veracity. Giunta, as was before remarked, painted, a very few years after Francis' death, some pictures illustrative of certain events in his life. Moreover, both Giunta and several others painted so-called portraits of the saint, surrounded with little pictures of his miracles on a gold ground within compartments. Giotto, therefore, was not without forerunners, whose treatment of the subjects committed to him he might observe and follow. That he did so in more than one instance is clear, but he was little indebted to such hints for his success. The foundation of that was his settled intention to conceive of and represent each event as an actual fact. He intended, as far as in him lay, to make the life of Francis *visible* to all who came to his shrine; and he cast aside, as a thing of no account, whatever remnants of tradition might impede him in the attainment of his aim. There were two conditions that limited Giotto in his work —one imposed upon him from without, the other resident in himself. The first condition was, that his frescoes were to be subordinate to the architecture of the building in which they were placed. They must serve as decoration—that was their first duty. Accordingly they were subject to certain laws, as to the distribution of masses of light and colour, into which we need not enter here. The second limiting condition was the weakness of the artist's own powers of expression. Art in his day was very far from accomplished. The laws of perspective were unknown; everything had to be done by intuition or rule of thumb. Thus, though the artist was eager to depict with absolute veracity the stirring events in which Francis was an actor, he was prevented at every turn from fully carrying out his purpose.

Now it may be observed that there are two kinds of veracity possible to an artist: there is the veracity of circumstance, and the veracity of sentiment. If an event has to be depicted, a truth-loving painter may satisfy his instincts by the attainment of a veracity of circumstance and surroundings. He may make from the life such portraits of the actors as are possible to his skill; he may clothe them in the semblance of the very garments they wore, and locate them in an accurate reflexion of the place where they came together: indeed, there is no limit to the degree of veracity of this kind that an artist can attain, if he have opportunity, a moderate degree of skill, and the willingness to devote time and pains to his work. With all this, however, he may fail even to approach a true representation of the scene. The kernel of the matter is the emotions of the actors, not their trappings. The artist's business is to show us what manner of men they were, and how their characters acted and reacted one upon another. It is in these actions and reactions that the interest of a situation lies. Doubtless, if an artist can both show us these, and at the same time depict buildings, garments, landscape, and the rest with accuracy and truth, he attains the very highest measure of success; for even the least important accessory, if it be genuine, throws some light upon the circumstances of the day in which an event took place. Francis' stew-pan would itself be an object of interest, much more the sandals which bore the impress of his feet. It will, however, be clear to the thoughtful reader that to depict scenery in the manner thus described requires a great deal of science. Knowledge of the laws of perspective, of the treatment of light and shade, developed powers of draughtsmanship for the rendering of solid form, and a hundred other things, were beyond the attainment of a painter, whose best forerunner was Cimabue, and who lived when mathematical and other sciences did not exist, and when colours were few and processes simple. It is only by the combined labours of generations that laws and methods of treatment can be discovered, and, once discovered, they are brought within the reach of men of very ordinary capacity. It may likewise be remarked, in passing, that a painter, of what day soever, painting an event of his day in the artistic methods of his day, by so doing impresses upon his work the sign-manual of the period; so that the spectator, whose historical sense is duly awakened, cannot fail to discover in it the presence of those self-same qualities which an accurate reproduction—a photograph so to speak—of the trappings of the actors would have introduced.

Let us take, however, an instance from Giotto's own work at Assisi, and, indeed, from the earliest portion of it, that we may see how the youthful artist comports himself in the presence of his difficult problem—the representation of an event without power to represent the surroundings. It must be borne in mind that Giotto painted the scenes

from the life of Francis with Bonaventura's book as his guide; to that, therefore, we must turn whenever we desire to test the accuracy of the pictures. Bonaventura relates that there was in the city of Assisi a man of the people, very simple and good, who was wont, whenever he met the gentle youth, to take the mantle from his back and spread it in the way before his steps. In the fresco, Giotto shows the destined saint walking in the Piazza, past the façade of a building meant for the old Roman Temple of Minerva at Assisi. He is in the act of stepping on to a garment which a man, bending low, spreads in the road before him. Two men, standing



THE YOUTH OF S. FRANCIS. FRESCO BY GIOTTO, IN THE NAVE OF THE UPPER CHURCH, ASSISI.

behind, observe and discuss the action. Now the drawing of limbs and garments, hands and feet, and all accessories, is of the feeblest. The buildings in the background are out of proportion and in false perspective. The stone columns of the temple façade are slender as metal shafts, and scarcely suggest what they are meant to depict. Nevertheless, with all this inaccuracy of circumstance, the whole spirit of the scene is rendered with perfect veracity. The simple and, truth to say, rather foolish reverence of the man is unmistakable, and has been set down by the painter not without a laugh in his sleeve. In Francis' smile we see that the action is not an isolated one, but belongs to a series, the smile being visibly one of recognition as well as acknowledgment. As for the onlookers (Giotto could not paint more than two of them) they are partly angry with the poor man as a fool, partly amused, partly interested in Francis, questioning what manner of man he will prove to be. Giotto thus attains a veracity of sentiment of the highest order, although veracity of circumstance is mainly beyond his powers. In so doing he was, perhaps unconsciously, fulfilling to the uttermost his function as an artist of the Franciscan school; for whoever will set himself, with sympathetic mind, to study the works and teaching of Franciscan leaders, will not fail to discover that underneath all the incumbrance, as we call it, of miracle and fiction, there lay enshrined a genuine insight into the needs of men, a genuine and, in great measure, a successful attempt to meet those needs and supply, though in a form that to us seems uncouth, a real source of help and comfort to a folk oppressed by the misery of life.

A great man almost invariably owes the recognition of his greatness, if it ever be recognised, to the fact that the leading quality or power of his mind is the one specially needed in his day. The same man, born a hundred years later, might continue all his life in obscurity. Now Giotto's power of seeing to the very heart of a situation, finding out what were its elemental properties, resting his strength upon them, and neglecting all else in comparison, was the only power capable of generating a great artist at the time in which he lived. His gifts exactly matched the needs of his day, and, therefore, he went swiftly to the front, experiencing small resistance. Whatever event he had to depict he took in its simplest form; he seized the strong feelings of the important actors, manifested them, and omitted all adjuncts not absolutely necessary. In this simplicity and directness of insight and statement lies the secret of his charm. All his life long he remained constant to this method, and because he did so he attained continually increasing success, and was enabled gradually to enlarge the sphere of his labours.

Towards the end of his life, for example, still under the orders of Franciscans, he painted another set of frescoes of the life of St. Francis on the walls of the Bardi Chapel in S. Croce at Florence. In these pictures the same qualities are apparent as in his earliest work at Assisi, only they are in greater development. Perhaps the finest of all Giotto's existing frescoes is that (in the Bardi Chapel) representing St. Francis before the Soldan. The story is thus told by Bonaventura:—

'In the thirteenth year of his conversion, Francis passed over into the parts of Syria, and set himself to go unto the Soldan of Babylon, the same that had promised a byzant of gold to any that should take the head of a Christian. Unto him then went the blessed Francis, alone with one companion. The Soldan demanded of them by whom they had been sent, and wherefore they were come unto him. And the man of God answered him, with great sincerity: I am sent from God and from no man of this world, to

the end that I may show unto thee and to thy people the way of salvation. And with such constancy of mind and virtue of heart, and with such fervour of spirit preached he unto the Soldan of the unity and trinity of God, that there was fulfilled in him the words of the gospel, "I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." And the Soldan, marvelling, prayed him to abide with him. But the blessed Francis answered: If thou wilt be converted unto God, thou and thy people, I will willingly abide with thee; and if thou art in doubt whether to forsake the faith of Mahomet for the faith of Christ, cause a great fire to be made, and let thy priests come, and I will enter with them into the flames, and whichsoever of us cometh forth whole, in his faith put thy trust. And the Soldan answered: I do not believe that there is one of my priests who will venture himself in that trial.'

and will in a moment be thrown forward with a gesture, indicating that he has demonstrated his argument; his follower, fearful of the flames, keeps close to him and trembles. All the leading facts of the story are thus plainly set forth; greater veracity of circumstance might be attained, but certainly not greater veracity of sentiment.

Our object now, however, is the consideration of Giotto not so much as an artist, but rather, in connexion with his followers, as the exponent of a set of ideas. If we take the whole mass of the paintings known as Giottesque and group them according to their subjects, we cannot fail to notice certain unmistakable facts. Take, for example, as typical of the rest, the works of Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Giottino,

S. FRANCIS BEFORE THE SOLDAN. FRESCO BY GIOTTO, IN THE BARDI CHAPEL, S. CROCE, FLORENCE.

Giotto, in telling this tale with his brush, reduces it to its simplest form. He paints you no splendid court, or wide extending palace; he brings in no crowd of attendants; he depicts no pomp of ceremonial. The splendour of the Soldan is symbolised only by his noble figure and his lofty throne. On one side of him stands Francis, in act of earnest, fearless speech, and his shuddering companion behind, frightened to death at thought of the fire; on the other side are the discomfited Magi gathering up their garments and retreating in haste. There is a fire burning at the foot of the throne, and there are two attendants, and these complete the picture. The whole is quite simple; it is likewise quite direct and plain. The Soldan is pointing to the fire and looking with some scorn at his retreating priests; they are visibly and ludicrously hasteful to escape unsinged. Francis is so earnest that the laughableness of the situation does not occur to him; his hand is raised,

Giovanni da Milano, Agnolo Gaddi, Starnina, and Spinello Aretino. Leaving out of account panel pictures, the subjects for which in the fourteenth century are practically unalterable, we find that the frescoes, in almost every case, consist of sets of legend pictures. The walls of Assisi, of S. Croce, and a great part of S. Maria Novella at Florence, of most of the Campo Santo at Pisa, and of other churches and buildings where this group of painters was allowed to work according to its natural bent, are covered with legend pictures. It is only when the Dominican influence, as we shall hereafter see, becomes strong that the Giottists are forced out of their well-worn groove, and the awkwardness with which they move along untried paths is proof how thoroughly matter of habit was their usual round of work.

The reader is, in all probability, aware that the problem requiring solution with respect to Giotto's

followers is the low average of their work. Giotto himself came in on the top of a great wave of awakening, which rushed far inland and flooded out of sight many an ancient landmark. But this wave was, naturally, succeeded by an ebb. Of all Giotto's direct imitators, not one ever gained any position comparable to the master's, and that notwithstanding the fact that, unlike him, the Giottists had good work of a kind for their model. The only possible way to understand the reason for this is to take up a position outside the domain of art, and to look at the matter broadly in the light of the general march of events.

The great Franciscan wave of awakening, then, was, if our supposition be correct, the moving power which raised Giotto so high. He was the man chosen by the course of things to give visible shape to that set of ideas which formed the fabric into which Franciscan teaching was, so to speak, woven. But, just as the Franciscan movement, being (like that of the Salvation Army) one based upon excitement, swiftly settled down into a stereotyped and dead form, so far at any rate as it affected the masses of the people; so the school of art which it fostered likewise quickly lost its initial vigour. Franciscan preachers wearisomely reiterated the same round of tale and legend, and Franciscan painters did the same. Wherever Giotto furnished them with a type they contented themselves with copying it in a weaker manner. When the subject was one which Giotto had not treated, they made a design for themselves in the master's style, but altogether without his immediate insight into the kernel of the matter. It is further noticeable that the nearer in point of time a man stood to Giotto, the keener is his apparent interest in his work. Taddeo Gaddi, the master's own pupil, still loved the tales he had to tell, and told them usually with some enthusiasm, though perfunctoriness enough is visible in his work. The same may be said of the man called Giottino, to judge by his pictures in the chapel of S. Silvestro in S. Croce. To Giovanni da Milano, Starnina, and Spinello Aretino, the legends were altogether without interest, and they painted them, plainly, at so much a yard, with no more pleasure in depicting saint than sinner. What these men did was to learn how to paint fast and to formulate certain rudimentary principles of drawing and colour. But the idea of pleasure in a picture, as a work of art, did not arise till the fifteenth century, whilst long before the close of the fourteenth that unquestioning faith in the old legends, which Francis had used with so much enthusiasm and effect in his preaching, and to which he had thus infused for a time a vitality not proper to the tales themselves, faded for ever away. Just as when, out of certain solutions, the energy passes, which before was employed to maintain them, a process of crystallization takes place; so it is with Religions. The evaporation of faith is accompanied and manifested by a crystallization; liturgies and legends become immutable, and everything tends to rigidity. And with religious art the same thing takes place. The art of the Giottists was essentially Franciscan; and so, as the Franciscan Order lost its fire of faith, that art settled down into immobility. Other movements, of course, arose in the wake of the Franciscan, and, more or less, in consequence of it; these, in turn, invoked the aid of art, and made it serve their purposes, as we shall hereafter see. Thus progress, which for a time was stayed, set in again along new lines. Moreover, even at the beginning of the fourteenth century there were minor schools elsewhere, notably at Siena, which, though they fell more or less strongly under the Franciscan influence, never wholly surrendered themselves to it, as the school of Giotto had done. These schools, therefore, did not suffer from the decay of Franciscanism to the same extent, and were more ready to be turned to account by the slower developing rival institution of the Dominicans. These and the like limitations an intelligent reader will have no difficulty in supplying for himself; they do not interfere with the main fact for which contention is made; namely, that the school of Giotto drew its life from the Franciscan order, or rather from those principles, by means of which the Franciscan Order arose and became strong. The later Franciscans still contained many vigorous centres of intellectual life, particularly in the matter of philosophy; but these were independent of the Order as a whole, which began to fade early in the fourteenth century, and with it faded that particular form of art which it had fostered—the art of which Giotto was the greatest exponent.

W. M. Conway.

OLD ENGLISH FRUIT TRENCHERS.

Attention has been drawn from time to time, in various periodicals and papers, for nearly a century, to certain curious painted tablets of wood, the use or object of which still remains rather obscure. These tablets are very thin pieces of sycamore-wood, and are nearly always circular, their diameters ranging from five to six inches. The term 'roundel' has been commonly given to them, but as a few examples in the form of oblong tablets have been found, the name roundel does not serve to designate the entire group of these curious relics of Tudor times. We are enabled to attribute the majority of the extant sets to this period, not only by reason of the peculiarity of the lettering found upon them, but

also by the actual dates with which some of the examples are marked. The decorations, indeed, of several specimens seem to belong in style to the close of the fifteenth century; but this fact is probably due merely to a survival of the manner of ornament occurring in illuminated missals and books, and upon the rood-screens and Church ornaments of the earlier time. Even in the few examples which certainly belong to the first years of the Stuarts, we not infrequently detect reminiscences of decorative motives which were common in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Now as to the use of these tablets. Two theories have been started. It has been suggested that they were employed, at the close of meals or entertainments, for the purpose of handing sweetmeats or fruits to the guests. A second opinion is that these roundels formed the subject of a sort of after-dinner pastime, each member of the circle drawing one or having one given to him or her. Doubtless, in either case, the application of the posies and mottoes—often quite outspoken enough—must have caused much merriment; but it is difficult to believe that these delicate and fragile tablets, which never show any sign of use or stain upon the plain side said to have been used for the reception of moist fruits and sticky sweetmeats, were really trenchers. Probably they were employed somewhat after the manner of our modern doily or *serviette de dessert*, the napkin, a most important adjunct of dinner in the absence of forks, being perhaps placed upon them. The motto-crackers and motto-bonbons of the present day may serve to remind the reader of the amusement which must have been got out of the quaint posies of these motto-tablets. A writer, 'T. P.' in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 1793, mentions his having witnessed, 'near forty years ago,' at Brandon, three miles from Coventry, an old lady, Viscountess Longueville, who died in 1763, aged nearly one hundred, order, after dinner, 'the lots' to be produced for the amusement of a juvenile party. About a dozen roundels were spread out by her in the manner of cards, with their backs towards the company, each of whom drew one, 'and great diversion was excited by the satirical distich which accidentally occurred upon the lot of each, as being supposed to be descriptive, either of the character or of the matrimonial choice of the person who drew the same.' In order that a contemporary authority, which seems to favour the alternative theory, as to these roundels having been used as fruit trenchers, may be before our readers, we cite a passage from Puttenham's 'Art of English Poesie,' 1589: 'Of short epigrames called posies. There be also another like epigrammes that were sent usually for new yeare's gifts, or to be printed or put upon banketting dishes of sugar plate, or of March paines, and such other dainty meates, as by the curtesie and custume every gest might carry from a common feast home with him, and were made for the nonce; they were called Nenia or Apophoreta, and never contained above one verse, or two at the most, but the shorter the better. We call them poesies, and do paint them now-a-dayes upon the back sides of our fruit trenchers of wood, or use them as devises in rings and armes, and about such courtly purposes.' Possibly, more definite allusions in contemporary literature to the painted roundels of which we are now writing, may be discovered: at present their identification with the 'fruit trenchers of wood' in the above-cited paragraph is far from certain. Solid wooden trenchers, both square and round, were then in common use where now-a-days earthenware plates would be employed. These may themselves have borne mottoes rudely painted on the reverse sides. But if, indeed, the roundels were actually used as fruit dishes, it must be owned that such use must have been very rare, and on great occasions only.

The allusions to roundels which we next quote seem to favour their twofold use. For instance, a writer in 'Notes and Queries' (3rd Series, xi., 346) quotes from the works of John Heiwood, 1598, the following lines:—

> 'This book may seeme, as it sorteth in sute
> A thin trim trencher to serue folke at frute.'

In Webster's 'Northwood Ho!' Doll says to her City poet, Bellamont,—

> 'I'll have you make twelve posies for a dozen of cheese trenchers.'

On the use of these roundels as a game at table is based much conversation in Middleton's 'No Wit, no Help like a Woman's.'

It is now time to illustrate and describe some specimens of these painted tablets. Thirty or forty sets are known to be in existence; but, as there is a strong family likeness between most of them, there is no need to refer in detail to more than a few examples. We begin with a set in a public collection.

Our first illustration (fig. 1) represents one of a set of roundels which was purchased for the South Kensington Museum in 1860. The decoration of these pieces is larger and bolder in style than that of two out of the three other painted sets in the same collection, but is nearly the same as that on the specimens given by the Rev. R. Brooke. The writing, which occupies the central part of each disc, is somewhat roughly executed, in a current court hand of the time of Elizabeth. The colours used in the knotwork and rough leafage which form the borders are red, green, gold, white, and black. The box for this set bears on

the cover a Tudor rose in black and gold. A few of the posies are worthy of quotation :—

'Be nethyr dumbe, nor give y^i^ tonge the lease,
Butt speake thou well, or heare and holde y^i^ peace.'

'Women are like netles who toucheth them they sting them
But hurte not those that wringe them.'

The following couplet, however, is sufficient proof that there were platitudinarians in those days :—

'O death, y^i^ power is great I must confese,
I often wish that it were lese.'

A second set of roundels in the South Kensington Museum is of finer workmanship than that of the

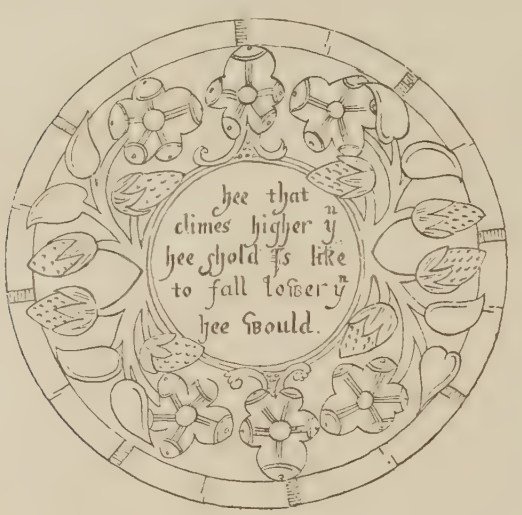


FIG. 1.

series just named. Many texts and mottoes are introduced into these designs. The writing is a small and fine running Italian hand, with capitals in red. Red, white, green, black, gold, and tinted gold, are used in the decoration of these roundels. All but three have a bold scroll border; these three have a kind of vandyked edging, and one of them bears a skull in lieu of the central floral device. The style of the illuminations of this set may be learned from our illustration (fig. 2); the posies are such as this :—

'If y^u^ be younge, then mary not yett;
If y^u^ be olde y^u^ haste more wyt:
For younge men's wyues will not be taught,
And olde men's wyues be good for naught.'

In 1864 the Rev. R. Brooke gave a set of twelve roundels to the South Kensington Museum. The designs are of the usual character—strapwork and highly-conventionalised flowers, in red, green, blue, white, and gold. The posies fill the central space, and are written in a fine, neat hand. The verses are not of much merit, though no objection can be raised to the advice they tender. One example will suffice :—

'In Godlie
trade ronne well
thy race : And
from the poore
torne not thy
face.'

The inscriptions on this set are identical with those belonging to the roundels once in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Adamson, of Chapel-le-Dale; it is not improbable that but a single set is referred to in the notices which have been published. If so, Mr. Adamson's set is that now numbered 927'64 in the Museum collection.

The fourth set of roundels in the South Kensington Museum was acquired in the year 1878. It is a small set, containing but six pieces, and is of later date than the others. On the inside of the box is an inscription, 'Mrs. Sarah Lobery, 1675,' probably the name of a former owner; this date, however, certainly does not give the year in which the set was painted, which may safely be put half a century earlier. These roundels are $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter, and have painted and gilt vandyked borders. The middle of each is occupied by a large coloured print on paper of a flower—the rose, the heartsease, the borage, and the rose-campion, being amongst the plants figured. A motto, in a single circle, runs continuously round each floral design. The best of the mottoes are these two :—

'Feede mynde with myrth, thy mawe with meate,
And eate to lyue not lyue to eate,
For gorging doth offende thy healthe,
Thy god, thy soule, thy witt, thy wealth.'

'At meate or a meale make myrth with geast,
Of absent folkes reporte the best,
Mirth pleaseth with ciuilitie,
The rest is but scurrilitye.'

In the Salisbury Museum is a complete set of twelve roundels, one of the tablets being dated 1567. They bear passages from the Bible and Apocrypha as well as posies. Another complete set is described in Mr. Gatty's 'Catalogue of the Mayer Museum,' at Liverpool. In that collection there are also four other roundels inscribed with verses and decorated with conventional representations of various fruits. Three out of the four sets or parts of sets in the South Kensington Museum already referred to in this paper are described in detail in Mr. J. H. Pollen's 'Furniture and Woodwork.' The Essex Archaeological Society owns seven roundels of the year 1597; they are contained in a box. There are thirty roundels and two circular boxes for them in the Bodleian Library. Two of the roundels are finer than the remainder, and belong to a different set. The twenty-eight pieces are of rather rough work, and greatly resemble two of the South Kensington series. Most of the posies they bear are met with on

roundels named in the present paper; but the following verse is new to us:—

> 'Thy goods well got by knowledge, skill,
> will healpe thy hungrye bagges to fyll:
> but ryches gayned by falsehoodes drift,
> will run awaie as streames full swifte.'

The two boxes are decorated with the royal arms.

In the museum at Colchester are two imperfect sets of roundels, both in boxes. One of these sets, given to the Essex Archaeological Society in 1868, by Mr. Cornelius Butler, was made in the year 1596. These seven roundels are edged with foliage patterns in black and gold, and are further decorated with broad bands of flowers and leaves. They bear floral

FIG. 2.

devices in the middle, with a posy beneath. The usual colours are employed in the designs, but no blue. There are passages from Holy Scripture round the border of each piece. These roundels are 5¼ inches across: the box has once been richly ornamented. The other Colchester Museum specimens are six in number, and are less finely painted than those just described. On the edge is a narrow red band, with a black margin, then a gold band, also lined with black; next follows a broad band of coloured flowers and foliage conventionally treated. The posies are written in black letter, with red capitals; two of them are here given:—

> 'Stop y^e^ begeñynge soo shalt y^u^ be sure
> All doubtfull deseases to swage and to cure
> But yf y^u^ be carelesse and suffer them brast
> To late cometh plaister when all cure is past.
>
> Whatever chañce the of any to heare
> Thyn eye not consenting beleve not thyn eare
> For the eare is a subject full ofte ledd awrie
> But y^e^ eye is a judge y^t^ in nothing will lye.'

Amongst the sets of roundels in private hands the interesting specimens belonging to Mr. A. W. Franks must be first named. His collection includes two complete sets of twelve, one set, now consisting of eleven pieces, and another set of eight. A single roundel bears an animal in the centre; another solitary example is of a particularly fine floral design, while a third specimen is adorned with a good coloured print on paper of a fishing scene, comprising figures, fish, boats, and a view of the sea; around this print runs continuously the couplet,—

> 'September showes you playne of sondry sortes of Fishes,
> Give God the praise that filleth thus your dishes.'

One of Mr. Franks' complete sets is remarkable for the unusual thickness of the sycamore-wood discs. Mr. Franks has also part (seven pieces) of a set of the rectangular tablets to which reference has already been made. These are rather late work, of the time of James I. They have small painted figures representing 'Peace,' 'Plentye,' &c., and mottoes, upon a plain coloured ground.

Dr. John Evans, of Hemel Hempstead, owns a set of roundels of unusually late date—1625. They formed, apparently, a marriage-gift from Thomas Martin, vicar of Stone-in-Oxney, Kent, to Roger and Mary Simpson. The ornament upon them is of the usual sort—flowers, fruits, scrollwork, and verses. Some, at least, of the posies are not precisely such as would be selected by a clergyman of the present day to be inscribed upon a wedding gift to a parishioner.

(*To be continued.*)

A. H. CHURCH.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE pictures constituting the National Portrait Gallery are to be housed at the Bethnal Green Museum, on loan to the Science and Art Department, until a suitable home can be provided for them in a more central position. The First Commissioner of Works will consider the question of a site, and it is expected that an Estimate may be brought in next Session for the necessary expenses. The fire which occurred in the summer within the outbuildings of the Inventions Exhibition, in near proximity to the Portrait Collection, led to a discovery of the insecurity of the national portraits within the unsuitable galleries appropriated to them at South Kensington—galleries which seem expressly constructed as a tinder-box.

THE Scottish Society of Water-colour Painters will hold its eighth exhibition in the autumn. The 9th of October is the day appointed for the receipt of pictures. The exhibition will be held in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, and will not be restricted, as hitherto, to the works of members.

MR. HERKOMER, R.A., has been appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, to succeed Mr. Ruskin, whose influence was favourable towards this election.

THROUGH the decease of Mr. William Graham a number of the best and most characteristic pictures by the late Dante

Gabriel Rossetti and by Mr. Burne Jones, A.R.A., will, it is said, come into the market next season.

THE Archaeological Society of Athens takes up the excavations at Olympia hitherto conducted by the German Government, who have expended thereon 20,000*l.* Two thirds of the city site are said to be still unexplored, but it is supposed by the German archaeologists that little of artistic value is left to be unearthed.

THE vote of 500*l.* towards the 4000*l.* required for the erection of a memorial monument to General Gordon, to be placed at Charing Cross, was passed in the Commons, not without some singularly ill-timed comments from Sir W. Lawson and Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Plunket, when eloquently putting the vote, stated that it had been decided that the memorial should take the form of a statue of General Gordon 'as he was,' in accordance with the wish of the English people, rather than an allegorical group of sculpture, as had been advocated by the distinguished artists Sir F. Leighton, Sir John Millais, Mr. Watts, R.A., and others. The statue will be in bronze, and will not be equestrian. The name of the sculptor selected did not transpire in the debate.

AT the end of the season more than usual agitation and enthusiasm was moved on the subject of extending the areas of common-land on the north side of London. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners offered to the Corporation of London, for the use and recreation of the public, one of the Highgate Woods known as the Gravel-pit Wood, and thirty acres of land at Kilburn. It is said also that the Commissioners would be willing to sell at a reasonably low rate another of the Highgate woods for the same purpose. The Corporation are allowed until the 20th of December next to consider their acceptance of the offer, under the conditions of laying out and maintaining the grounds. The Corporation received several deputations, urging them to undertake the lands offered as recreation-grounds for the overcrowded population of the City. Further, at the end of July a kind of demonstration in favour of the public purchase of certain ground at Hampstead was held on Parliament Hill, where Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, late Commissioner of Works, and the Committee of the Hampstead Heath Extension Society, received the Members of the Board of Works and a large concourse of people interested in the question at a garden-party. Outside the enclosure of invited guests the hillside was black with a ring of the poorer class of people, for whose playground the Heath is wanted, and still more for whose health, under the difficult conditions of their life, the existence of open spaces around and within the area of London is urgently needed. The question of the purchase of a portion of Lord Mansfield's estate, including the breezy Parliament Hill, with its splendid outlook over the City, Hampstead and Harrow, Highgate and the Ken Woods, of Sir Spencer Wilson's fields (now in the market), and of another small property abutting on the Heath, is laid before the Board of Works. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Board will see their way to effecting this purchase for every reason, hygienic and artistic. The beauty of Hampstead Heath, one of the fairest spots on the immediate border of London, the fullest of historic association, the most precious to artist and lover of nature, would be ruined if its comparatively small area of 240 acres were surrounded by buildings. Still more fatal from a sanitary point of view would be the extension of building upon this particular reach of land, from which, while it is kept open, the pure north-west winds can blow freely down into the very heart of one of the most densely crowded portions of our iniquitously over-built capital.

THE twenty-third issue of Herr Unger's etchings from the Royal and Imperial Belvidere Gallery in Vienna, with context by Dr. von Lützow, though not one of the most striking numbers, yet contains two fine plates. The one is after Tintoretto's sumptuous portrait of a Procurator of Saint Mark, in the red silk robing and white fur, with grave, bearded face, all excellently rendered by Herr Unger, with his especial faculty for conveying the tonality of colour and the broad effect of light and shade. The other is after Vandyck, a composition of *The Enthroned Madonna and Child*, with St. Rosalia, St. Peter, and St. Paul, with cherubs floating above. The group is more scenic than sincere, but it affords scope in the stately sweeping lines, in the rich and patterned stuffs, in the types of patrician-looking sainthood, for the etcher's great variety of touch. The *Christ and the Doctors*, by Ribera, an unsatisfactory picture in almost every respect, with its ugly composition and almost brutal naturalism, was not worth reproduction, save for completeness of record. Canaletto's dry but picturesque *View of Vienna from the Belvidere*, on the contrary, within its own lines is both interesting and artistic. Another Tintoret portrait and the *Christ on the Cross* of Vandyck are given as small etchings in the text.

THE third part of the 'Jahrbuch' of the Royal Prussian Collections contains a beautiful heliogravure of the Dürer portrait of Hieronymus Holzschner, recently acquired for Berlin, with some notes by Julius Meyer on the respectable genealogy of that worthy citizen of Nürnberg, who was one of a small body of staunch souls that held to the new Lutheran doctrines. A reproduction in the same process of the portrait of Raphael in the Pinakothek at Munich, generally known as of Bindo Altoviti, is made occasion for the comments of Herr Hermann Grimm on the claims of the picture to be held a self-portrait of Raphael. The writer sets aside as unreliable the evidence of Herr Professor Welscher's system of measurements, by which a profile outline has been compiled from the known three greater portraits of Raphael. But he is content to abide by the test of authenticity given by the skull of Raphael, and by the original incised line of the auto-portrait in the Heliodorus fresco, which M. Adolph Braun's photograph has made evident. These witnesses, according to Herr Grimm, point the claim of the Munich portrait to be, not Bindo Altoviti, the friend of Raphael, but the artist himself. Herr Frey's notes towards the study of Giotto—chiefly upon the Assisi frescoes in the upper church—are laborious, and not a little dull—the fate of too many German contributions to art literature.

THE First Annual publication of the Arundel Society for 1886 is the group of angels by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Riccardi Palace, companion to that brought out last year; both chromolithographs being of the most successful of the Society's issues. In the autumn the copy from a miracle of S. Bernadino by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo will be ready for second subscribers. Three occasional publications this year are chromos from the *Virgin and Child*, on panel, by Filippo Lippi, in the Accademia at Florence, from a fresco of the *Virgin and Child* by Filippino Lippi, on a street tabernacle in Prato, and from a classic wall-painting in the Farnesina Gardens, found when the bed of the Tiber was widened in 1878. Signor Fattorini is the copyist of this fresco, and Messrs. Richter and Co. of Naples are the colour-printers. Herr Kaiser has been continuing the work begun from Masolino at Castiglione d'Olona, and from Romanino at the Castle of Malpaga, but further commissions as to the series of wall-paintings at the latter spot are discontinued for the present, owing to the very great expense involved. Signor Desiderio's drawings from Carpaccio's paintings in S. Giorgio dei Schiavoni at Venice are carried on; and other copies of interest are from time to time added to the collection. The Society removes to more commodious premises in Bond Street, and appeals to the passer-by through an open frontage and exposition window. It is also proposed to admit the general public to the collection of copies, replicas, &c., at an entrance price. A Society which needs popular demand for its publications in order to extend its most useful operations, is compelled in these days to appeal through the inevitable shop-window. As a matter of fact, a majority of possible patrons of the Arundel Society's publications have hitherto either never noticed the modest entry to their rooms in Bond Street, or been unaware that any visitor was welcome to ascend and inspect the contents.

VENICE.

PAINTED BY FELIX ZIEM. ETCHED BY A. MASSÉ.

THIS etching is from a very well-known picture in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. The original strikes the eye by its rich and brilliant colouring, and also by its masterly execution, which retains in some degree the lively qualities of a sketch.

M. Ziem was born about the year 1822 at Beaune, the well-known old town in the wine district of Burgundy, studied painting in Paris, and between the years 1845 and 1848 made a tour in Italy and the East. He first appeared as a landscape-painter (according to Vapereau) in the Salon of 1849, when he exhibited a view of the *Bosphorus* and the *Grand Canal of Venice*. Since then he has produced many paintings illustrative of Venice and the East, as well as France, Holland, Belgium, &c. He is also known as a painter in water-colours.

M. Ziem has long been recognised by the authorities who distribute honours. He first received a third-class medal so far back as 1850, and afterwards, at short intervals, won medals of higher classes. He was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1857, and an officer of the same order in 1878. His art is attractive and picturesque rather than accurate; for example, in the American brig which is the principal near object in the work before us, there are some points likely to offend any one with an accurate knowledge of shipping. The painter has contrived to make his vessel both elegant and picturesque, but he has exaggerated the thinness of her masts; and the cordage, besides being far too slight, is not thoroughly understood (see, for example, how the fastenings are mismanaged about the cross-trees, and how imperfectly the shrouds seem to have been studied). But the most glaring error is the placing of mast-hoops where there are only square-sails, and where consequently mast-hoops are not wanted. They are in place only for one sail in a brig, the fore-and-aft sail at the stern, and consequently should be put only on the main-mast; but M. Ziem adorns both the main-topmast and the fore-topmast with mast-hoops, as if a shipbuilder indulged in ornamental superfluities like a savage who puts rings on her legs. This, however, is purely nautical criticism. On the artistic side it may be said with truth that this modern vessel is treated with such an understanding of artistic needs as to be far more pictorial than any photograph of the real thing could possibly have been.

P. G. H.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MENDICANT ORDERS UPON THE REVIVAL OF ART.

III.—*The Rise of the Dominican School.*

THE life of a great popular religious agitator is always a picturesque thing, when regarded from a distance. The nature of Francis' teaching and the circumstances by which he was surrounded render this peculiarly the case with him. His actual life was picturesque enough in itself, and the popular story of it became even more so. The life of Dominic, if we read it in the biographies that his followers wrote, is likewise not without many picturesque incidents; but then nobody does read the life of Dominic. Its picturesqueness has never been brought before the popular eye as that of Francis' life was. On the contrary, after-events cast back such black shadows upon the memory of a man ultimately responsible for the abominations of the Inquisition, that his figure is almost swallowed up in the gloom. Nevertheless, the personality of the Spanish preacher, if it was less lovable than that of the prophet of Assisi, was quite as powerful, and, in its way, impressive. The enthusiasm that controlled his every thought and act, though it does not attract us like an enthusiasm of pity, was as overpowering as that which drove Francis from his father's shop to the ruined chapel of S. Mary of the Angels, and was destined to leave even a more enduring mark upon the history of the world.

The emergence of society from the formlessness of the Dark Ages, about the end of the twelfth century, to which we have already referred, accompanied as it was by an increase of wealth and consequent leisure, and so by the gradual formation of a student class, was marked by a strange and almost weird intellectual awakening. Such knowledge as men possessed was undefined. Knowledge and conjecture were inextricably mingled together, and what was begotten by the one was born of the other. Thus a miscellaneous offspring of so-called heresies sprang up on all sides, most of them containing elements of truth but requiring to be thrashed into shape. The domains of logic and experience, philosophy and faith, merged one into the other, and Religion claimed to dominate the whole. The instinct of freethought prompted to

rebellion; the instinct of self-preservation prompted the Church to formulate and enforce her authority. Thus a strife was brought about, in which many a brave man lost his life, but by means of it seeds of truth have been gradually freed from husks of error, and the boundaries of the domains of thought and faith have tended towards the just settlement by which both are rendered independent and both free.

Dominic was a man full of unquestioning faith in the doctrines of the Church; full, moreover, of enthusiasm which required a vent. That vent he found in organizing the forces of the Church to resist the attacks of heresy. Francis looked upon the masses of men and saw that they were poor and in misery, and he pitied them; Dominic saw that they were ignorant of the Church's truth, and he determined to enlighten them. Both started great popular movements. Both organized their followers upon the basis of poverty; Francis to preach the gospel of good works, Dominic to preach that of orthodox faith. The Dominicans spread rapidly, though not so rapidly as the Franciscans. They became the militia of the Pope, and wherever learning flourished they raised the standard of orthodoxy. As champions of what the Church pronounced to be the truth they were ready to enter the lists against all comers. They founded schools, and soon had the education of the folk almost entirely in their hands. Thus, if their power was slower in developing, it struck its roots deep. Now it is obvious that the work of the Dominicans, being, as it was, the formulation and enforcement of the doctrines of the Church, was not one that could be carried forward with great speed. They had to create a philosophy and maintain it against the attacks of all manner of opponents. They had to do an immense amount of organizing and formulating before they could be considered to have laid the foundations of their system. Francis was, so to speak, the incarnation and highest exponent of Franciscanism. Dominic only foreshadowed and paved the way for Dominicanism. The real incarnation of the system which Dominic's work rendered possible was the Angelic Doctor, S. Thomas Aquinas.

Lest the reader should think that we are halting too much on our road, we will immediately consider the relation to art of the early Dominican School, returning afterwards to the system of Aquinas and its effect upon art. It is clear that between the painters of the early thirteenth century and the preachers of a set of doctrines still in a state of flux, there could be little in common. Hence, whilst the Franciscans naturally rushed to painters for assistance, the Dominicans felt no prompting to do the like. Before the close of the century a mass of Franciscan paintings was in existence, but it is difficult to point to one Dominican picture, beyond, of course, the needful altar-pieces, upon the design of which the Friars as yet exercised no influence. When at last Dominican paintings do appear, they are wholly Franciscan in spirit. Take, as example, a picture painted for the Dominican convent of Santa Caterina at Pisa, by Francesco Traini, about 1346. It professes to be a portrait of the founder of the Order, and in its original state it was surrounded by eight panels (now severed from it), representing incidents in the life of the saint. The picture is thus altogether similar in form and arrangement to the much earlier portraits of Francis, and, indeed, is directly imitated from them. Moreover, the incidents represented are all tame imitations of incidents from other legends, and especially from the Franciscan. There is no spontaneity about the story. The whole thing lacks fire. It is a visible piece of forced imitation, contrary in its essence to the spirit of the Dominican Order, and only generated in rivalry with the Franciscans, whose wealth in legend was so great. The painter, indeed, has done his best, and has invested the tame tale that was given him to tell with a considerable amount of artistic charm. But this only makes the contrast more complete. In the early Franciscan work an enthusiastic and living faith in the legend carried the painter out of himself, and invested his work with charms which his feeble artistic powers could not have supplied, whilst in this early Dominican picture the reverse is the case.

But another picture, which Traini painted for the same convent, is far superior, and manifests an entirely new spirit. The subject it attempts to deal with is not any particular tale, but an abstraction—the Glory of S. Thomas Aquinas. Thus the picture is of very great importance, for it is the foundation of genuine Dominican art, and, moreover, marks the starting-point of a new era of art altogether. So far, painters had only been asked to cast upon walls the reflexion of certain events; the demand now to be made upon them was for the representation of ideas. In the midst, in Traini's picture, sits S. Thomas, raised in the air and of colossal size. He is surrounded by circles of glory and has a nimbus about his head. Christ is above, among the seraphs, leaning over from the starry firmament towards him. Three rays of inspiration,* proceeding from the mouth of Christ, fall direct upon S. Thomas' head; whilst others, falling upon the heads of Moses and the Evangelists, are reflected in the same direction from the volumes of their writings which they hold. On either side of the saint, but drawn on a smaller scale, stand Aristotle and Plato, receiving no ray of inspiration upon their heads from Christ, but, none the less, casting rays towards the mouth, not as the others towards the brow, of the Doctor—Aristotle from the Ethics, Plato from the Timaeus. Upright upon his knees

* *Lumen naturale, Lumen gratiae, Lumen gloriae.*

Aquinas holds open his book, the 'Summa contra Gentiles,' and the words legible are: 'My mouth shall speak truth, and my lips shall detest the impious man.' The rest of his books lie open upon his lap, and from them a flood of inspiring rays strikes downwards upon the heads of his followers, who stand below on both sides. In the middle, at the bottom of the picture, is a vacant space, immediately under the feet of the saint, and here, in uncomfortable attitude, lies a turbaned philosopher, with an expression of countenance partly puzzled, partly angry. The book of his writings lies open by his side, but face downwards, and pierced by one of the rays that fall from the works of Thomas. This impious man, detested by the lips of the Doctor, is none other than Averroës, and his book is his 'Great Commentary'—'Averrois che 'l gran comento feo.' To the general reader the name may scarcely be known, but all Europe once rang with it, and for a moment we must move back to where we may catch the far-off echo of its fame.

THE GLORY OF S. THOMAS AQUINAS. BY TRAINI. S. CATERINA, PISA.

In the twelfth century, be it remembered, the most cultivated amongst the peoples of Europe was the Mohammedan population of Spain. The Arabs almost alone retained any remnant of Greek philosophy. The works of Aristotle were studied by a large body of Arabian philosophers, and studied in a peculiar way. They took his writings, one by one, and wrote commentaries upon them, and then commentaries upon those commentaries, until at length the outgrowth became an independent thing, and the parent stock was hidden beneath it. Averroës (or Ibn-Roschd, which was his real name) was the last and greatest of this Arabian school. His Great Commentary was the *résumé*, and stood afterwards as the representative, of Arab philosophy. About the end of the twelfth century persecution was directed by the Mohammedans against these philosophers, and the school was brought to an end, or rather the study of philosophy was handed on from the Arabs to the Jews. About the year 1200 Hebrew translations of Arabian philosophical works were being spread abroad over Europe, the Jews at that time being the medium of literary communication between different countries. Early in the thirteenth century European students, who had to go to the Jews for books, were brought in contact with the Arabian commentaries on the Greek philosophers, and especially with the writings of Averroës; and it was by this circuitous route that mediaeval scholars were again introduced to the philosophy of the Greeks, which in the dark ages had been almost lost. A great impetus was thus given to the study of philosophy, and all over Europe, in universities, monasteries, and wherever men of learning came together, philosophical questions were eagerly discussed. Philosophy, then, being entirely subordinate to religion, the contact of Mohammedanised paganism with Christianity in a state of flux gave rise to the

growth of that vast number of so-called heresies to which we have already referred. The Dominican Order, once founded, set itself to combat these heresies, and it could only do so by formulating a body of orthodox philosophy of its own, and this was the work of Thomas Aquinas. By degrees the name of Averroës became to the Dominicans the symbol of their opponents. The Friars were for ever arguing against people who quoted the writings of the Moor. From those writings, indeed, they themselves learnt much; and Aquinas, who was the most powerful enemy of many of Averroës' conclusions, has likewise been called his greatest pupil. The feelings with which the early Dominican School regarded the Great Commentator are shown from the fact that Dante, whose philosophy was Dominican in type, places him in the region of peace and melancholy repose along with those 'spiriti magni che di vederli in me stesso n'esalto.' S. Thomas, moreover (b. 1227, d. 1274), always speaks of him with the greatest respect. But as the power of the Dominican Order increased, and their opinions became formulated, and their opponents crystallised into a party, Averroës' name became the symbol of all that was vilest and most heretical; and so here, in the first great Dominican picture, he is introduced as representing the adversaries overcome by the writings of the angelic Doctor.

Of such 'Glories' of S. Thomas Aquinas there exist a considerable number. Stefano Fiorentino painted one. Another, better known, was made by Benozzo Gozzoli, and is now in the Louvre. The most famous of all is the great fresco on one of the walls of the Chapter-house, or so-called Spanish Chapel, in Santa Maria Novella at Florence. Just as Santa Croce is the best typical Franciscan convent in Europe, so is Santa Maria Novella the best typical Dominican convent, and the student of mediaeval matters has only to ponder sufficiently those two edifices, and he need search no further for the secrets of the two institutions. That the Chapter-house of such a convent as S. M. Novella should be adorned with a representation of the system, rather than the person, of the incarnation of Dominicanism, was but natural and right. The picture, indeed, is a painted illustration to the 'Summa Theologica.' It is broadly divisible into two parts—an upper and a lower. In the centre of the upper half S. Thomas is enthroned in all his majesty. His figure and garments are placed in perfect symmetry to symbolise the equity of his mind. He holds a book upright before him, on the pages of which are written the words from the Book of Wisdom: 'I willed, and sense was given unto me. I prayed, and the Spirit of Wisdom came upon me; and I set her before kingdoms and thrones.' In a medallion in the canopy over the saint's head is a little figure of Wisdom herself, holding in one hand a looking-glass for self-inspection, and in the other a book of heavenly lore. On either side of the throne, on a long bench, sit the great writers of Scripture on whose books the Angelic Doctor wrote Commentaries. They are the Four Evangelists, then Paul, Moses, David, Isaiah, Job, and Solomon. Their figures are imposing, but subordinate to that of the great Dominican, to whom, in the eyes of his followers, the formulation of the doctrine of the Church had alone been committed. In the air above his throne hover the Virtues that ruled his life. Highest of all is Charity, with flames above her brow and waved in either hand—the parent and queen of all virtues whatsoever. Lower down come Faith and Hope—Faith bearing a cross and a shield bristling with fiery darts; Hope stretching forth one hand to heaven and holding a branch of evergreen in the other. Below these, again, are the Four Cardinal Virtues—Prudence reading in a book, Temperance bridling lust under the symbol of a fish, Fortitude with sword and tower of strength, and Justice with sword and crown. At the feet of the Doctor are the three arch-heretics against whose doctrines his polemical treatises were directed. Arius is on the one side, Sabellius on the other, and the turbaned Averroës, foremost and most prominent, between them. Thus we may say that the Dominican does not begin to employ the aid of art till he has got his foot on a heretic.

The upper part of the picture, then, is merely a repetition, on a larger scale, of the ordinary type of the *Glory of S. Thomas Aquinas.* Far more interesting is the remainder of the fresco beneath. It has been described and commented on again and again, so that it may well be considered the most important work of fourteenth-century painting in Italy. It contains a row of fourteen female figures, each seated under a canopy, with a little medallion in its pediment. These figures are symbolical, the seven on the right of the liberal arts, the seven on the left of the arts theological. At the feet of each lady sits a historical personage, famous for the art over which she reigns.

As has been said, these fourteen figures form a pictorial illustration to S. Thomas' 'Summa Theologica,' a work which, of all mediaeval writings, was, perhaps, the most influential. It was the first great encyclopaedia of Catholic doctrine. To this day no book has supplanted it in its own line. Councils approved it, Popes recommended it, and legend stepped in to relate that a crucifix miraculously pronounced the words, 'Well has Thomas written of Me.' This 'Summa' became the foundation of the Dominicans' teaching; it was the touchstone they applied to heretics. Now in it Thomas Aquinas divides all knowledge into two parts: physical science, which belongs to reason, and theological science,

which is based upon revelation and faith, and only afterwards enters within the sphere of reason. The two classes of the row of Arts in the picture correspond to this twofold division; those on the right being the Arts of Reason, those on the left the Arts of Faith.

The Arts of Reason are the customary seven, the servants, as the 'Summa' calls them, of heavenly science. To mark their relative inferiority, the seven worthies chosen to represent them are all pagans. Beginning on the right, the first art is Grammar, with the grammarian Donatus at her feet. She is teaching some children the rudiments of knowledge, and pointing with a rod through a narrow archway or window, which Ruskin suggests may be the 'strait gate' whereby they must enter in. Rhetoric comes next, with her follower Cicero seated pondering at her feet. Her arm rests against her waist, and, if she is speaking, it is so gently that her body is not moved. The scroll in her hand bears the words, 'While I speak I melt things clothed with various colours.' In the medallion over her head she is painted again, looking into a mirror—a symbol of the self-inspection which must precede all thoughtful utterance. After Rhetoric comes Dialectic, with Aristotle (or Zeno). She is the most delicately painted, and her face is one of the prettiest of all—prettier at any rate than that of her neighbour Music; which is strange. In one hand she holds a branching rod, covered with leaves, and standing for the Syllogism; in the other she has a scorpion with double sting, symbolising the dialectician's second weapon, the Dilemma. Music is crowned with myrtle, and playing on a little organ. The 'melodious blacksmith,' Tubal Cain, sits at her feet, energetically beating out his music with hammers on his own anvil. At the base of Giotto's Campanile he is represented in the same manner, as a symbol of the universal harmony to which all the arts and handicrafts of life should unceasingly tend. The fifth art is Astronomy, the science of the heavenly bodies in their effect upon the earth, marked as such by the husbandman, with spade and sickle, in the medallion over her head. She wears a golden crown, for the laws of heaven bind her. In her left hand she holds an astrolabe, and the right she raises in wonder. Her disciple is Ptolemy, painted as an Eastern king, his face turned up to heaven, intently gazing. Next comes Geometry, with Euclid at her feet, and an armed soldier in her medallion, for the science of fortification belongs to her. Her symbol is a right angle, and she is drawing a diagram on the seat by her side. The last and highest of the liberal arts is Arithmetic, with Pythagoras under her, and, in her medallion, a king, to show that she is the science of order and government. Her face, therefore, is the brightest of all. The veil that decks her hair dances in the breeze, and her sleeve is shaken into light and graceful folds. She is not a gloomy science of calculation, but a joyously effective science of action, the sprightliest of all the seven.

Such is the Scheme of Physical Science formulated by the Scholastic Philosophers. Theological Science is similarly treated. Reading in this case from left to right, the first two figures we meet with are Human and Eternal Law, the former accompanied by the

GEOMETRY AND ASTRONOMY. FROM THE FRESCO OF THE GLORY OF S. THOMAS AQUINAS, SPANISH CHAPEL, S. M. NOVELLA, FLORENCE.

Emperor Justinian, whose Code was the basis of mediaeval justice; the latter by Pope Clement V., under whom the laws of the Church were collected together. The whole world, according to the mediaeval theory, was subjected by God to the government of two appointed delegates of Christ — the Pope, or supreme world-Bishop, and the Emperor, or supreme world-King. To the development of this theory of government the fresco on the opposite wall is dedicated. Here the symbolical figures of the two Laws are introduced, not as personal agencies, but as among the divinely sent spirits, without the presence of which no Christian society can exist. Civil Law holds her naked sword perfectly level before her; she sits upright and firm, with the orb of the world in her hand. Europe, Asia, Africa, were the names ori-

ginally inscribed upon it, but some restorer has altered Africa into America. Canon Law is more soberly dressed, and holds a model of a church upon her knee; a light white veil floats from her head in faint wreaths, indicating, according to Ruskin, that the higher relations of Christian justice are indefinable.

As there are two Laws binding men in their actions—that which concerns their mutual actions and that which concerns their actions towards God—so also is the Law of their Faith twofold, prompting them, on the one hand, to kindly deeds, and, on the other, to noble thoughts. The next figures, accordingly, are of Theology, Practical and Speculative. Practical Theology is a preacher, not of what a man must do, but of works of mercy and kindness. She holds, therefore, in her hand a picture of Christ preaching the Sermon on the Mount, wherein the works of Mercy are enumerated; whilst over her head is a medallion of a lady giving alms to a poor cripple. Speculative Theology sits upright, with hand lifted and an expression of awe on her countenance. She is dressed in blue and red, the colours which Christ and the Virgin always wear, and in her left hand she held a divining-rod, no longer clearly discernible. Her disciple is a meditative philosopher (Jerome or another), whilst in her medallion a mother rejoices over her babe.

The last three figures are Faith, Hope, and Charity; not, be it observed, as the virtues of life, but as the virtues of thought. Faith wears a three-pointed crown, symbolical of the doctrine of the Trinity. Her finger is directed towards heaven, where is her kingdom and her heart, and she holds on her knee a large vessel to contain those supplies of divine wisdom which she alone has power to draw from spiritual fountains. Hope is robed in white, and wears a hawking-glove upon her left hand; she looks upwards, and raises both hands in thanksgiving and delight. Above her brow is a pointed head-dress, such as Florentine and Sienese angels generally wear—a modified form of the flame, or tongue of spiritual fire, given to them by earlier painters. Last of all comes Charity, rightly accompanied by S. Augustine; for this Charity is of its lofty kind that prompts a man to devote his life to the painful work of thinking for others and of convincing the erring of their mistakes. Thus she is armed with bow and arrow, even as some sensuous Cupid. She is clothed in red, because it is the colour of the seraphs, the spirits of love always painted in the inmost sphere of heaven. A close red cap is on her head, with a cross for its crest.

Thus is completed the whole scheme of Dominican Science as it deals with the knowledge of the world and the knowledge of God and the soul. When concerned with matter, man is ruled by Reason, and the Science of Numbers is the highest; when concerned with soul, he is subject to Faith, and Love is the most transcendent power that rules and constrains him. Finally, therefore, to show that the Spirit animating all these Arts is one and is of God, the subject painted in the division of the vaulted roof immediately above this wall is the Descent of the Holy Ghost at the Day of Pentecost. So that the designer of this work may well have had before him the very words of the 'Summa' (I, 2, 68, 2): 'In ordine ad finem ultimum supernaturalem, ad quem ratio movet, secundum quod est aliqualiter et imperfecte informata per Virtutes theologicas, non sufficit ipsa motio rationis, nisi semper adsit instinctus et motio Spiritus sancti.'

W. M. Conway.

WINDSOR.

X.

The Great Park—The Long Walk—The Statue of George III.—View from Snow Hill—The Trees—Cumberland Lodge—The Sandbys—Virginia Water—The Ruins—Belvidere Wood—Bishopsgate—Holloway College—Ascot—The Church—The Race-Course—The Southern Environs of Windsor.

THE chief glory of Windsor after the Castle is the Great Park. It lies wholly to the south; for, though the ancient honour of Windsor extended beyond the Thames far to the north, and much of it was forest, since the seventeenth century only what we know as the Great Park and the open woodlands adjoining in Berkshire and Surrey have remained to tell of the time when the Norman kings could hunt over a tract one hundred and eighty miles in circuit. In 1607, Norden made a map of the Great Park for King James I., when the circuit was given as about seventy-seven miles. This included what remained of the forest, but the Park itself was rather smaller than at present. Until the last century the Castle may be said to have stood in the town of Windsor and to have been almost surrounded by houses. At one side was the small enclosed tract, for garden and pleasure-ground of the Little Park. There was a great gulf between this and the Great Park, but the town and Castle were connected with it by what is now the Long Walk, which, as we saw in the last chapter, was projected, if not actually completed, in the reign of Charles II. In 1670, Evelyn visited Windsor, and describes the King as busied with the

planting of rows of trees. Mr. Menzies, whose history of the 'Great Park and Forest' is the best authority on the subject, conjectures that the idea of planting avenues of elms was borrowed about this time from France, and doubts that the elm is a native English tree, although, from the ease with which it is transplanted, and the great quantity of brushwood which it yields without injury, it very early became a favourite in this country. He further observes, as having a probable bearing on the date of the introduction of this tree, 'that while oak, ash, fir, yew, box, and other indigenous trees, have names of different origin, elm—like plane, poplar, pine, chestnut, and other trees of undoubted southern origin—has a Latin name.'

It is now as nearly as possible two hundred years since the Long Walk was planted. The distance from the Castle to Snow Hill, on which Westmacott's statue of George III. stands, is two miles and three quarters. As we see it now, there are, unfortunately, great gaps in the rows of elms, but there were originally 1652 trees placed ten feet apart. This, in the opinion of Mr. Menzies, is too close for the health of the trees; and he also thinks that the hundred and fifty feet, which is the width of the Avenue, is not sufficient for its great length. The soil has not suited the elms in some places, and young English oaks have had to be substituted. Charles had to purchase some intervening fields in order to carry his Avenue across the Great Park. It seems probable that the avenue was completed in his time, although tradition has connected the name of William III. with the work. No doubt he may have renewed single trees, and there are slight differences of age observable among those at the southern end.

To the left, or east, side of the avenue there are still very easily distinguished interruptions in the continuity of the Park. We can make out the gilt cross of the Mausoleum, gleaming among the trees of Frogmore, and a little further we pass by the Shaw Farm. These, and other distinct holdings on both sides, are now in the hands of the Crown, but from the Castle to the Double Gates we do not know what is park, what is public road, what is enclosed farm—the Avenue runs through all obstacles; and it is by a series of improvements carried on during many generations that the fields on either side have been gradually cleared of houses, laid down in grass, planted, and made more and more park-like in character. The result is eminently satisfactory. Looking from George the Fourth's Gateway towards the statue, which he placed on Snow Hill in honour of 'the best of fathers,' we can follow an uninterrupted vista, such as long ages of wealth and care could alone produce. Once we are within the Great Park at the Double Gates the character of the landscape changes considerably. For one thing, it is much more hilly and more open; but what strikes the eye before all is the number of magnificent old trees, chiefly oak and beech, which are dotted here and there—sometimes singly, sometimes in a row of three or four together, and sometimes forming thick clumps of the deepest shade. With these there is, of course, a great deal that is comparatively new, but the plantations have been for so many ages the objects of constant solicitude, that trees suitable to every situation and to every kind of soil have been gradually selected, until the whole is well-nigh perfect.

WINDSOR PARK.

Standing at the statue, and looking towards the Castle and town, the view seems to be only bounded by the atmospheric influence. Distant objects come in and go out: the sunshine flickers a moment on a red roof at Eton, and transfers its smiles to a pinnacle of St. George's Chapel. Sometimes the town, and

the battlements, and the trees below, and the wooded hills beyond the river, are massed together in a deep blue haze, while the Round Tower catches a ray and comes out clear and full with the Royal Standard floating above it. We have no corresponding expression in English to the American term 'Spread-eagle-ism'—something like it is wanted to describe the feeling with which most of us look through the Long Walk from Snow Hill. I have had the same sensation at one other place only on the earth's surface, and that is Gibraltar. Malta is beautiful, Aden is grim and majestic, one has a thrill of pride at the first sight of the triangular patch of white sand which distinguishes Trafalgar from the neighbouring headlands; but only Windsor and Gibraltar excite in the breast of the average Englishman that throb of pride and admiration which we may label 'British-Lion-ism.'

THE LONG WALK.

One reason is the extraordinary beauty of both places. Our concern here is with Windsor only, but a little of the same verdure and the same success in landscape-gardening has followed Tommy Atkins to Gibraltar. I have heard captious critics complain that there is no background of lofty rocks and snow-clad peaks at Windsor. It is difficult to listen with patience to such opinions. One of the charms of the view is that there are no cliffs or glaciers, but Windsor on its hill

> 'Doth itself present
> With such an easy and unforced ascent
> That no stupendous precipice denies
> Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
> But such a rise as doth at once invite
> A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.'

Everything is sweet and soft, green and grey, full of broad sunshine and deep shadow, full of old age and the echoes of long time, and full, also, of freshness and youth—young trees growing up to be to our children what the old ones have been to us; young deer bounding through the glades as their ancestors bounded when King William loved them 'as if he had been their father.' The combination of architectural magnificence and arboreal luxuriance, of venerable memories with the realities of modern and actual regal state, is very powerful; and the visitor who once sits down on the rough stones under the statue will probably linger long in contemplation, while unaccustomed thoughts crowd into his mind.

The most remarkable trees in the Great Park have been described by Mr. Menzies. There are finer oaks and beeches in several other English parks, but nowhere else is there such a profusion of the best kind of timber, or on the other hand so wide a variety of different species. Whatever was rarest came to Windsor in times past, and comes still. Pines from the Himalayas and the Andes, larches and birches from Scandinavia, chestnuts from Spain, and cedars from Syria, are growing beside our native English trees, affording endless changes of foliage in the same vast 'contiguity of shade.'

The oldest trees described by Mr. Menzies are scattered about in different parts of the Park, and some of the best of them are, strictly speaking, outside its boundaries, in Cranbourne Chase and the Belvidere Wood. A pollard oak at Forest Gate may be as much as eight hundred years old. It

measures twenty-six feet ten inches at the height of five feet from the ground. A very fine tree, measuring one hundred feet in height, is near the Royal Lodge, a little south of the statue. It is comparatively young, having not yet reached its second century. Three trees in Cranbourne Chase are called after Queen Anne, Queen Charlotte, and Queen Victoria. They are all oaks, and the probable age of the oldest is four hundred and fifty years. Some of the most beautiful trees are beeches. One near Virginia Water and another at Ascot Gate are mentioned by Mr. Menzies as being probably eight hundred years old. Some magnificent examples are near Cumberland Lodge.

I have had occasion to mention Cumberland Lodge more than once. It stands on ground which commands a beautiful view, and seems from the old drawings that have come down to us to have been a very handsome red brick house in Wren's best domestic style. It has been altered and partially burnt and Gothicised until there is very little of the original work left. So, too, the favourite residence of George IV., which stood very near, has almost entirely disappeared, and the Chapel has become a rather pretty little modern church for the use of people who live in the Great Park. The avenues of oaks near it date from the time of Charles II.

The immediate neighbourhood to the southward abounds in evidences of its ancient sylvan character. There are broad stretches of open heath, as at Ascot and Chobham, alternating with shady woods, as at Swinley and the outskirts of Sandhurst; but the most beautiful feature, and perhaps the best known, only dates from the end of the last century. When William, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, was Ranger of the Park, he had the good fortune to secure as deputy Thomas Sandby, the brother of Paul Sandby, who is well known as one of the fathers of English water-colour art. To this circumstance is owing the existence of Virginia Water, an artificial lake excelled only in size by that at Blenheim. Paul Sandby's views of the Castle as it was before Wyatville are valuable in showing us the state into which it had fallen as well as from their great artistic merit. His brother showed equal powers in landscape-gardening, and was also no mean artist. Many of his drawings are in the Queen's Library. By judiciously damming a little stream, and by planting out obnoxious roads and houses, the utmost appearance of extent was secured, and the effect was heightened by the construction of a waterfall, which was completed in 1790, shortly before the death of the second Duke. George IV. was fond of fishing in the lake, and constructed various edifices by way of ornament on the shores. Among these the most singular are the ruins. They really consist of a number of columns and capitals which were brought, according to Mr. Taylor, from Tripoli, in Africa, by Sir Frederic Ponsonby, when he was the Governor of Malta. Unfortunately, although they are all genuine antiquities of the Roman period, they come from two or three different buildings, and as now set up the capitals do not always belong to the shafts and the bases. Several inscriptions have been found among them which betray a very late period. One of them relates to the worship of Serapis, and another is the epitaph of Domitia Rogata, the wife of Julius Cathegus, who died at the age of twenty-three.

Close to Virginia Water, but across the road, is the Belvidere Wood, otherwise known as Shrubb's Hill, from which a beautiful view can be obtained, extending, it is said, into seven counties. The tower is not very worthy of the place, but was built on the site of a summer-house by George IV., and mounts some brass cannon, which are said to have been used at the battle of Culloden, and are certainly of about that date.

From Virginia Water eastward, although there is

not much Crown land there are so many large and well-wooded parks that the roads constantly run under arching trees, and the undulating character of the country, adds to its attractions. The view from Cooper's Hill was celebrated at the very beginning of the last century by Sir John Denham in a poem, some lines of which are still often quoted, as where he apostrophises the Thames :—

> 'O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme :
> Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full !'

Englefield Green, close by, leads to the Bishopsgate, within which is much of the best wooded scenery of the Great Park. It is impossible in any description to do justice to the wilderness of bracken, to the spreading shade of the ancient beeches, to the glancing of the light through the branches, to the birds and animals which inhabit the thickets, from the great red deer to the squirrel, from the ringed pheasant to the wood-pecker. Every little dell seems to teem with life, and the naturalist who wishes to observe the habits of wild animals cannot fail to enjoy himself to the utmost here.

In the neighbourhood of Englefield Green is to be seen the great College erected by the late Mr. Holloway. The situation is admirably chosen, but of the building it is not possible to say much. The best side is that away from the road, where the architect has had to depend more upon proportion than upon ornament to obtain an effect. Nearer to Virginia Water is the Sanatorium erected by the same gentleman, a less ornamental, but in many respects a much more pleasing building.

Of late years a great deal of Crown land on this side of Windsor has been let for the erection of villas. It is to be hoped that too much will not be thus employed, as the rural character of such places as Ascot is very easily lost and can never be recovered. Several roads lead to Ascot Heath from the Park, and from one of them the 'Golden Gates' open directly on the end of 'the new mile' of the race-course. By these gates, which are of cast-iron, elaborately gilt, as the name implies, the royal carriages approach the Grand Stand at the annual races. The course continues across another road and up the hill, skirting the eastern side of the open heath. Along a considerable part of its length it is lined with stands—large and elaborate buildings—which are empty and useless for three hundred and sixty days out of three hundred and sixty-five! In the race week there is a stampede of the inhabitants, and every house that can be made available is let, in most cases at an enormous price, for the few festal days. There are not, so far, a great number of such houses, and Ascot, considering its fame, is a very small place. The town, if a town is sought, consists of a row of irregular houses along one side of the London road, terminating in a new and very handsome red brick church. No visitor to Ascot should omit to see the interior, which has been decorated in a very harmonious and pleasing manner, with paintings on the bare brickwork. There is a kennel for Her Majesty's staghounds near the Heath, and in the magnificent expanse of Swinley Wood, about a mile off south-west, are paddocks for the red deer selected annually to be hunted. Some very fine trees are near the paddocks, and the whole wood repeats in many places the glories of the Great Park. There are no training stables at Ascot, where, in fact, a racehorse is never seen except in June ; and but for its annual carnival it would be impossible to find, so near London, a place so entirely bucolical, with its endless woods, its wide heath, and its shady, quiet roads.

The races were, like Virginia Water, a hobby of the two Dukes of Cumberland. Mr. Arthur Dasent has

been at the trouble of unravelling their history in the pages of the Parish Magazine, and from his researches we learn that the race week was not established by the first Duke, but grew out of that very ancient institution—the Royal Hunt. In 1727 there was a race on Ascot Heath 'for such horses as had in the preceding season carried their owners to the death of a leash of stags in Windsor Forest.' The present course was laid out in 1751 or 1752. In the latter year the Duke of Cumberland ran a horse named Button, being the first time he was concerned in the meeting. Thomas Sandby, no doubt, it was who chose the place and direction of the course. In 1753 there were two meetings—one in May and one in August—and among the prizes run for was a 50*l.* plate for 'horses regularly hunted with His Royal Highness the Duke's hounds, or any real pack of staghounds.' The Duke had a large racing stud, and is always remembered in turf annals as the breeder of the famous 'Eclipse.' The second Duke, who was also Ranger of Windsor Park, was equally fond of the Ascot racecourse, and before his death the meeting was regularly established, and has subsisted ever since.

ARTIFICIAL RUINS IN VIRGINIA WATERS.

Although, as I observed in concluding the last chapter, there is not so much on the south side of Windsor of antiquarian or artistic interest as on the northern side, the few places I have mentioned will show how much there is of beautiful wooded scenery, of a kind to be seen only in England, and well worthy of attention, especially from the lover of landscape and the artist. No mere descriptions can do it justice, even the kind of justice that may be done to an old building or a picture. The charm consists in so many impalpable things, and depends on so many accidental circumstances, such as weather, that one visitor may be disappointed in what has raised another to the highest point of enjoyment. Nevertheless, given a fine day, and given an absence of fatigue, I think very few people will be found who do not count an excursion in Windsor Great Park, and the breezy open heaths beyond, one of the greatest of possible pleasures. 'Here,' as Pope sang in the reign of Queen Anne, in verses far truer in the reign of Queen Victoria,

> 'Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
> Here earth and water seem to live again,
> Not Chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
> But as the world harmoniously confused:
> Where order in variety we see
> And where, though all things differ, all agree.'

W. J. Loftie.

CUMBERLAND LODGE.

OLD ENGLISH FRUIT TRENCHERS.

A FEW brief notes of other sets of roundels may now be offered. Six specimens, belonging to four different sets, were exhibited by Mr. Goddard Johnson at the Norwich meeting of the Archaeological Association in 1847: they now belong to Mr. R. Fitch, of Norwich. On the same occasion Mr. Muskett also contributed six examples. Mr. Clarke Jervoise has ten roundels bearing inscriptions in verse and texts from the Bible. The box containing this set is ornamented with the Arms of England surmounted

by an imperial crown, and having for supporters a lion and a dragon. A set of roundels was shown at York, in 1846, by Mr. E. Hailstone; they were purchased at Bradford. Each tablet bore an engraved figure of a Sibyl, coloured, and surrounded by a prophecy in verse. Other sets of roundels are, or were, in the possession of Mrs. Braithwaite, Castle Dairy, Kendal; the Rev. W. Adamson, of Chapel-le-Dale; and Mr. Chadwick, of Mavesyn-Ridware, Staffordshire. Mr. Frewen, of Northiam, Sussex, has a set contained in a box, the cover of which bears the date 1599. Several other sets have been mentioned or described by contributors to various archaeological publications. The Rev. James Beck, rector of Bildeston, Suffolk, owns ten of a set of roundels: they are of the same character as Mr. Frewen's specimens. One of the posies of this set runs as follows:—

'Thou gapest after deade menn's shoes,
But barefoote thou art like to goe:
Content thyself and do not muse,
For fortune saith ytt must be soo.'

To Mr. W. Edkins, of Bristol, belongs a set of six roundels of rather coarse workmanship. Two sets have been recently acquired by Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton. A fine and perfect set belongs to Mr. Henry Griffith, also of Brighton. It is beautifully painted, and is equal, if not superior, in design to any of the described examples. Upon each of the twelve pieces is a painted ornament of fruits or of flowers—such as strawberries, cherries, barberries, filberts, medlars, marigolds, roses, or pinks. A motto or posy of four lines is written just below the middle of each design: some of the verses are not without merit. We reproduce two of them here:—

'Try well thy freende before thou trust:
Least he doe leaue thee in the duste.
Beware of fained flattering sho(w)es,
For none are worse than frendly foes.'

'It is a pointe of greate foresight
Into yorselves to looke aright;
For one others so(m)e presu(m)e to praie
And fall themselves into decaie.'

We give also the designs of the marigold (Fig. 3), the medlar (Fig. 4), and the barberry (Fig. 5), as well as of one complete roundel (Fig. 6), on which the filbert has been drawn with a considerable degree of skill. The lid of the box containing this set is richly decorated with a vase of leaves and of flowers, variously coloured.

In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1793, page 397, a plate representing one of a set of roundels, then in the possession of Mr. Charles Chadwick, of Mavesyn-Ridware, Staffordshire, is given. This figure represents a rather rough specimen not unlike, in the style of ornament and in the text employed,

FIG. 3.

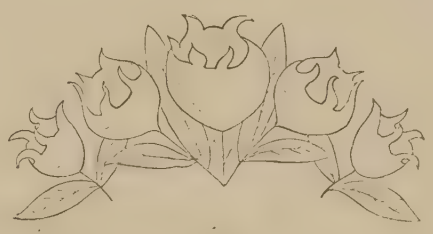


FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

our Fig. 1. In the same volume (page 1187), two other sets are described. One of these had a religious sentence on each piece and 'verses not very fit to

No kind of frend will longe staie
whē riches once are gone awaie
Vngratfull mē brede great offence
As perlons voide of witt or sence

FIG. 6.

accompany it.' The other set, then in the possession of a Mr. Drew, of Bedford, was ornamented with coloured prints; each tablet having a sign of the zodiac upon it. Round each print was written, in

small Roman letters, a verse or posie. One of these was as follows:—

> 'Feed and be fatt, heere's painted peares and plumbs
> Will never hurte your teethe or spoyle your gums,
> And I wishe those girls that painted are
> No other food than such fine painted fare.'

The print on this roundel represented two women with baskets of fruit.

Of the rectangular fruit trenchers the best set known to exist is that in the possession of Miss Bird, of Severn Stoke, Worcester. This set was discovered some years ago (about the year 1825) in Elmley Castle, Worcestershire, and was exhibited at the

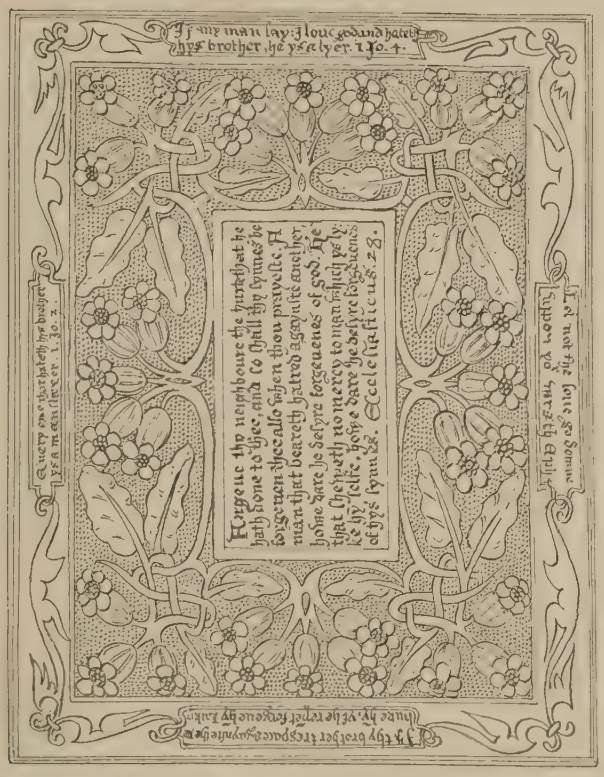


FIG. 7.

Winchester meeting of the British Archaeological Institute, 1845. These twelve pieces are oblongs (one might perhaps speak of them as 'oblongels') of $5\frac{3}{10}$ inches in length by $4\frac{6}{10}$ inches in breadth; the sycamore-wood of which they are made is scarcely more than one-thirtieth of an inch in thickness. As usual, one side is perfectly plain, and as clean and fresh in appearance as if it had been prepared but yesterday. The painted side is chiefly occupied with a design which in each case contains scrollwork combined with flowers, leaves, or fruit. A gilt border encloses the whole, the border being made up of scrollwork with labels, on which are written brief texts of Scripture. The central space in each piece is entirely filled with a passage or passages from the Old or the New Testament or the Apocrypha. The bearing of those passages which are collected on any one piece is generally quite definite; one set referring to swearing, another to drunkenness, another to charity, another to riches, another to persecution, and another to death. The decoration of the several tablets includes the strawberry, both flower and fruit, the oak and acorns, the pea, the rose, the pink, and the cowslip. The last of the above-named is reproduced in fig. 7. It should be added, to make this illustration in black and white clearer, that there is a narrow gilt border round the central inscription, that all the outlines of the ornament are in vermilion except those of the outermost border, and that in parts of that border the gold is tinted with a transparent red lake. The colours employed, besides those already named, are two tints of green and a rich yellow; the ground is minutely dotted with black, and a little gold is invariably introduced amongst the flowers of the ornamental border. The knotwork traced in Fig. 8 is taken from the one tablet of this set in which this part of the decoration is very prominent. The tablets of Miss Bird's set are contained in a wooden case made to resemble a book, and opening

FIG. 8.

by means of a slide where the lower edges of the volume would be; there are two imitative clasps of gilt wood. The design on the covers resembles many ornamental book-bindings of the time; it is shown in Fig. 9, but the original consists of a gilt arabesque outlined in black, with a background of gold lacquered pale crimson; there is also over the whole a diaper in slight relief, consisting of groups of four bands of delicate lines crossing one another and leaving diamond-shaped spaces.

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, there is a beautiful set of these oblong tablets, twelve in number. Like Miss Bird's set, they are contained in a booklike box, very richly decorated. The sides of this box are diapered, a *fleur de lis* and a rose being placed alternately in compartments separated by angular scroll-work. The colours used are chiefly blue, green, and gold; the style of colouring reminds one of that of much Persian ornament. The oblongels themselves are inscribed with precepts from the Bible, a small circular space in the middle of each being entirely occupied by minute writing. Round this are numerous concentric bands of ornament, the most conspicuous of which contain richly-coloured and finely-finished flowers of conventional character. The ends and angles of the tablets are occupied

by rich gilding, on which is a traceried design of architectural style in brown and black.

In concluding this notice some reference should be made to the literature of the subject. The short paper by the late Albert Way, in the 'Archaeological Journal' (vol. iii. pp. 333–339), is accompanied by two excellent woodcuts of these tablets. Mr. J. E. Nightingale contributed an account of 'Roundels' to the 'Catalogue of the Salisbury Museum' (1870). Other notices of importance are to be found in the 'Archaeologia' (vol. xxxiv. pp. 225–230), in 'Notes and Queries' (1st series, vols. xi. and xii.; 3rd series, vols. x., xi., and xii.), and in Mr. J. H. Pollen's 'Ancient Furniture and Woodwork' (pp. clxxxv. and 228–234).

FIG. 9.

It is worthy of remark that no roundels of foreign origin have hitherto been discovered. As a native product, then, even if their artistic and literary merits be not, as a rule, of high order, some justification is furnished for a short account of their use and characteristics. Possibly our remarks may suggest a revival, in some refined form, of a quaint and pretty conceit of Tudor feasts. Could there be conceived a more charming Christmas or wedding-gift than a set of 'Trencher-Roundels,' bearing quaint designs of flowers and fruit, as settings for

> 'Elegies
> And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long
> That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle for ever?'

A. H. CHURCH.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S ABBEY, CANTERBURY.

FROM the days of Ethelbert to the 'Dissolution' in Henry VIII.'s reign, the Abbey which Augustine had founded, and which bore his name after its second dedication by Dunstan in 978, held the foremost place among English monasteries. The extent of its possessions, the number of privileges which it enjoyed, the veneration in which it was held as the burial-place of the earliest Christian kings and the nine first archbishops, justified its claim to the proud title of 'The Firstborn and Mother of Monasteries in England.'

This appellation might excite the jealousy of the rival community of Christ Church, but the monks of St. Augustine could point with pride to a papal bull of the seventh century in which this goodly name was bestowed upon their ancient abbey. Endless were the privileges and exemptions which the monastery received during the first ages of its existence, both from popes and monarchs. There was scarcely an Anglo-Saxon king who did not honour the foundation of Ethelbert and Augustine with some mark of royal favour. Eadbald built the monks a fair church; Athelstan gave them the privilege of coining money; Canute bestowed upon them the body of St. Mildred, the Virgin of the Isle of Thanet, together with all the possessions of her convent; Edgar, Edward the Confessor, and many more, enriched them with large estates and splendid gifts.

Within the precincts of his monastery the abbot reigned supreme, exempt by a special papal bull from episcopal jurisdiction. No bishop might intrude upon his presence unless he were freely admitted and invited by the convent. Even the archbishop was enjoined not to visit the monks as their prelate, but as their brother, and to treat the abbot as a legate from Rome, and fellow-minister with him. In General Councils of the Benedictines the Abbot of St. Augustine's sat on the right hand of the Abbot of Monte Cassino, the head of the Order. At home he had his seat in parliament and councils, and enjoyed all the privileges of a spiritual peer. As Abbot-Sovereign, he wore the mitre, sandals, and gloves of a bishop, a special privilege conceded to the last Saxon Abbot Egelsin by Pope Alexander II., but resented and opposed, we are told, by Archbishop Lanfranc.

In the fourteenth century the Abbot of St. Augustine's possessed almost ten thousand acres of

land, including ten whole parishes, and a part of a hundred more. Many districts of Canterbury owned his sway, and at the time of the Dissolution ninety-nine tenements belonging to him in the city were made over to the Corporation. His London house was at Bermondsey. Within the monastery he had a court of justice for his vassals, a dungeon for refractory tenants, and from the time of Athelstan to that of Stephen a mint for coining money. A yearly fair was held in the churchyard during many centuries, but was abolished in Edward I.'s reign on account of the quarrels which it occasioned, and the quantity of ale consumed at the monks' expense.

From early days the wealth and privileges of this 'haughty Abbey' excited the jealousy of the Cathedral Chapter. In 955 Pope John XIII. took St. Augustine's under his special inspection, and commanded the clergy of Christ Church not to molest their neighbours. This rivalry lasted throughout the middle ages, and was a source of perpetual strife. The bitterest hatred reigned between the two communities; they ruined themselves in their endeavours to vie with each other in splendid banquets, went to law over the lands and houses which they both claimed, and quarrelled over the bones of dead archbishops. When the martyrdom of Becket turned the tide of popular devotion into a new channel, the monks of St. Augustine saw not without envy and disappointment the vast concourse of pilgrims who flocked to visit the shrine in the Cathedral, and the sudden accession of fame and treasures which their rivals gained. But they could still boast of their high and august privileges, and point to the shrine of Augustine, to the tombs of Ethelbert and Bertha, within their own church. These still attracted many devout and wealthy pilgrims, and the royal visitors who came to Canterbury were always lodged at St. Augustine's Abbey.

So tenacious were the monks of their rights, that on one occasion when Edward I. was their guest and invited the archbishop to dine with him, they refused to receive the primate if he bore his cross erect in their presence.

As might be expected, the archbishops often found them troublesome, and when Lanfranc endeavoured to force a Norman abbot upon them against their will, the whole body of monks left the convent and shut themselves up in the Church of St. Mildred, where they remained until driven by starvation to return.

'What shall I say,' wrote Archbishop Parker, 'concerning the monastery of St. Augustine's, nigh Canterbury, the first and most ancient of all, so lifted up with the privileges and grants of the bishops of Rome, and of the kings of Kent, whereby they thought themselves free from all obedience and subjection to their archbishop?'

This exemption from the archbishop's authority was the cause of a controversy which lasted hundreds of years, and the cherished privilege by which the abbots of St. Augustine received benediction from the Pope, and were subject to him alone, cost them dear. Not only had they to undertake long journeys, and to pay large sums of money on their election and benediction to the Pope, the Cardinals, and their attendants, but the hindrances and delays in the matter were often so prolonged that months, and even years, elapsed before all formalities were accomplished and the temporalities which the King held in the interval were restored. At the election of Abbot Weld in 1386 the office remained vacant two years and two months, during which time the Abbot elect was forced to undertake long and tedious journeys, and the bill of expenses incurred amounted to several thousand pounds. 'Thus this convent,' moralises Nicolas Batteley, writing on the subject, 'wandering from their kind shepherd, the Archbishop of Canterbury, by renouncing all obedience to him, did cast themselves for protection into the lion's mouth, who devoured great part of their substance.'

No wonder that in spite of the immense revenues of the monastery these heavy charges, combined with extravagant expenditure on the part of many of the abbots, involved them in difficulties, and at times reduced them to great straits. A touching letter from one of the monks to the sacrist in the reign of Edward II. has been preserved in the registers, in which the writer complains that not only for the last three weeks they have not had a grain of barley to support their household, and can neither make malt nor sow their lands, but, what is still worse, they are compelled to send to ale-houses for drink. Again in 1464, a monk writing to John Paston sighs over the great debts which Abbot Sevenoke has left, and declares that the brethren have hardly bread to eat. 'The holdyst brother in our place,' he adds, pathetically, 'never herd nor saw our Church in that mysere that is now.'

But these were only passing clouds, partly the result, it may be, of bad seasons, and of the disasters by fire and flood which repeatedly befell the monastery. The Abbey still maintained its splendour and the abbots their state until the Dissolution in 1538. In that year John Essex, the seventieth abbot, signed the deed which ended the existence of the convent, after a period of more than nine hundred years. 'Little had all the former casualties been to the ruin of this goodly Abbey,' writes Somner, 'had not that sudden and tempestuous storm which bore down before it all the religious structures of this kind throughout the kingdom, falling upon it, brought this with the rest to irrecoverable ruin.'

After the expulsion of the monks, Henry VIII.

converted the monastery into a royal palace for his own use. His daughter Mary granted it to Cardinal Pole for his lifetime; and in 1573 Queen Elizabeth held her court here during one of her progresses. Charles I. brought Henrietta Maria here after her landing at Dover, and Charles II. was entertained within these walls when he returned from exile to take possession of his throne. By this time the Abbey had passed into private hands, and belonged in turn to the Wotton and Hales families. A large portion of the monastery had already been seized by private persons, who stripped the roofs of lead, and left the walls as they are described by an eye-witness in the seventeenth century, uncovered and exposed to the effects of the weather, which daily reduced them to more complete ruin. Even at that time 'the grounds of this most goodly foundation were put to public uses;' and this spot, sacred above all others in England for its traditions, was turned into a tavern. The Gate-house Chamber was used as a cock-pit, the great court turned into a skittle-ground, the wall of the Abbey church where Augustine and Bertha were buried became a fives-court. The refectory was pulled down to supply materials for other buildings, the oak panelling from the interior was removed, and even the stone coffins of the monks were dug up out of their church-yard where they had lain for ages. One by one the buildings fell into decay, and we trace the gradual progress of their ruin in the old prints of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries still preserved in the College library.

GATEWAY. ST. AUGUSTINE'S

Alone in that scene of desolation, the grand Norman tower which bore the name of Ethelbert reared its stately pile among the surrounding ruins, until in 1822 its destruction was resolved upon. Even then its lofty walls and massive foundations refused to fall, and for days resisted the battering-ram that was employed by the miserable men who wrought the work of demolition, an act of vandalism unparalleled in English annals. In 1844 the Abbey grounds were used as a brewery, and the room over the gateway served for a malt-house, when Mr. Beresford-Hope rescued the remains of St. Augustine's from desecration, and founded a college for missionary students within its time-honoured precincts. The plans of the new foundation were entrusted to Mr. Butterfield, who skilfully incorporated the scanty remnants of the ancient buildings in the present college.

To-day, of all that magnificent Abbey which of old towered above this part of Canterbury, as the Cathedral still does at the present time, the only fragment which strikes the eye of the traveller who looks down upon the city is the great entrance gateway. This beautiful specimen of Decorated architecture, perhaps the finest of those gatehouses, which formed so marked a feature of our mediaeval abbeys, fortunately escaped the spoiler's hand, and has been preserved in an almost perfect condition. Built about 1300 by Abbot Fyndon, who just lived long enough to see the battlements placed on his noble structure, this gateway offers a striking contrast to the massive proportions and solid strength of Christ Church Gate. The central archway is flanked by turrets which, rising high above the battlements of the portal, give the whole that air of lightness and grace which has caused this gateway to be so much admired and so frequently reproduced. Not less remarkable is the richness and beauty of its detail. The turrets on either side are encircled by slender arcades, while a row of niches with canopies and pinnacles of delicate stone-work, and bands of triangular ornament above them, fill up the spaces between the vaulted doorway and the battlements. Between these niches we see the Gothic traceries of the pointed windows which belong to the gate-chamber, formerly occupied by many distinguished personages, amongst others by Elizabeth and Charles I. and Henrietta Maria.

Under this gateway and through the carved oaken doors of mediaeval workmanship we enter the great court around which the College buildings are grouped. On the west is the ancient Guesten Hall, a fine room with open timber roof, built like so many other parts of the monastery by Abbot

Fyndon during his twenty-five years of office, and now used as the College dining-hall. It was in this hall, then recently finished, that Abbot Fyndon's successor, Ralph de Bourne, entertained his most illustrious guests at that sumptuous banquet when, after his election, six thousand visitors were feasted within the Abbey, and the bill of fare included three thousand dishes. Here, in later days, Queen Elizabeth held receptions for her loyal subjects, and Charles I. carved venison and pheasant with his own royal hand for the French bride who had that day set foot on English soil.

A part of the old Guests' Chapel has been enclosed in the College Chapel and the library stands on the foundations of the ancient refectory. At the end of the garden looking towards Burgate is the 'great

The base of Ethelbert's Tower is still visible; but of the once glorious Abbey church to which it belonged, the only fragment above ground is a wall with Norman arches, and pillars above which are traces of later work evidently added in the Tudor times when the monastery was converted into a palace. This wall formed part of the north aisle of the church erected in the days of the Conqueror and Rufus, by the two first Norman Abbots, Scotland and Wido, who pulled down the Saxon church of Eadbald, to make way for a grander pile. Recent excavations made by the students of the College have brought to light portions of tile flooring and bases of columns; but the foundations of the vast nave and of the choir which held the shrines of the first Archbishops, and the high altar under which

and fair gate,' built about 1390, by Thomas Ickham, the excellent sacrist, who spent over three thousand marks on the repair of the monastery buildings. This gateway, which is said to have cost him the sum of 466*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, is still known as the Cemetery Gate, and reminds us that this was the burial-ground, not only of the monks, but of many of the citizens of Canterbury.

Of the other conventual buildings, which formerly covered sixteen acres of ground, little is now to be seen. Here and there a crumbling arch, a Norman window or pointed doorway, remains to tell us of the spacious dormitories, abbots' chambers, cloisters, and chapels which of old stood here. Some portions of the Infirmary walls, like the other ruins of extraordinary solidity and thickness, are still standing, and the garden paths now run along the massive foundations of the old kitchen, a splendid hall supported by eight columns, and enlarged in the fourteenth century on a scale suitable to the princely hospitality practised by the abbots of those days.

Augustine's bones were laid, still lie hidden underground in the large meadow between the College and the Hospital grounds. There the old boundary-wall of the monastery still stands and shows us how far the gardens and orchards of the monks once extended.

Touching this wall, and formerly enclosed in the Abbey precincts, lie heaps of masonry overgrown with grass and ivy, out of which there rises a high-pointed arch, evidently part of a large east window. These are the ruins of the mediaeval church which arose on the remains of that pagan temple once devoted to the service of idols, but sanctified by Augustine to the worship of the true God. Four years ago excavations made on the south side of the mediaeval ruins led to the discovery of the actual church which Augustine, remembering his great master Gregory and the English children, dedicated to St. Pancras, the boy-saint of Rome. Not only were the foundations of the nave and chancel laid bare, and a wall built of Roman tile

some nine or ten feet high brought to light, but within the south porch the stones of an altar were discovered, thus exactly confirming the words of Thorn, the monk of St. Augustine's, who, six hundred years ago described the spot in these words, 'There is an altar in the southern porticus of this church at which Augustine was wont to celebrate where formerly the king's idol stood.'

Here it was, according to the legend recorded by Thorn, that the Devil, mad with rage at his ejection, furiously assaulted the chapel-walls and left the print of his talons on the stones. 'The marks of the Beast,' observes the less credulous Somner, 'are certainly visible enough, but they are such as I have elsewhere seen made by ivy growing and eating into old walls.'

This south porticus of Roman work bears traces of mediaeval repairs, and a tile-floor and pointed doorway were evidently added about the end of the fifteenth century, at which time we find that a citizen of Canterbury called Hamond Beale, dying in 1492, left a bequest of three pounds six and eight pence for the repairs of the chapel annexed to St. Pancras, within the precincts of St. Augustine's Abbey, 'where Augustine first celebrated mass in England.'

There can be no doubt that we have here the remains of the first English church dedicated by Augustine, although, according to Bede, he first celebrated mass at St. Martin's, the little church still standing on the hill above the ruins of St. Pancras.

Older than the oldest stones in the walls of St. Augustine's Abbey or Christ Church Cathedral, St. Martin's is more than a ruin or a mere site. It is a complete building still used for Christian worship to-day as it was used in the days when St. Pancras' was still an idol temple and Gregory's monks had not yet set foot on British shores. No other church in England is so old, scarcely one or two in the whole world can lay claim to such high antiquity. The large quantity of Roman bricks employed both in the nave and chancel, and the workmanship of the two curious doorways in the chancel, lead us to the conclusion that the original church was built towards the close of the fourth century, and restored and dedicated to St. Martin of Tours two hundred years later to serve as an oratory for Ethelbert's Christian Queen. The square stones cemented with sea-shore mortar, still to be seen in the walls, evidently belong to this period of Saxon restoration and formed part of the church where Bertha worshipped and Ethelbert first listened to the preaching of Augustine. During more than 300 years before the Norman Conquest St. Martin gave a title to the suffragan bishops who assisted the Archbishops until, in 1073, Lanfranc appointed Archdeacons of Canterbury in their stead. The interior of the church, which had probably suffered from the ravages of the Danes, was again

restored by the Normans, who however, contrary to their practice, did not pull down the original building. Both the curious piscina said to be the earliest in England and the interlaced work on the three tiers of the still more interesting font belong to this period.

Whether the font itself is Norman or whether it was originally Saxon work and decorated with carving at a later date, is of comparatively small importance. Popular tradition will never cease to regard it as the font in which Ethelbert was baptized, and which figures in the representation of that ceremony on the great seal of St. Augustine's Abbey.

Great additions and alterations were made in the thirteenth century, when the church began to assume its present shape, and in the fourteenth century the low square tower which agrees so well with the venerable aspect of the church was erected. Other improvements have been made in modern times, but we have every reason to be grateful to those succeeding generations who have spared the ancient fabric, and left St. Martin's one of the most interesting relics of the past in England.

As we stand by the little church on the hill-side above Canterbury our thoughts are borne far away to another spot in a distant land, where the yellow Tiber winds at the feet of the Seven Hills. There, on another hill-side, above the mighty arches of the Flavian amphitheatre, above that Forum where the fair-haired English children first met Gregory's eyes, are the church and convent founded thirteen hundred years ago by the great Pope of Rome and still bearing his sainted name. From the threshold of that convent hidden among the pine-trees, from that garden where even now the spring-blossoms year by year open their leaves to the sun, the little band started at the bidding of Gregory, to bear the Cross to that far island of the West, and to land at length, after many perils and terrors, at the feet of those white cliffs which we see to-day from yonder hill of Harbledown. Along these slopes they came singing their alleluias and lifting their silver cross on high; into this church of old St. Martin they passed chanting their Gregorian psalm. The ruins of St. Pancras, the gateway of St. Augustine's, the great Cathedral tower at our feet, are there to tell the rest of that strange story, the most wonderful, the most thrilling of all Canterbury tales.

Standing here with all these marvellous legends of the past about us, we need not wonder that many have wished to lie in this little burial-ground, and, like Dean Alford, who sleeps under the shadow of the yew-tree which spreads its branches in front of the old grey walls, have chosen the churchyard of St. Martin to be the resting-place of the traveller on the way to Jerusalem. 'Deversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficiscentis.'

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Austrian Society for Graphic Arts propose to hold an Annual Exhibition, international in character, every Christmas. The first is to open this winter in the Galleries of the Association of Artists at Vienna.

THE Jury of the Antwerp Fine Arts Exhibition awarded to Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., the medal of honour; to Mr. Watts, R.A., a medal in the first class; to Mr. P. R. Morris, R.A., in the third class; and to Mr. H. A. Moore, A.R.A., honourable mention.

MR. F. MADOX BROWN is now finishing the eighth fresco in the series of wall paintings at Manchester Town Hall. It commemorates the foundation of the school for boys by the Manchester draper and money-lender in 1640.

AN Artists' Club-House for Wales has been subscribed for among brothers of the brush, and the first stone of the building laid in the little village of Tal y Bont in the Vale of Conway.

A LOAN exhibition of pictures of Old London and its Environs is to be arranged at the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, and contributors are asked to notify their willingness to lend any mementoes of the kind to Mr. A. Borghen at the Palace.

THE awards in the National Art Competition have been this year actually fewer than last year, although the objects sent in from the art-schools throughout the kingdom were greatly in excess of the former quantity. No gold medal could be granted for painting from the life, but the quality of the chalk drawings from the life was above the average. In the department of decorative art the monochrome painting from cast ornament showed high merit; the modelling of the figure for decorative purposes also indicated improved sense of design, and the patterns for woven silks were considered fair. But the designs sent in for objects in metal-work, for wall papers, and for carpets, met with discouraging reception from the examiners. More than two-thirds of the awards, exclusive of the extra honorary prizes to pupils in the South Kensington training class, were gained by female students.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, A.R.A., the sculptor, is entrusted to carry out the national memorial statue to General Gordon at Charing Cross.

M. GEORGE DUPLESSIS succeeds to the office of Chief Keeper of the Print Room at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, vacant by the resignation of Vicomte Henri Delaborde.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us from Milan:—'An important addition has just been made to the Brera Gallery. A picture, much painted over and disguised, but ascribed possibly to Giovanni Bellini, on being cleaned of its dirty oil cuticle, was found to be a masterpiece in tempera by Mantegna. The subject is the Madonna, half figure, the child standing on her knee; above, in the background, a circling host of cherubs, who sing praises. The picture, which is in the artist's mature manner, powerful and rich in colour, now hangs in the same room with Raphael's *Sposalizio*.'

A FRAGMENT of the famous altar-piece, painted for the Cathedral at Siena by Duecio di Buoninsegna, has been obtained for the Prussian National Gallery, Berlin.

THE first part of Mr. William Anderson's 'Pictorial Arts of Japan' will be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low in December. This work, which aims at a complete survey of the development of painting and engraving in Japan, will be elaborately illustrated by photogravures, chromo-lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings, and some of the plates will be the work of native artists.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO. announce in their 'Fine Art Library' Series translations of the monographs on Tapestry by M. Eugene Müntz, and on Engraving by Vicomte Delaborde.

A STATEMENT having been made that the Ottoman Government had passed a grant for the repair of the Mosque Agia Sofia, Dr. Edwin Freshfield wrote to the 'Athenæum' in correction that he feared the restoration in question was not to be applied to this interesting building—a church built probably by Anthemius of Tralles for the Emperor Justinian, and dedicated to SS. Sergius and Bacchus, and which gave the model for the beautiful S. Vitale at Ravenna. In 1881 this church was 'very ruinous' and 'a home for pigeons.' But the building to be repaired, or, as Dr. Freshfield suggests, 'mutilated,' is the Church of the Peace of God, or Church of Eirene, the old patriarchal Church of Constantinople, rebuilt by Justinian late in his reign, and having in the apse the rare feature of raised presbytery seats, and a narthex or ante-church. This building, which has never been turned into a mosque, but used for storing arms up to 1881, is already in good repair, which is the reason, presumably, a wrong-headed Government commences here the work of restoration more needed elsewhere.

WE are glad to understand that a Catalogue Raisonnée of the remarkable loan collection of musical instruments and objects at the Inventions Exhibition is being prepared by so

competent an editor as Mr. A. J. Hipkins of Messrs. Broadwood. Such a work, though too late to serve as guide for the visitors to the collection, will be invaluable as a record and work of reference for the student. It is to be hoped that some adequate illustrations will elucidate the text, and set forth the decorative art bestowed on so many of the ancient instruments.

THE Dudley Gallery Art Society opens an exhibition of sketches and studies by the members in the first week of the current month.

THE managers of the Walker Fine Art Gallery at Liverpool have drawn down upon themselves condign condemnation for the unfortunate purchase of the late Charles Landseer's *Eve of the Battle of Edgehill*, they being apparently unaware of the tricks played with the canvas since it was first painted in 1845. At that time the picture contained two dogs from the brush of Edwin Landseer, but these were subsequently cut out, patched up by dealers, and sold as separate pictures —the place of the dogs was supplied by inferior copies. The purchase of the work is certainly not very creditable to the discrimination or research of the authorities who bought it for the Liverpool Gallery, especially as the story of the abstracted dogs is on printed record in Graves' Catalogue of Edwin Landseer's pictures and elsewhere.

IT is proposed to form at the Louvre a portrait gallery of painters after the example of that in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Some progress is already made towards the collection.

A GUIDE, with preface by the Master of the Mint, is now issued to the exhibition of the newly-formed Society of Medallists at the 'Inventions.' Messrs. Poynter, Legros, W. B. Richmond, H. Thornycroft, Yeames, &c., contribute. The pupils of the London Slade School have competed for prizes in plaster casts, of which Miss E. Hallé obtained the highest. The work of Mr. Dicksee, Miss Casella, Miss Martyn, was commendable.

DR. JEAN PAUL RICHTER is making progress with his forthcoming work on the Veronese school of painters, and is living, at a centre point for his subject, in a villa near Verona. It is understood that a certain well-known and accomplished Italian critic assists Dr. Richter in his investigations into a most interesting and not yet fully exploited phase of historic art.

ONE of the last pieces of vandalism which threaten to destroy the individual beauty of Rome is the projected sale for building purposes of the Ludovisi Villa Gardens. That lovely spot, with its fantastic green alleys adorned with statuary, its groups of cypresses, and its romantic outlook to the Sabine hills, is to be sacrificed, like so many precious things in Rome, to the 'progress' of modern Italy and the needy indifference of the descendants of great families.

WE regret to record the decease of Mr. Thomas Thornycroft, the sculptor, which occurred last month. Husband of the accomplished sculptress, Mrs. Mary Thornycroft, to whom, when pupil to her father, Mr. John Francis, he gave lessons, father of the distinguished young sculptor, Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A., and of daughters well known as artists, not to speak of other members of his family eminent in more practical departments, the art of the fine old man just gone from us was perhaps eclipsed by the brilliance of his immediate circle. But there was a largeness of both aim and treatment about his work, something heroic. He leaves an unfinished colossal group, familiar to the visitors of the studio in Melbury Road, a figure of Fame, with other symbolical figures in a chariot drawn by a noble team of fiery horses—a work which it has been more than once suggested would fitly have crowned the summit of Decimus Burton's triumphal arch at Hyde Park Corner.

WE have received a short treatise, by M. Adrien Wagnon, of Geneva, published by J. Rothschild, Paris, 1884, entitled, 'La Sculpture Antique ; Origines, Description, Classification des Monumens de l'Egypte et de la Grèce.' The subject of it is properly Archaic Sculpture, and this is treated chiefly with regard to the points of resemblance and contrast between the earlier Greek works and the style of art which prevailed with more persistent uniformity on the banks of the Nile. As an introduction to the consideration of the works of art of the two countries, the author enters somewhat at large into exposition of that marked contrast between the aspects of nature and social habits prevalent in each, upon which Herodotus remarked so emphatically. Much is said on this subject which is interesting, and acute, and in a popular style, though it may be doubted whether too much stress, notwithstanding certain reservations, is not laid upon scenery and material circumstances—as on the monotony and solitude of the desert,—as factors in determining characteristics of religion and art. That such environments have their influence is beyond doubt, but it is a mistake to accept their relation to moral predispositions as controlling and decisive in the same manner and degree as that which they bear to the organization and instincts of the camel or the ostrich. With this allowance it is well that a student of ancient sculpture should be encouraged to acquire familiarity with the original scenery and civilisation against which, as a background, a work of ancient art is most fitly and effectively relieved.

M. Wagnon observes, with truth, that, after the work of Mariette and Perrot, it is no longer possible to accept the unqualified dictum of Plato, that Egyptian art was absolutely stationary, the work of slaves, and restricted to reproducing the same types with unvarying servility. The period, however, of its continuous, if tardy, evolution only embraced the earlier ages of Egyptian civilisation ; and, so far as it was still lingering, it came to an end entirely upon the Persian conquest. This was long before Plato visited the country, and, considering what he had witnessed of the recent career of sculpture in Greece as taken up by the successors of Phidias, it is not surprising that he should have seen nothing in Egyptian art but hopelessly established conventionalism. If the Greeks owed anything to Egyptian art the obligation must be dated back to at least the seventh century B.C. But, in truth, it is impossible to attach the so-called Egyptian character of their archaic style to definite imitation ; the resemblances do not exceed those which are common to parallel stages of immaturity. M. Wagnon does full justice to the element of dignity which entitles Egyptian to a place in the history of Fine Art, but the result of the comparisons which he institutes is thus summed up at last: 'We take part with those who decline to admit that in combinations of form and in the essential spirit of its genius, Greek art can be considered as a copy of what had been achieved elsewhere, brought up to perfection.'

WE have pleasure in announcing the publication, by subscription, of a portfolio of photographs of *The House of the late William Burges, A.R.A.*, in Melbury Road, with descriptive text by his brother-in-law, Mr. R. P. Pullan, F.S.A., &c. The illustrations, forty in number, admirably taken by the well-known photographer, Mr. Bedford, and by the Editor himself, give plan, exterior and interior views, with detail and grouped objects, of this model residence, built, decorated, and furnished in the style of the thirteenth century, with such assiduous and loving carefulness, by our great Gothic architect. This house in Melbury Road is a unique example of mediæval domestic architecture and decorative art carried with learned thoroughness into the smallest detail, and applied to the scale and the needs of a gentleman's quiet home in the present day. Such a house, unless ultimately preserved as a museum, cannot always in lapse of time, under changed circumstances, keep the harmonious *ensemble* maintained by its present inheritors, and Mr. Pullan does eminent service in preparing this permanent record, which will be accessible in art libraries for students and connoisseurs. The subscription price of the folio is four guineas. Some photographs of the beautiful and curious objects which Mr. Burges delighted in designing or adapting are included in a second folio of his *Selected Designs*, also edited by Mr. Pullan.

WINDSOR.

XI.

The Antiquity of Windsor Castle as a Residence—A Storehouse of Works of Art—The State Apartments—The Private Apartments—The Library—The Gold Room—Old Furniture—The Long Corridor—The Dining Room—The Drawing Rooms—Edward III.'s Tower—General Gordon's Bible—Conclusion.

ALTHOUGH, owing to various circumstances, some of which have been described in the foregoing chapters, Windsor Castle looks as if it had been built but yesterday, there are many remains in it of very hoary antiquity. Deep down in the foundations of the tower called after Edward III., and not there alone, but in various other places, are Norman archways and scraps of Norman masonry which carry us back at least to the reign of Henry II., possibly to that of the Conqueror himself. In the Lower Ward, the most ancient remains above ground are to be seen among the irregular buildings on the north side of the Chapel of St. George. Here, too, we see what all Windsor Castle was like before Wyatville undertook its 'restoration.' We can forgive him much; for though he destroyed the charm of patches of old red brick, of green ivy, of tiled roofs, and the occasional intrusion of a 'Queen Anne' cornice or a Wren pediment, and although he pointed all his masonry with a black-looking mortar which has a disastrous effect on the apparent size of some of his finest and stateliest buildings, he yet made Windsor Castle worthy to be the chief residence of the monarch of this land. Still it is in these shady recesses, and in such nooks and corners as the Little Cloisters, that we seek for the evidences of antiquity and the materials for pictures.

In the front of a modern-looking house a built-up archway shows features which date from the thirteenth century, and it might, perhaps, still be possible to identify exactly the situation, if not the actual fabric, of the chamber in which Edward III. was born. The double rebuilding which the north side of the Upper Ward underwent, first at the hands of Wren and then of Wyatville, might have been expected to have left nothing standing of so remote a period. But a former chapter contained views of what is still the chief entrance-hall, and of an apartment still in use among the domestic offices, both of which are at least as old as the ancient Order of the Garter itself. Strange to say, the two great architects just named spared not only such chambers as these, but also the very ground-plan of what was then the chief or only residential part of the Castle. A 'restorer' of the present day would hardly have been so conservative. On the ground-floor, all along this side, with Wyatville's windows and doorways, we come across carved Ionic pillars, in Wren's best classical style, supporting some new wall in the State Apartments above, and within a few feet an arcade or a little piece of vaulting which must have been designed by Wykeham.

It is perhaps a pity, that while the architects of the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries spared so much work of the fourteenth, they did not leave more of it visible outside. It is, of course, impossible that more than a very select few can ever be admitted to examine the courts and passages which form the foundations and ground-floor of the halls and galleries above. Indeed, I should have avoided all mention of them, only that to give a true account of Windsor Castle, and to convey a correct impression of its chief claims on our attention, I must remind the reader that behind the modern walls, under the modern floors, there are features of such antiquity that no sovereign in Europe lives in a house which has been so long continuously inhabited as Windsor Castle.

Partly, no doubt, from this fact, it results that in spite of continual alterations, in spite of the extravagance of one king and the neglect of another, in spite of the vicissitudes of time and the changes in taste, Windsor Castle is a complete store-house of rare, beautiful, and costly articles. In each age the best things have come here, the best workmanship

has been bestowed on the furniture and fittings. It is often impossible to admire the taste or design of, say, a door or a pedestal; but if you examine the way in which the faulty design has been carried out, your criticism is turned to admiration. There are, for example, some tall candlesticks of *ormolu* in the Crimson Drawing-room. They date, apparently, from the time of George IV., and are in what may then have been considered a Gothic style. The 'Empire' feeling is very strong in the design, over which it is not worth while to waste words, as it is literally anomalous; but the delicacy of the modelling and chasing, the exquisite finish of the chiselling, the closeness of the fitting, are beyond praise. It is the same wherever the eye may happen to light. Whatever you see is the best of its kind, though the kind may not itself be good. As we go through the State apartments, for instance, we come to an object which people who know consider one of the wonders of the world. This is the Malachite Vase in the Ball Room. In design, and especially in colour, it is terribly displeasing to the artistic eye, which must speedily glance past it out of the window to the lovely landscape beyond. Yet in England, at least, it is the best of its kind. The State Apartments contain many other treasures. The tapestry—from France—is said to be unequalled even in its native country. So is the Sevres porcelain. In some of the rooms all the picture-frames are by Grinling Gibbons, and the Ante-Room is filled with his work. To the lover of carving this one chamber will be repayment enough for the exertion of a visit. There are no such Vandycks, either in number, quality, or historical interest, as those in the Vandyck Room. The equestrian figure of Charles I. is quite equal to that for which 16,000*l.* was lately paid by the National Gallery. Nowhere else can the greatest of portrait-painters be studied to such advantage. In the Guard Chamber there is a shield which Francis I. presented to Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Dr. Waagen, who cannot be considered a credulous critic, says of it:—'This is the work of Benvenuto Cellini; and the rich ornaments of figures, mosques, and arabesques, are, in invention and execution, among the finest that exist of this kind.' This is high praise. In the Queen's State Drawing-room the same learned writer saw 'a very valuable series of portraits by Holbein, such as no other collection in England can display.' They are now, as well as Quentin Matsys' *Misers*, in a more private part of the Castle. But the State Apartments contain numberless other treasures, and the visitor who goes to see them wishing at first that some more apartments were shown, comes away wishing he could have seen all that was exhibited.

It is quite the same with those parts of Windsor Castle which, though they are closed of necessity to the general public, are often seen by those who make special studies. The Library, for example, which has been, in part, already described in these pages, is full of wonderful art-treasures, the accumulation of centuries. When I first began to take an interest in such matters, now many years ago, I remember my surprise at hearing there was anything in the Royal Library. Every one knows that George IV. gave, or sold, the old 'King's Library' to the nation, and that it is now in the British Museum. But this Library was never at Windsor: in fact, the difficulty of removing it thither, and of finding room for it, was among the reasons for parting with it. It is not for us, who so largely profit by the arrangement, to grumble at it. George III. had, in fact, commenced the removal, when he was struck down with his last sad illness. Whatever George IV. may have thought

of literature, even William IV., who would hardly from his nautical training have been suspected of much love of books, saw that a library, and a good one, was as necessary to such a palace as Windsor as its stable or its cellar of wines. He began to bring together the scattered collections at Kew, Hampton Court, Kensington, and other minor royal residences. The gathering was unexpectedly large, and unexpectedly good. There were, of course, great holes and gaps in it; but, again, marvellous treasures of art were discovered, hidden away in cupboards and portfolios. When Prince Albert, soon after his marriage, began both to make some arrangement of what had already accumulated, and also to allow liberally for the purchase of what was wanting, the Royal Library rapidly became worthy of the name; and not only, as I have said, do specialists ask continually for leave to visit it, but there are some departments in which it stands alone. Not to take up too much space, I shall leave lesser wonders alone, and only mention those things which, if you would study at all, you must study under the kindly and courteous guidance of Her Majesty's Librarian at Windsor Castle.

Chief among these are the drawings by Leonardo da Vinci. This great artist, as Waagen well observes, left so few pictures that we are dependent on his drawings for a true estimate of his genius. No collection can be compared with this except at Florence and Milan, the three volumes of which it consists affording 'the amplest view of the versatility of this highly-gifted man; for besides the usual subjects and compositions, portraits, caricatures, landscapes, studies of plants, &c., belonging to art, we find here drawings for a treatise on anatomy, far exceeding the usual studies of bones and muscles required for an artist, sketches for the sciences of optics and perspective, and, finally, drawings for hydraulics and military engines.' This splendid collection appears to have been brought to England by Sir Peter Lely from the Arundel sale in Holland, and Charles II. was persuaded to buy it. Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III., bought Dr. Meade's collection of original drawings by old masters; and altogether, when the idea of putting them in order was first entertained, some 15,000 works of this kind, of various degrees of value, were found to be in the library. The Michelangelo and Raphael drawings alone would be sufficient to make the reputation of an ordinary gallery. In addition, there is the well-known series of no fewer than eighty-seven studies in red chalk and Indian ink, by Hans Holbein, representing the principal personages of the court of Henry VIII. It is impossible to understand the work of Holbein without an examination of these drawings. Another valuable, though modern, feature of the collection is the Raphael Cabinet—a gathering of every engraving, drawing,

or even photograph, which could be obtained to illustrate, as far as possible, 'the mental processes and modes of operation' of the great artist in the creation of each of his pictures. The death of the Prince Consort prevented the extension of the same instructive process to Michelangelo, Leonardo, and other great artists. The idea is a noble one, and worthy of imitation in all schools of art.

It must not be assumed that the Royal Library contains only prints and drawings. The illuminated manuscripts, both European and Oriental, are of great beauty, and many of them of great historical interest as well. The printed books are such as can be seen in no other private collection, for this must be reckoned as, strictly speaking, a private collection. Among the chief rarities may be mentioned the famous 'Mentz Psalter' of 1457, a splendid and perfect copy; a copy of Coverdale's Bible of 1535, a book so scarce that no perfect example is known to exist; and a considerable number of Caxtons, among them the only perfect copy known of the *Æsop's Fables* of 1484. In one chamber on the ground-floor is the royal collection of miniatures, comprising not only a large number which are of value as works of art, but also many which may be looked upon in the light of family portraits, some of which have descended with the crown for centuries.

Scarcely second in interest to the Library is the Armoury, and superior to both, in the eyes of many people, is the strong room in which the gold plate and jewels are kept. The same influence pervades both departments that I have mentioned as having been at work everywhere else in the Castle. For barbaric splendour nothing can excel Tippoo's jewelled peacock, except perhaps his solid gold footstool in the shape of a tiger's head, with teeth of crystal. There is a supply of golden dinner plates sufficient for a party of a hundred guests. A wine fountain taken from the Spanish Armada gleams on one side, and Flaxman's shield of Achilles on another. Tankards, beakers, épergnes, salts, in short everything, down to a pair of bellows, that one can think of as ever having been made of gold, are to be found in this dazzling Treasury.

After all, there is something savage in a taste for mere gold and jewels which seems to communicate itself even to those objects which combine art and richness in the highest degree. I turn from diamonds and gold to buhl and marquetrie with a certain sense of relief; and as Windsor Castle contains some of the finest examples in the world of ornamental work in the precious metals, so, too, it contains what I cannot help considering some of the best specimens of the seventeenth and eighteenth century furniture, now so much studied and so universally admired in spite of all the preaching and influence to the contrary of the prophets of medievalism.

It may be worth while here to remark that when it is laid down as an axiom that a medieval palace like Windsor ought to have medieval furniture one cannot but assent. No doubt, as an abstract proposition it is perfectly true. But where is medieval furniture to be found? Not even Queen Victoria in the plenitude of her wealth and power can command the production of a morsel of English household furniture such as was used for, say, the royal nursery at Windsor when Prince Alfonso was born in 1272. No such thing exists: and we have, in illuminated manuscripts and sculpture, very meagre materials with which to build up any idea of what such furniture was like. Barry and Pugin had only the vaguest indications to go upon when they furnished the Houses of Parliament in what they believed to be the style of the Tudor period. I am not here concerned with the reason of this dearth of Gothic furniture. I merely state the fact because, though Windsor is essentially a medieval castle, though we may be sure it was as sumptuously furnished when it was first built as the time would allow, though some of the fourteenth-century chambers are inhabited still, and though, above all, as I have already observed, good things have in all ages gravitated to Windsor and remained there, no medieval furniture of a more domestic character than the Knights' Stalls in St. George's Chapel is to be found there now. But of the furniture of the succeeding period it is full,

and especially of examples of the best French work. The wealth of cabinets in the Long Corridor is unapproached elsewhere.

It may be necessary before going further to explain what the Long Corridor is. When Wyatville took Windsor Castle in hand, the various chambers which look out to the east and south in the Upper Ward communicated one with the other in such a way that each room was a passage, and except by the staircases in the separate towers there was no other means of access. This was the state of the private apartments of the Sovereign when Pyne described the Castle among the *Royal Residences* at the end of the reign of George III. The inconvenience must have been great—so great, indeed, that, as we have seen, Queen Anne and her successors preferred to make their habitual residence in a small but comparatively more commodious house on the south side of the old moat. But Wyatville, by building within the courtyard a series of passages three or more storeys in height, united all these scattered towers and their suites of apartments, and made of the passage on the first floor at once a means of communication between the various saloons, drawing-rooms, and state bedchambers, and also a new and magnificent feature of his whole design. The doorways between the Corridor and the old rooms pass through walls of enormous thickness—the walls, in fact, of the ancient fortress: here and there windows had to be built up, and other structural alterations carried out, but the inquiring archaeologist can still easily distinguish the old work from the new, and can trace out the forms of the old towers as they were before the new wall hid their features from the Upper Ward. The Corridor is no less than 520 feet in length, is well lighted throughout, and has been formed by degrees into one magnificent apartment, filled from end to end with treasures of art, bronzes, marbles, pictures, curiosities, and, especially, furniture of a variety, richness, and abundance not to be surpassed. It is no museum; far from it. The objects we see are not obtrusively arranged. They are not classified or selected, but if the fortunate visitor who sees them lets his eye rest for a moment upon anything he will probably be led to examine it more closely; and, whether it is a painting, or a china jar, or a cabinet, or a casket, he will find it well repays examination.

The first thing, in a kind of vestibule, that will attract attention is Theed's semi-allegorical group, in marble, life-sized, of the Queen and the late Prince Consort. The attitude and expression, and the merit of the portraiture, are calculated to disarm the criticism to which so much modern sculpture is open. It is enough to say that the conception of the group is superior to its execution, but that the faces are life-like and affecting in the intensity of their expression. On the walls of this antechamber are portraits chiefly

of those court officials who were most in the confidence of the lamented Prince.

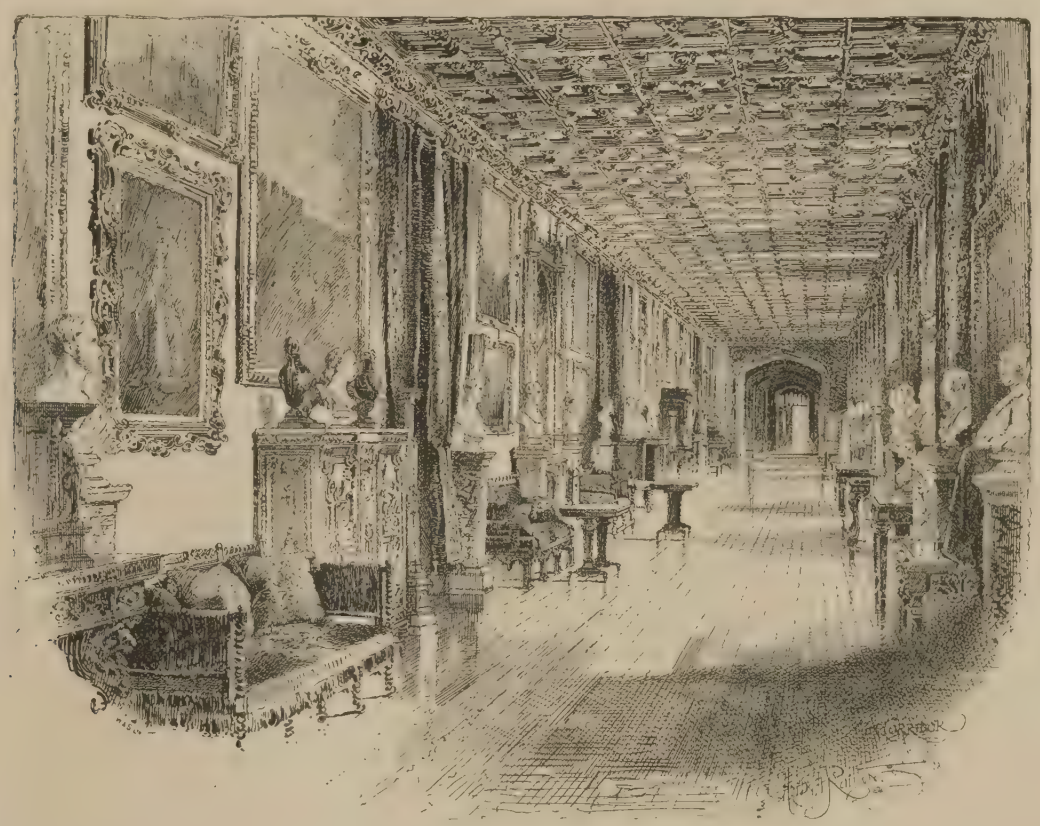
The Corridor itself gives entrance to some of the most magnificent reception-rooms. Close to it, for instance, is the Dining Room, panelled and ornamented in white and gold by Pugin, one of his early efforts, no doubt, in what, later on, he called 'the Christian pointed style.' It is a bright, handsome chamber, with a fine view from the windows, in one of which is a vast wine-cooler of silver gilt, designed by Flaxman. From the Dining Room opens the Private Chapel, which also looks as if it had enjoyed the benefit of Pugin's care, and is a small octagon chamber fitted with pews. In niches are small statues, among them a beautiful terra-cotta, by Dalou, representing an angel bearing in his lap five children. This is a monument to the Queen's grandchildren, and was placed here in 1878.

Beyond the Dining Room, southward, are the three drawing-rooms. The Green Drawing Room, so called from the colour of the silk hangings, contains, besides some admirable bronzes and some fine buhl, the Sevres dessert service made and painted for George IV. It is arranged in glass cupboards round the walls, and would need more than one day for a complete examination. In the Red Drawing Room are portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Kent (Her Majesty's parents), and of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Here, too, the furniture, fittings, hangings, and carpets, are all of rare quality. It would be but too easy to dwell on the magnificence of every feature of these gorgeous rooms, or to linger in the other sets of chambers which open from the Corridor. Her Majesty's own apartments are at the south-east corner, and immediately opposite to them, in the corner of the courtyard, and over the Queen's Entrance Porch, is the Oak Room, now chiefly used as a private dining-room. Here, besides some not beautiful, though probably very valuable, examples of Gobelins tapestry, presented by Louis-Philippe, are pleasing portraits of the Queen, and of three of her daughters-in-law. The towers which look out on the Park are so spacious that complete suites of chambers are fitted in each, and each has its staircase to the ground-floor. One suite is shown as having been usually occupied by the late Duchess of Kent, another as that in which Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie were received. The corridor turns by imperceptible degrees till, passing over the archway which opens on the Long Walk—from the windows above which a beautiful view is obtained—we reach, at the south-western corner of the Upper Ward, the Tower of Edward III. and the adjoining turret, from which, and not, as usually supposed, from the Round Tower, James I. of Scotland could look into what was long afterwards known as the Maid of Honours' Garden. All these sets of rooms are furnished in a clean, bright modern style, without too much disguise of the old features where any remain, and all are filled with works of art, pictures, miniatures, and especially family portraits, of which there must be many hundreds. Among them some 'assemblies,' by Zoffany, representing George III., Queen Charlotte, their children, and their courtiers,

give one a pleasant impression, both of the taste of the day and of the artist's powers. But it would take up as many more pages as I have already written to mention even what may be seen of this kind at a single visit, and I have not left space to do justice to the Long Gallery.

I have already mentioned the buhl. We saw lately what could be done by the French school of the last century in the Hamilton sale, and also, to a minor extent, in the Jones' collection at South Kensington; but there are some low cabinets, and also a pair of tall 'armoires,' at Windsor, that, judging by memory, seem to me very superior. They are not of enormous size, but are of superlative workmanship. You are surprised at their simplicity. The construction is nowhere concealed. But the delicacy and variety of the chiselling and chasing, which is evidently all by hand, is simply amazing. A very fine ebony cupboard, more than six feet high, is carved with allegorical scenes in low relief, in panels, and was presented to Louis XIV. on the occasion of the birth of the Dauphin. It is not known how it came here. I must pass by the landscapes of Canaletti, some of whose views of old London could have kept me all day, and the portraits, both in painting and in sculpture, of eminent statesmen. I pass by the bronzes of the family of Henri II. and the statuettes of Louis Quatorze; I can only name the triumphal arches made for the first Napoleon, in alabaster and gold, and the long series of historical pictures relating to events in the reign of our Queen, because I want space to describe what seemed to me one of the most precious things in the whole collection.

At the extreme end of the Corridor, in a deeply recessed window, stands on tall supports of wrought *ormolu* a crystal casket, whose history and origin are unknown, except that it is some three hundred years old. It is of exquisite work and exquisite material, and so clear that you can see through it like glass. Within is a white silk pillow, and on the pillow a little shabby book, open. Below, an inscription, newly cut on a gold plate, tells you that this is the pocket Bible of General Gordon, and that it was presented to the Queen by his sister.



With this touching example of Her Majesty's appreciation of what is best and noblest in her subjects, our brief survey must come to an end. Whilst it has occupied me, I have had occasion to visit Windsor over and over again, and at every visit something new has struck me, something interesting or beautiful which I had not perceived before. Waiting for the Chapel to open one day, my foot stumbled on the tombstone of Sir John Dineley Goodere: what a romantic story might be recapitulated here! Another day, I observed, close to the Lord Chamberlain's office, an extensive collection of fragments of carved stone, some of immense antiquity. In the town I

found a little street in which there was not a single house later than the time of Wren. At one corner in the Park there are ten or a dozen oak-trees in sight, all of them as old as the Norman Conquest. In short, the longer Windsor is studied it seems to grow more and more worth studying: the difficulty is to select; and just as the artists who have illustrated these chapters might, without exhausting the picturesque supply, have made twice as many drawings; so, too, in arranging these notes, I have had constantly to pick and choose what to put in and what to leave out.

W. J. LOFTIE.

PORCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, OXFORD.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE porch of St. Mary the Virgin, 'worth our notice, being very well contrived,' as it was described in the last century, was erected by Laud's Chaplain, Dr. Morgan Owen, it is said, in lieu of a Latin sermon. According to the Archbishop's own account, it cost the sum of 230*l.*, and was finished in the year 1637. Other works were carried out in the church about the same time, but the design of the porch was not of a character to escape the attacks of the Puritans; and being built while Laud held the Chancellorship of the University, it naturally was brought forward at his trial in proof of his intending to Romanize the Church of England. The charge was thus worded: 'That there was a very scandalous statue of the Virgin Mary with Christ in her arms set up in the front of the New Church porch of St. Marie's next the street; and that publick adoration, capping, bowing, kneeling, was yielded to it, without the least check, dislike, yea with the highest approbation of this pretended zealous Protestant Chancellor, to the poisoning of many graduates, students in this most famous Academy.'

The porch, which so deeply shocked the religious feelings of the seventeenth century, caused almost as strong a feeling of disapprobation at the revival of Gothic architecture by the incongruity of its style with that of the Church itself, and was pronounced at the time of the restoration of the building 'no longer to present an exterior with any claims to admiration.' Happily it escaped destruction at a time when so much beautiful Renaissance work was obliterated; and is now looked upon as one of the most picturesque features of Oxford.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MENDICANT ORDERS UPON THE REVIVAL OF ART.

IV.—*Dominican Pictures.*

FROM what has been said about Traini's picture of the *Glory of St. Thomas Aquinas* and the fresco in the Spanish chapel, which treats the same subject with greater elaborateness, we may now proceed to deduce the essential qualities of Dominican, as opposed to Franciscan Art. In neither of these pictures is any attempt made to tell a story. They do not represent facts or legendary incidents. They are the embodiment of a scheme of doctrine. They are treatises, and moreover treatises of a polemical character, expressed in the form of painting, Traini's picture being founded on the *Summa contra gentiles*, the Spanish Chapel fresco on the *Summa theologica*. The Dominican Order, in fact, was essentially polemical; and we shall see, as we proceed, how thoroughly the polemical character is impressed upon all the paintings made for it.

The main lines of the history of the rise of mediaeval painting in Italy are thus clear, and the reader will do well to fix them firmly in his memory. Painting arose in the thirteenth century in response to a demand created by the Franciscans, and thus all early painting, even though done for the rival order, bears the impress of the love of legend. Gradually, however, the Dominican demand for works of a doctrinal tendency caused a new school to arise—a school devoted, not to the representation of facts, but to the presentment of a great scheme of doctrine by allegorical forms. It was about the middle of the fourteenth century that this new force became widely effective, just at the time when that of the Franciscan school had waxed weak and ceased any longer to be a power of growth. After Giotto's death, as has already been observed, the Giottist school went steadily down-hill. The followers of Giotto contented themselves with imitating, in an increasingly careless manner, the works of their master, and the results are ever less and less interesting. Then, almost suddenly, in different places works of an entirely new character appear, in everyone of which the artist has been compelled by his employer, not to imitate anything, but to conceive in his heart and express with his hand that which had never been expressed before. The course of things suddenly forced artists to shake themselves free from slavish imitation, to stand on an independent ground, and give effect to commands for which there were no precedents. It was this new force that lifted Art out of the groove into which she had settled, and, by giving her space to roam, gave her the strength which she was sorely beginning to need.

The chief pictures of the Dominican school are the following:—

1. The frescoes of *Good and Bad Government*, by Ambruogio Lorenzetti in the 'Sala dei Nove,' Palazzo Pubblico, Siena—painted in 1337 and 1338.

2. Francesco Traini's *Glory of S. Thomas Aquinas* in S. Caterina, Pisa—painted about 1346.

3. The frescoes of *The Triumph of Death*, *The Last Judgment*, and *Hell*, in the Campo Santo at Pisa—probably painted between 1340 and 1350.

4. Frescoes of the same subjects in S. Croce at Florence, now destroyed—probably painted by Orcagna after the preceding, say between 1345 and 1355.

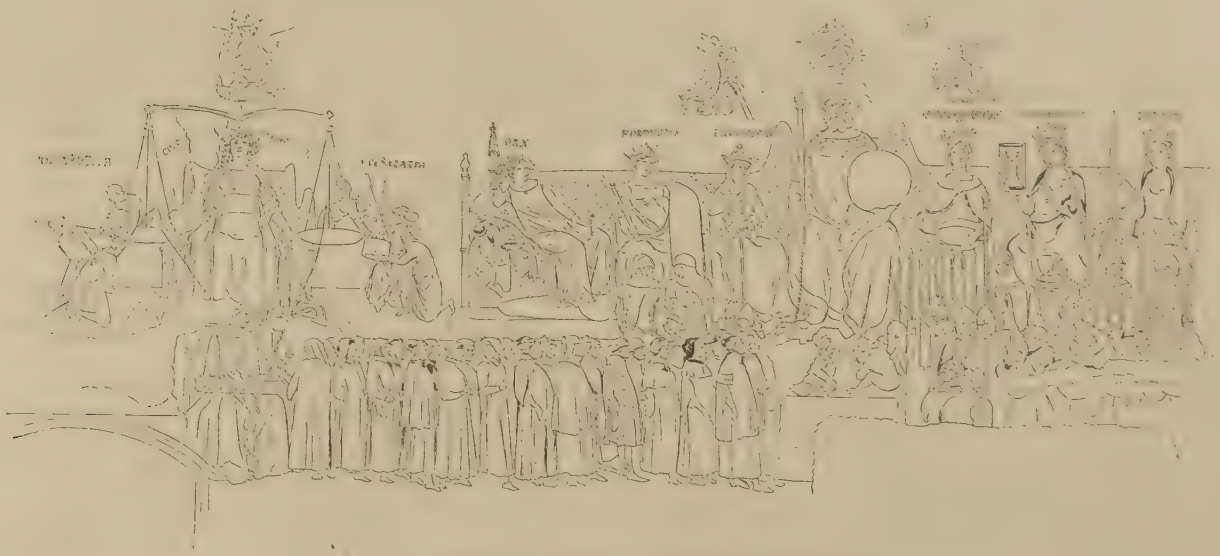
5. Frescoes in the Spanish Chapel, S. M. Novella, Florence—painted about 1350 to 1360.

6. Orcagna's frescoes of the *Last Judgment*, *Paradise*, and *Hell*—probably painted between 1355 and 1365.

This unsatisfactory list is as accurate as our information admits; we must therefore make the best we can of it. It will be observed that only three of the items, and those not the earliest, were done directly (so far as is known) at the order of Dominicans; nevertheless the whole series belongs undoubtedly to the Dominican school, being, as it is, the direct outcome and expression of that mode of thought which the Preaching Friars introduced and rendered popular, and which was not only different from, but eventually proved antagonistic to, Franciscanism.

Now, about the paintings above enumerated, two observations may be made of a general character. First, it is to be noted that in every one of them Sienese influence preponderates, even when they are painted in Florence. Ambruogio Lorenzetti was a Sienese, somewhat under the influence of Giotto, but still preserving the essential qualities of his native school of Art. Traini's style is a mixture of Florentine and Sienese, with a preponderance of the latter. The style of the Campo Santo frescoes is formed out of similar elements. Orcagna, though a Florentine by birth, fell strongly under the influence of the painters of Siena, and it was that influence which quickened his art into new life. Lastly, of the painters of the Spanish Chapel, one was certainly a Sienese, and the other, whoever he was, puts

the impress of his fellow upon his own paintings. We have already shown that Florentine art in its rise and development was essentially Franciscan; we now see that Dominican art was mainly Sienese. That such should have been the case is not surprising. Florence was a whole-heartedly democratic town. The Franciscan movement was likewise democratic, if not socialistic. It was natural, then, that Florence should accept the Franciscans with enthusiasm. Siena, on the contrary, was by nature aristocratic. The town had its democratic revolutions again and again, but the people were socially aristocratic, and changes in the form of government did not avail to touch the spirit of the place. It was much the same with the Dominican movement. That was at first popular, and, so long must have been dependent upon some learned man or another for the design of such frescoes as those in the Spanish Chapel. It is almost certain that the fourteenth-century painter of works such as those mentioned in the list did little more than execute the commands of some scholastic divine who really designed the whole. The painter gave form to the scholar's minute instructions. If this were really the case we should expect to find two qualities in such pictures: first, they ought to be feeble as a pictorial whole; secondly, the complete subordination of the artist should render his personality hard to discover. Just so is the case. The pictures, though full of excellent thought and ripe scholarship, fail as a pictorial whole. Whenever, moreover, we are not definitely informed, by the archives, who was



GOOD GOVERNMENT. FRESCO BY AMBRUOGIO LORENZETTI.

as it remained so, the Dominican spirit did not produce works of art at all different from the Franciscan. But when, at last, the Dominican Order was fairly founded, it lost its purely democratic tone. Its principle was one of strong government, and corresponded rather to the modern French imperialist idea than to anything else. It was only natural, therefore, that Dominican art should find its fittest exponents in Siena, as, in fact, it did.

The second point that the reader will hardly fail to notice in the foregoing list is, that it includes the two great sets of fourteenth-century frescoes, about the authorship of which so much argument has been thrown away. For this, also, there is a reason in the nature of things. Ambruogio Lorenzetti, if Vasari is correctly informed, was not only a great painter, but a man endowed by nature and education with a philosophical spirit; he, therefore, may have designed his own frescoes of *Good and Bad Government*, though even in his case there are strong reasons for doubting it. The ordinary run of painters of the day, however, the painter of a particular picture we have failed to discover him for ourselves. The picture does not express the thought of the painter, but that of some unknown third person. It is only in the case of Orcagna's frescoes in Sta. Maria Novella that the artist shines clearly through his work; but those frescoes were painted rather in accordance with certain Dominican types, by that time familiar to artists, than slowly laboured out in detail in accordance with a scholar's instructions. They mark, in fact, the new power of art, consequent upon the stage of humble obedience and self-abnegation through which artists had passed, and out of which they began to emerge in Orcagna's latter days.

A further and very noteworthy fact is the painting upon the walls of the great Franciscan S. Croce of a set of copies of the frescoes in the Pisan Campo Santo. According to Vasari, Orcagna, in these copies, altered and omitted certain things, and worked, moreover, with better skill and greater care. He retained, however, almost the same design, the same style,

and the same inscriptions, as the Pisan artist, only he changed the portraits, introducing into Paradise certain of his dearest friends, and into Hell (with true Dominican spirit) some towards whom he bore enmity. Just as, in earlier days, we saw the Dominicans carried away by the powerful influence of the Franciscans in the full tide of their glory, so now the reverse is the case. The Dominicans have gone to the front, and the Franciscans are obliged to imitate them in servile fashion.

Having now made plain what were the essential qualities of this school of mid-fourteenth-century painting, we will return to a consideration of the frescoes themselves, taking the *Good Government* at Siena, and the *Triumph of Death* at Pisa, as typical of the rest. Ambruogio Lorenzetti's picture of *Good Government* occupies the end wall of the Council Chamber of the supreme Council of Siena. It contains a number of allegorical figures somewhat empirically grouped together. Wisdom flies over the head of Justice, who holds the scales, the one of distributive justice, where an angel metes out rewards and punishments, the other of commutative justice, where another angel settles a dispute. Cords descend from these scales and join into one in the hand of Concord, who passes it on, through a body of citizens, to the hand of the chief Ruler, where he sits on his throne between the Virtues. We will not, however, describe the picture; that is practically impossible; but will content ourselves with briefly rendering its meaning into words.

The thread of thought that runs through the whole is that Concord is the basis of prosperity, and that, in a well-governed state, there is peace on earth and goodwill amongst all men. Concord is alone to be arrived at by Justice, which makes men who have disagreed of one mind once more. Justice, therefore, is twofold, according as she deals with the individual alone or with the mutual relations of men. 'Love Justice, ye that are judges of the earth,' is the text written over the head of the symbolic figure in the picture. But Justice herself is only a secondary virtue, the reflection upon earth of that Wisdom which dwells serenely in the Eternal; therefore it is upon heavenly Wisdom that Justice fixes her gaze. As Justice cometh of Wisdom, so Concord results from Justice; for, whilst she, in her distributive capacity, eliminates evildoers and crowns those who do well, in her commutative capacity she keeps every man at peace with his neighbours, so that he neither doth nor suffereth wrong. Concord it is in the picture who holds in her hands a plane, and with her cord arranges the procession of the citizens, so that all pull the same way (*tira a dritta corda*). She sets each man in his right order, one behind another in the path of life, making all men equal in the face of Justice. Thus ordered the citizens march before the throne of the righteous king, tendering up into his hand that current of power which proceeds from Justice through Concord, and by which he is enabled to rule and they to obey. The Virtues that surround this Ghibeline ideal of a monarch are of two classes, the one Eternal and of the heavens, the other Temporal and of the earth. The Eternal Virtues which hover over his head are, Faith, that never falters, but holds fast to all that she can believe of things beyond the ken of Intellect; Hope, that fixes her eye upon the very face of Christ, and looks to Him with thanksgiving; and flaming-hearted Charity. Lesser than these, but more visible, because daily seen in

FIGURE OF PAX. FROM THE FRESCO OF *GOOD GOVERNMENT*.

the exercise, and readily appreciated by all, are the Terrestrial or Temporal Virtues. They are seated as councillors along the bench. Nearest of them is Prudence, who is old and of solemn mièn, continually pondering of things past, present and to come. Over against her comes Magnanimity, whose part it is to recognise great-heartedness in others, and duly to reward it, giving the man his just pay who labours for the common weal, and bestowing the crown, symbol of a higher reward, upon all whose labour is directed by nobler impulse. Then Fortitude, bearing shield and mace, and cinctured with a thorn-like crown, for the law of her life is no law of joy, but only one of patient continuance. Opposite her is Temperance, who marks the passing of time by the hour-glass, and discerns between the possible and the impossible, that thus nothing be attempted which cannot be performed and nothing omitted

that can be attained. Then Peace, that rests from warfare as soon as the just ends of warfare are attained, but, in so resting, makes a pillow of her breast-plate and a footstool of her helmet and shield; she is not crowned, save with her wealth of golden hair and a simple fillet of olive that tells of victory and the earning of her rest. Lastly comes Justice once again; for even as Justice must be the ruling spirit in the folk, so must she be a main virtue in the heart of the ruler. Wherefore, to show her superiority, she wears an imperial diadem, and in her hands she holds a sword and likewise a crown; for it is hers, as well as Magnanimity's, to bestow rewards. The Good Governor, therefore, being a man of such perfect and complex character, with every faculty under full control and every thought duly weighed and balanced, is not impulsive in the least degree. From his aspect we judge him to be supremely calm and thoughtful, and his action like a law of nature. His eyes are fixed right before him, and whatever they look at they see through. He holds no weapon of offence, but only a massive sceptre to compel obedience and a shield to defend himself from aggression. The sceptre is gripped with no hesitating grasp; it is the handle of the cord of justice which passes through the people's hands. This Good Governor, in the picture, is localised as the ruler of Siena, for it is the arms of Siena that he bears on his shield, and it is the Wolf of the town that lies by the wall, which Magnanimity's soldiers defend at his feet. Below, Fortitude, Temperance, and Justice, are the knights, for in such spirit alone may they be employed. The councillors belong to Prudence. Lastly, as a contrast to the orderly procession of townsfolk who bear the cord of Justice, there is, on the other side of the picture, another procession, likewise united by a rope of Justice, but in very different fashion, and all pulling different ways. These are the evildoers, bound together and led up to the Judgment-seat of the Just Judge.

The *Triumph of Death*, which Vasari ascribes to the brush of Orcagna, an attribution upon which recent investigation has cast considerable doubt, shall be introduced to the reader in the words of Mr. F. Myers' already well-known poem:—

> 'At Pisa, where the cypress-spires alway
> Stand in the languor of the Pisan day,
> And airs are motionless and Arno fills
> With brimming hush the hollow of the hills;—
> There once alone, from noon till evening's shade,
> I paced the echoing cloistral colonnade;
> Heard like a dream the gray rain-river fall
> On hallowed turf that hath the end of all;
> Saw like a ghost the flying form that saith,
> "Orcagna knew me; know me; I am Death."'

Others besides Orcagna, or whoever was the painter of the famous fresco, have drawn Death again and again—usually as a lean figure or skeleton of repulsive aspect. Dürer tells us that, standing by the bedside of his mother, 'he beheld how Death smote her three great strokes to the heart,' and how 'she closed her mouth and eyes and departed with pain;' and, in the year of the Pest at Nürnberg, he drew a figure of the King of Terrors himself, armed with a scythe, and wrote beside it the words, 'Remember me!' Holbein, too, drew Death again and again—Death the Equaliser, coming to the miser and robbing him of his money, coming to the sovereign and robbing him of his crown, coming to the poor woman and robbing her of her child. To the rich and fair he comes with horror and dread; only for the aged and infirm does he crown himself with myrtle

FIGURE OF DEATH. FROM THE FRESCO OF *THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH*.

to lead them by the sound of sweet music to their narrow place of rest. Very differently does the Tuscan painter conceive Death the Triumphant. Clothed in a black gauze garment, and borne on large, bat-like wings, she sweeps onward over her prey, brandishing a scythe broad of blade. Her mouth is open, uttering a great and bitter cry, her long white hair waves in the wind of her swiftness like raging flame. The points of her fingers, her toes, and her wings, are furnished with sharp talons. Her cheeks are hollow, her eyes large in their sockets, deep are the wrinkles in her powerful neck. She is strong in every part, but fleshly in none. Her skin is pale or brown, and the colour of her wings is dark green. Her face is earnest and conscious of might, not angry, nor malicious. Calmly and relentlessly she fixes her gaze upon those whom her descending scythe will slay. She is unconscious of the joy or sorrow that she causes; prayers come not unto her; she goes forward like a hurricane, blowing in its own might and that cannot be turned aside.

Beneath her are the princes, courtiers, knights, and judges, she has already slain; behind her the cripples and miserable of the earth who call aloud to her for peace: 'Fortune has abandoned us; come then Death, medicine for every care, oh come and give us the last meal!' But she heareth not. From these who would so gladly welcome her she flies away towards the group of courtiers, sitting under pomegranate trees with their pets and their music, where Cupids fly over the heads of two lovers, but in the attitude of those genii of Death who hold scrolls upon ancient Roman tombs. Above, in the air, devils and angels fly off with the souls of those whom Death has slain. An inscription, written large, tells the meaning of the whole picture: 'Nought availeth wisdom and riches, nobility and prowess, for defence against the blows of this one. Against her, oh reader, was never yet argument found. Wherefore be thou firmly minded to stand ever so prepared that deadly sin bring thee not under her yoke.'

The left half of the famous picture enforces the same moral in a different way. It contrasts the active life of the courtier with the contemplative life of hermits, before whom the very fawns are tame—a contrast, be it observed in passing, very frequently employed by painters under Dominican influence. It is the weird old story of Macarius, which arose in France in the thirteenth century and quickly spread all over Europe, so that pictures of it are found in almost every town. Three kings one day were riding out, hawking, with their courtiers. Passing along a road they were astounded to see in the way the open coffins of three dead kings, and a voice came to them and said, 'What ye are that were we; what we are that shall ye be.' In the Pisan fresco it is the hermit Macarius who meets the royal train, and exhorts them to put aside the pomps and vanities of the world, mindful of the end that awaits all alike.

Carrying on the idea represented in the *Triumph of Death*, the next fresco is of the Last Judgment of mankind. High in the midst, Christ and the Virgin are seated, side by side, in a glory surrounded by angels and apostles. Below, the Blessed are congregated on one side, whilst on the other the Damned are being driven into Hell. In the very centre of the picture, four flying angels are arranged in the form of a cross. At the bottom people rise from their graves, and one, who has thought to usurp a position among the saved, is driven to his own place by a watchful angel.

In Hell the giant figure of Lucifer occupies a central position among the divisions of his kingdom. Of this picture Renan writes (in 'Averroès et l'Averroïsme'): 'The last Judgment and the states of souls beyond the tomb were made, throughout all Italy in the Middle ages, the framework of a series of religious, philosophical, poetical, and satirical conceptions. Pisa, Florence, Assisi, Orvieto, Bologna, Ferrara, Padua, had their *Hell* or their *Last Judgment* full of local allusions and the personal spite of the painter. In that of the Campo Santo reminiscences of Dante are incontestable. Not that Orcagna can be said to have attempted a reproduction of the whole Dantesque topography, regarded as a geographical revelation of the world beyond the tomb, as he afterwards did at S. Maria Novella and S. Croce; for, if the division into *bolge* recalls the Divine Comedy, the infernal categories are far from corresponding in detail to those of Alighieri. Amongst these *bolge* the two which fill the upper compartment are destined for the proud, and the proud *par excellence* are the heretics. Arius comes first, followed by his sectaries, then come magicians and divinators with Erigone at their head, and then simoniacs. But the hole on the right seems to be reserved for more exquisite tortures; and the three personages, who are there tormented, are evidently chosen from the very depths of the damned. They are Mahomet, cut in pieces by demons who devour under his eyes the parts of his limbs; then Antichrist roasted alive; and then a third person, lying on the ground, wrapped in the coils of a serpent and characterised by a turban and long beard—he is Averroës.'

Such pictures of Hell are the peculiar, though not the exclusive property of the Dominicans. For almost a thousand years the subject had been treated again and again, especially in the East, by mosaists, painters, sculptors, and miniaturists. The well-known mosaic of the twelfth century at Torcello, and the even more famous eleventh-century wall-painting in San Angelo in Formis near Capua, may be cited as instances. The subject, moreover, was to some extent of the legendary kind, and was therefore suited for Franciscan painters. Thus Giotto painted it on the main west wall of the Arena Chapel at Padua, and either he, or one of his pupils, introduced it in a similar position in the Chapel of the Bargello at Florence. Giotto, however, depicted his Hell altogether in a narrative fashion, and, so far as one can judge from the existing wrecks, with no particular doctrinal tendency. The change that the Dominicans introduced was, of course, in a doctrinal direction. They put their opponents into hell. Moreover, they made the divisions of the place partake of the nature of a sermon upon sin. By degrees they drew nearer to Dante, and at last in the Strozzi Chapel one of Orcagna's pupils, doubtless from the master's design, painted a fresco, which was little more than an illustration to Dante, pointed with certain allusions now not to be understood.

It would be easy to enlarge upon the matter, the mere outlines of which have thus been sketched; enough, however, has been said to show what was the general tendency of the influence brought to bear

upon painters by the Dominicans. They found Art sinking again into a mere system of routine, the artist being called upon only for repetitions of well-known subjects, and not required to think for himself. To such artists, then, they came with unheard-of demands, not alone requiring them to paint new legends, which they might have done without passing far out of their old groove, but bidding them give pictorial expression to a set of doctrines, which it would puzzle the most accomplished artist of any day to handle in pictorial style. The new demand forced upon Art a new departure. The area of art was widened and deepened at the same time. Painters had their eyes opened to all manner of new possibilities; they were taught that a picture might not only represent a fact but convey an idea. The limitations which their ignorance of laws and methods imposed upon them were thus felt to be irksome. They were irresistibly impelled to struggle anew against such restraints. They were forced to go deeper into the technical matters of their craft, to seek everywhere for help, to enlarge their powers in every way possible to them. Soon the revival of learning going on around them was to come to their aid, and now they were ready to accept help from any quarter. Mathematical studies were to reveal for them the laws of perspective. Study of ancient sculpture was to teach them how to handle light and shade, and at last the expressional power of their art was to be complete. This result, however, was eventually attained because two great movements had awakened men to the need of art, had shown them its usefulness, and made them feel its value. No explanation, therefore, of the way in which painting arose from its long slumber can be complete that does not take into account the influence brought to bear upon artists by the Franciscan and Dominican orders in turn.

W. M. Conway.

EDWARD BURNE JONES, A.R.A.

IT is a phenomenal fact that late in the nineteenth century an artist has appeared who is devoted to Beauty in its most spiritual and imaginative manifestations. But it is less remarkable that one whose function seems to be the displaying — by which I mean something which is as different from, as it is greater than, merely illustrating—Christian and Pagan legends in a new and noble light, should find the warmest welcome from the cultured and sensitive members of that art-loving public which has grown in numbers and quality during the last thirty years, and gathered force chiefly in England since the greater minds of the so-called 'Pre-Raphaelite persuasion' made their mark upon the world.

Such welcome is due to the circumstance that by means of the art and poetry of design—his moods and modes of painting embrace both these elements —and of the spirit Mr. Burne Jones appeals to us, and in effect protests against the tendencies of an overwhelmingly 'practical' and demonstrative age. From the din of steam-engines, hammers, whistles, gongs, and what not of that kind; from the braying of political trumpets; from the blatancy of 'bitter cries,' and from cant of all sorts, as well as from the whole litany of self-seeking, suffering, boasting, and greed, the studious mind and sickening heart turn—as to a heaven of humanity—towards that new prophecy of Beauty in spirit, form, and colour which is the antithesis of these things, and is illustrated by a sincere and noble reticence, and illuminated by an original genius devoted to whatever is fair and can be displayed in art.

So far as I can venture to suggest, the informing motive of our painter's work seems to be in a prophecy of the above-named nature. In this respect his task is very like, although its manner is quite unlike, that of Blake, who illustrated the predominance of the Spirit in all things, and with an almost celestial ardour depicted wonderful ideas and stupendous allegories, such as neither painter nor poet had given form to before, as in *God measuring Space with Compasses*, a vision so daring and vigorous that it might have been vouchsafed to a Hebrew prophet of old and would have fascinated Michael Angelo. Thus the spirituality of Blake prevailed, but of his form and colour—the very essentials of pictorial design wherewith our contemporary excels, to say nothing of subtletics of tone, ordonnance, harmonies of line, light and shade, and tint,—let me say that they are wholly absent from works which exist as if such elements were not of art at all, or were, at best, accidents only to be expected now and then. Blake's pictures are entirely supersensuous, although some of those he produced in oil are, technically speaking, fine pieces of colour; witness the noble instances in the National Gallery.

The next painter of modern England in the order of time, who, so to say, had a message of Beauty and the Spirit to deliver, was Dante G. Rossetti, whose technical motive, unlike Blake's, was decidedly not supersensuous. Although he was one of the most powerful dramatic and romantic designers the world has known, and in the literary form of art, among the greatest English poets, a grand colourist withal, and virile to the core, Rossetti's art was not chastened by an undeviating love for beauty of the purest type;

nor is the Spirit in its imaginative form always found in his works, as it is in Burne Jones's. In respect to dramatic and romantic modes of design I would not venture to compare, to its advantage the art of the latter with that of his magnificent prototype, and in many ways, true model. In these matters the elder painter seems to me the greater, because his resources were, I think, richer and more varied than Burne Jones's are, who has not yet matched *The Bride*, *The Death of Beatrice*, or even *Hesterna Rosa*, in the lines to which these fine things belong. But in a comparison between these painters when invariableness of beauty, exquisiteness of taste, and undeviating elegance, are the ruling matters to be taken account of, the balance must, it seems to me, incline very decidedly the other way, and the younger man should—despite some mannerisms of style, and types too frequently affected — stand out in the clearest light as the more illustrious artist. The colouring of Rossetti is, like his energy of conception and handling, stronger than Burne Jones's, but it is not so subtle, so broad, nor so delicate in its relations to tone. In chiaroscuro, or the balancing of tones and tints—that delicious harmony which is so dear to painters—the junior artist seems to me the wiser man.

In that subtlest poetic art, where, as in the glamour of the prevailing bronze and olive tints of the *Beguiling of Merlin*, the associations of the very colour of the landscape impart to us horror appropriate to the subject, Burne Jones transcends all modern men, and has no prototype, except we admit similar occult sympathies to exist between the subjects and the coloration of a few works by Tintoret of the graver order, and the more obvious rosy witchery of Titian's amorous pictures. These are exceptional instances at the best, but the Englishman never painted without using the charm; accordingly his *Dies Domini*, the circle with Christ sitting in judgment, excels in a glory of the purest white, here and there tinged with heavenly opalescence of rose and azure, and the *Romance of the Rose* charms us with its beautiful gay colours, while each member of Mr. Leyland's superb series, the *Seasons* and *Day* and *Night*, has its appropriate ruling tinge. The progress of vitality in the form of Pygmalion's marble mistress is signalised by the growth of the flush of life in picture after picture. The most complex and richest example of this charming adaptation of means to an end appears in Burne Jones's *Six Days of Creation*, to which I shall return in order to show where the sequence of ruling tints is manifestly part of a thoroughly studied system of coloration and scheme of design.

A comparison between Burne Jones and Dante Rossetti is inevitable whenever the development of the genius of the former comes into question. Nothing can be more chivalric and worthy of himself than the ample and affectionate acknowledgment habitually made by the junior painter of his indebtedness to the friend who not only encouraged his early devotion to art at a time when he could be considered only an amateur of genius, but who advised him and warmly assisted his studies of the graver, more sustained kind, and, so far as counsel could effect, removed obstacles which accrued during the changing from an already selected path of life to another, which was not only untried but insecure. But for the discrimination and generous sympathy of the already famous artist and poet — himself the centre of a group of men of genius — Burne Jones's efforts in design might have had a narrower range than they have taken from that time to this.

Urged to continue his efforts, the art-career of Burne Jones began with the decorating of the ceiling of the Debating Room of the Oxford Union Society. In this chamber, during the summer of 1858, his first important and sustained effort in painting was made. To him, then a young Bachelor of Arts attached to Exeter College, and intended for the Church, the scheme for representing scenes of the Arthurian cycle of romances offered the first occasion in a new career. His early pictorial studies had been the reverse of academical or regular. He had attained little more than rudimentary power of expressing his thoughts in art when, attracted to the young student by means of a mutual friend, Rossetti saw several designs of the amateur's, in which an extraordinary poetic spirit found intense, although inadequate expression. The result was that to Burne Jones was entrusted the duty of painting *The Death of Merlin* in the eighth panel of the Debating Room*

* The scheme of decoration here referred to was never made quite perfect in execution, and, as Burne Jones's share in it was important, I may as well say of it in general that the Debating Room, which was designed by Messrs. B. Woodward and Deane, architects of the University Museum at Oxford, is the property and meeting-place of the Oxford Union Society. It is a chamber nearly fifty feet high, sixty-two feet in length, and thirty-three feet wide. It is surrounded internally by a gallery, and lighted by twenty circular windows below the gallery. On the coved ceiling above the gallery ten large pictures were painted, or intended to be painted, in distemper. The greater number of the existing examples have more or less fallen to decay. This loss is more or less due to the state of the atmosphere in the chamber, to the nature of the method employed, or to the technical inexperience of the artists, several of whom had never before used a process of painting, which, even in an Italian climate, is difficult and unreliable. When I last saw these works—the history of which is one of the romances of modern art—the best of them were in a deplorable state, the inferior ones, as if by the irony of fate, were better preserved. Such, long ago, was their condition that it was seriously proposed to obliterate or to repaint them. The subjects chosen were:—1, Mr. Riviere's *The Education of Arthur by Merlin*; 2, *King Arthur's Wedding*, by the same; 3, *Lancelot's Vision of the Sangraal*, by Rossetti; 4, *Sir Pelleas and the Lady Ettarde*, Mr. Val. P...sep's; 5, *How Arthur received his Sword*

ceiling. The subject thus selected was analogous to that which, years later, occupied our painter's riper efforts, and in the above-named *Beguiling of Merlin* had intense and glorious expression at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. The motive and legendary aspect of the Oxford picture were derived, not from the famous poem of the Laureate, but from the older prose romances of Sir Thomas Mallory and others, in which the fair traitor is not named Vivien but Nimuë, who is called the white serpent. Lord Tennyson's version associates the pitiless witch with ideas of a green reptile, as cruel as she is fair. Mr. Burne Jones took his own course in these respects, but the woman's form he chose is as like a snake's as Lamia's when she met Hermes in the woods of Crete. I need not detain the reader with a description of the picture at the Union. Suffice it that the design made for it, in combining colours in subtle sympathy with the subject, and a weird expresiveness that was new, was quite different from Rossetti's work in similar lines, and independent of, and yet obviously like it, in many ways.

It is certain that the applause of Rossetti and his friends, the counsel which followed it, and the hopes of the student, decided Burne Jones to depart from the road which might have led to a snug vicarage, to a toilsome and dangerous missionary station amongst home or outlandish savages, to a deanery or a bishopric. The path might, indeed, have led to Rome, to High Church, or to Low Church, but it could not have given satisfaction to the soul of one in love with imaginative beauty, saturate, so to say, with colour, and dreaming dreams of antique and mediaeval romances, while it saw spiritual things of quite new sorts. These things were, it seems to me, not unlike Blake's visions, but, for the time and so far as choice of forms and types of style could go and live distinct, nearest of all to the mood of Rossetti. In better case, and for the while the future of Burne Jones could not have been. That glorious, if sometimes fuliginous, light of art and verse, Rossetti, was then a beacon for many a young soul, and guiding star to spirits which, unlike the Oxford Bachelor's, have long ago sunk out of sight or chosen other meteors of hope or warning. To a sympathising and poetic fellow-student Rossetti was heartily, nay, overwhelmingly, generous, and — so long as this comrade remained an acolyte — benign to a degree which left quite out of view the bonds of personality. To be an intimate friend of Rossetti was to be his heart's brother, the sharer of every thought, the partner and heir of his studies and his experience, and, if the friend was fitted by anything like an equality of power and similarity of soul, his equal.

The immediate outcome of the friendship thus swiftly and impulsively formed was, that the younger man abandoned previous studies—which, if truth be said, were never very ardent—and devoted himself to painting with all his might and main. He removed to London, and fell at once into that circle of Rossetti's acolytes which took the place previously occupied by the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, who, from various causes, had some time before 1858 dropped away from their comrade. He, if not the leader of this society, was undoubtedly in its focus. Too strong to be absorbed by Rossetti, the P-R. B.s proper, both little and big, must needs in due time follow each his own way, so that the bond which held the corps together, and was never intended to shackle any one of them, was dissolved. Rossetti became the focus of a new circle of men, not all of whom were younger than himself. Like clouds forming upon and dissolving from a mountain-top, so man after man entered that charmed circle, which merely to have entered without sojourning in was to be distinguished and to be more or less fortunate. To sojourn there was, so to say, to hear the songs of the Muses, and see the gods move upon Parnassus. Like the clouds of the mountain-top, the circle of men was always shifting, while it must be admitted the mountain itself was not perpetually steadfast.

Changing from one profession to another is a serious matter, however devoted the man who changes may be, and by those who adopt it painting is soon found to be something more than the pretty art popular fancy delights to believe in. The fine draughtsmanship apparent in whatever Mr. Burne Jones now produces was not to be acquired in a hurry; and all the luxury of colour, the deepest insight into passion, the finest taste for the mysteries we group under the title of chiaroscuro, could not directly help a man whose education had been in letters rather than in art, and who had yet to acquire that skill in drawing *per se*, which is the *sine quâ non* of an

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Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake, Mr. J. Hungerford Pollen's; 6, *King Arthur's first Victory with the Sword*, Mr. Riviere's; 7, *How Palomydes loved the La belle Yseult*, Mr. William Morris's; 8, *The Death of Merlin*, Mr. E. Burne Jones's; 9, *Sir Gawaine and the Three Damsels*, Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope's; and, 10, *The Death of Arthur*, by Mr. Arthur Hughes.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Hughes is the painter of *April Love;* that Mr. Spencer Stanhope, then a newly-made Master of Arts of Christ Church, has made his mark by numerous pictures referring technically to the school of Mantegna, and mostly of classical subjects; Mr. Morris, of Exeter College, has since written 'The Earthly Paradise;' Mr. Pollen, a former Fellow of Merton, has since for a time held a post in the South Kensington Museum, and has written much on archaeology and art, and carried out several noteworthy schemes of house decoration; Mr. Prinsep is the A.R.A.; Mr. William Riviere, father of Mr. Briton Riviere, was a well-known artist, who had been for some time settled in Oxford. He was author of several pictures of good repute, and one of the more distinguished contributors to the Westminster Hall Exhibitions, 1844, '45, &c., when commissions to decorate the Houses of Parliament were competed for. He only and Rossetti have joined the majority.

artist's studies. Such skill, sleight of hand, or call it shorthand of the knowledge of form, is best attained ere the student's fancy has been awakened, and ere his mind becomes sensitive to the charms of colour and chiaroscuro. So much drudgery as attainment of this shorthand demands at any time is best undertaken in boyhood.

Burne Jones was long past boyhood in 1859, when his momentous resolve to change was made. Four years, however, made so great a difference that in the spring of 1864 we find him with a reputation already secured, with more employment than falls to the lot of many a long-trained painter, and qualified for election to that honoured and fastidious body, the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Some of his earliest efforts were directed to designing for stained glass, a mode of art to which certain peculiarities of his genius, as well as of his technical powers, lent themselves from the first. In 1858, backed by his own genius and Rossetti, Burne Jones had found acceptance in one of the most distinguished art circles in London, and was elected a member of the original Hogarth Club,* a central society of painters of culture and original views. The variety of these views is sufficiently displayed by the names given below.

In 1859 died Dr. Bull, Canon of Christ Church. A number of his friends, bent on honouring his memory, and well informed how far the genius of my subject had been applied to stained glass—a branch of painting which was then in a very anomalous and, as the Americans say, 'mixed' state—induced Burne Jones to design, as a memorial to the Canon, a noble scheme of decoration for the large east window of the Latin Chapel in Oxford Cathedral. In doing this he most effectually marked an epoch in glass painting, and thus won honour in common with Dante Rossetti, F. M. Brown, and one or two more, who have occupied themselves in the same mode of design.* The window was finished in 1859.†

In stringent studies of the technical sort and exercises in decoration, such as those of 'the firm,' Burne Jones passed the interval of 1859–60 and 1864. In the spring of the latter year he became, as I have said, an Associate of the 'Old Society,'‡ and at once commanded public attention by means of four drawings sent to the Pall Mall exhibition in May following, about which, while his warmest admirers regretted certain technical shortcomings they displayed, the best and more sympathetic critics had but one voice of praise. I had occasion, during this exhibition, to write thus of the more important of these pictures and their author:—

'These works will be prized and appreciated by those who are competent to enjoy the precious gift of colour this artist possesses. There is a great deal of bad drawing in Mr. Jones's *Fair Rosamond* (109), but the romantic feeling, luxury of colour, and poetical realisation of a youthful dream, redeem worse faults than those of an imperfect training. *Cinderella* (54) shows that heroine trying on the slippers; she is in the kitchen, and, by loading the dresser behind her beautiful face and figure with ranges of splendidly hued "old blue" china plates, the execution and colour of which are not less exquisite than that of the girl's green robes, the painter has given us a lesson in colour not soon to be forgotten. His success therein is marvellous. The bent of the designer's mind is best seen in the strange, half-mystical picture (No. 215) *Of a Knight who was merciful to his Enemy when he might have destroyed him; and how the Image of Christ kissed him, in token that his Acts had pleased God.*'

The fourth drawing of this season was called *The Annunciation*, and could not be technically reckoned among Mr. Burne Jones's masterpieces. Some of his critics were troubled by the novelty and splendour of his designs and the colouring with which, in the true sense of the term, he illustrated them. Accordingly the term 'mediaeval,' commonly employed at that time to represent anything which to unsophisticated eyes seemed *outré*, or even original, was applied to *The Annunciation*, and this gave occasion for a protest that it was an abuse of terms to call such works

* A society of artists, amateurs, and literary men, which included the brothers Dante and William Rossetti, F. Madox Brown, W. Holman Hunt, Henry Wallis, John Brett, A. Hughes, A. W. Hunt, F. Leighton, G. E. Street, G. F. Bodley, G. P. Boyce, R. B. Martineau, W. Morris, V. Prinsep, Spencer Stanhope, Philip Webb, G. F. Watts, B. B. Woodward, and T. Woolner. The number of artistic members (being less than forty in all) was very limited indeed. With but three or four exceptions, they were then, or have since become, more or less distinguished. The above are names selected from the active members. The Club had its home in Piccadilly and Waterloo Place, and, apart from friendly intercourse, was founded in order to supply a gallery for the private exhibition of members' works previous to or following their being shown elsewhere to the public. The society lasted from 1858 till 1864. On its walls were found, for the first time in London, some of the works of Burne Jones, being drawings with a pen in ink, and cartoons made for stained glass, including, to the best of my recollection, some of the designs for the above-named window in Oxford Cathedral, which was executed by Messrs. Powell and Sons, of Whitefriars.

* In four large lights and the tracery above them, this window most brilliantly and vigorously illustrates the life of St. Frideswide, the original patroness of the church which is now the Cathedral of Christ Church, Oxford, a royal virgin of the eighth century, who, persecuted by Algar, King of Mercia, finally retired to Oxford, and died A.D. 740. She was considered the special patroness of the City of Oxford.

† Its execution, and that of other commissions which followed it, led to the formation of the now well-known firm of artist-decorators, originally styled 'Morris, Marshall, Faulkener and Company,' which is now merged into 'William Morris and Company,' Oxford Street. In the original firm Mr. Burne Jones, as well as Mr. F. M. Brown, had shares; with it, in a less close degree, Dante Rossetti was associated.

‡ He was elected with Frederick Walker, George P. Boyce, and E. Lundgren—a curiously diverse company—Feb. 8, 1864.

mediaeval in style or feeling; the intensity of mediaevalism, its earnestness and pathos, were gone from the world when the highly-wrought sensitiveness and nervous irritability that characterise his pictures appeared among men. Mr. Burne Jones's prototypes, but not his prompters, had, it was averred, appeared at Venice in the sixteenth century.

So much on our artist as contemporaries saw him in 1864. He was then working on lines which, although distinctly his own, were not less distinctly parallel to Rossetti's, *i.e.*, the Rossetti of nearly a quarter of a century since, who, although he was busy on that transcendent masterpiece *The Beloved*, had for some time previously given most of his energies to *Sir Galahad*, *Bethlehem Gate*, *The Princess Sabra*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Beata Beatrix*, *St. George and the Dragon*, *The Wedding of St. George*, *Lady Lilleth*, and similar subjects. He was, in fact, in the transitional stage indicated by his choice of romantic and legendary subjects, and the riper period indicated by finishing *The Beloved*, and beginning *Il Ramoscello*, *Sibylla Palmifera*, the sumptuous *Mona Vanna*, *Tibullus' return to Delia*, *La Pia*, and the like.

The Burne Jones of 1864, to whom I turn with deep interest, because the first step of his art and inspiration seems to have reached its climax at that stage, was best represented by that picture of his here already named *Of a Knight who was merciful to his Enemy*. In it I recognise, as in the mirror of another man's mind, how much and yet how little (it is no paradox to write thus) there was of Rossetti in the art and mind of Burne Jones at the time it was invented. Instinct with mysticism quite different from Rossetti's, pathetic and sentimental in quite other veins than his, and technically incomplete in a way the master's art had never been, the *Christ kissing the Knight* was an astonishing picture. No wonder the British critic stood bewildered before it, and was bothered beyond measure by its eccentricities, dazed by its power. It represents a twilight wood, rich in reflections and deep in gloom, having spaces glorified by the sun, but otherwise pervaded by a weird and strangely impressive bronze tone,—a tone, by the way, to which Burne Jones has more than once had recourse, and which is due to a peculiar local colouring. In the foreground is a calvary, such as a mediaeval wood might contain when knights rode in quest of adventures, and were devoted to the Sangraal, as in legends of the Arthurian cycle. Before the crucifix a young champion, worn by trouble and travel, is kneeling bareheaded, but otherwise completely clad in black steel, the shining surface of which is made gloomy in the darksome place, where most of all the golden image of the Redeemer is lustrous. In this obscured place the knight's armour gleams with innumerable reflections from the sky, contrasted with others from the dark foliage and stems of trees gathered about it. According to the legend affected by the painter, the statue of gilded metal has stooped forward from the cross to kiss the merciful knight upon his brow, thus expressing the blessing which attends the merciful, and the wild wood and the worn knight are alike glorified in the act.

We have to lose sight of probabilities in contemplating such a picture as this. Like the legend to which it refers, it is preternatural, magical, heart-inspired, and beautiful, childlike in its simplicity, and yet subtle and soul-searching, as many a wild mediaeval legend became while passing from believing heart to believing heart. The picture is not intended to be analysed by the commonplace records of history, to say nothing of the rules of art, and the loyal representation of ordinary nature. Nevertheless, Giorgione might have painted the glory of light and reflections, the clearness of the gloom, or the wan beauty of the youth. Rossetti might have thought of the subject, and in the ineffable passion and yearning of the design there was something Tintoret might have hinted at darkly, or the studious, labouring fancy of Lionardo suggested.

Technical defects apart, on which I need not dwell here, there is much in the *Christ kissing the merciful Knight*, which, while it is all of art in art's subtlest vein, is far beyond artistic canons, and not to be tried by rules critical or explanatory. If we would not accept the work on its author's conditions, we must pass it by; it is not for us. But for those who yield wholly to the charm, and for others who are satisfied with art which exists for itself alone—as painting in Rome and Venice did, and as the purest music does—here is indeed a spell of magical power. Taking the subject as it is—weird, mystical, fanciful—the picture is its absolute presentment, in perfect keeping with it; in fact, the right development from it. From a subjective point of view, the strange pictorial enchantment wrought by the artist is a perfect success, thoroughly amenable to, and thoroughly loyal to, its own laws. If this is, as I believe, the case, we have but to look at the result in the impression produced on our minds, and this is aided in the highest degree by the expression of the knight's face, which is at once austere, tender, and devout. The sentiment is shown in the dimness of the misty forest path, close to which the calvary stands; it seems to haunt the hollow glade beyond the group, where the shadows of giant trees are projected on the sward, and where half the sunlight is lost in vapours. As a study of colour, developed from the Venetian mode, the picture is perfect, and, as I said before of this characteristic

peculiarity of Mr. Jones's art, in entire harmony with the inspiration of the subject.*

The next stage of Mr. Burne Jones's art, represented by the picture of *Venus' Mirror*, here placed before the reader, differs materially from that I have endeavoured to illustrate. It was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, but painted at least two years previously. The 'Athenæum' of June 24, 1876, mentioned it at length, in common with *The Six Days of Creation*, *Laus Veneris*, *The Bridal of Thetis*, and other works, several of which will be noticed in the sequel of this paper, as belonging to a later period—that of almost full development of the artist's genius. *The Mirror of Venus* shows that in the interval of time Burne Jones's feeling for colour and design had passed from the Venetian nearly to the Florentine type, and, with greater technical skill, he had essayed more complex and difficult subjects than before. The engraving describes the design to represent a numerous group of nymphs gathered on the brink of a bright still pool in a narrow plain, ending in a vista between hills of the richest form and greatest beauty. But the print cannot render an idea of the exquisite harmonies and delicate contrasts of strong and vivid colours the picture possesses. The many-tinted robes and fair carnations are equally pure and brilliant. The charm of the true Renaissance is here in perfection. The landscape is most lovely. Of Mr. Burne Jones's classic and legendary subjects of a later date I am permitted to write again.

F. G. Stephens.

* This picture now belongs to Mr. Leathart, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. A portion of the above account of it, written from notes made before the work, thus having the quality of studies from nature, has been published elsewhere.

ART CHRONICLE.

The autumn exhibition season began early. MM. Boussod & Valadon, successors to M. Goupil, have been showing since September a number of pictures by R. Friese, notably the large sensational piece, *Brigands of the Desert*, a lion and lioness prowling about a desert camp at nightfall, one of the points in last season's *Salon*. Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti opened the Hanover Gallery for the third time with a show of pictures by Continental artists, many Spaniards among them. The main feature of the collection is *Le Postillon*, a recently painted picture by Meissonier, and on a scale beyond his average. The subject is a team of post-horses ridden along a country road by the postillion; a good example, complete in *technique*, of the precision in detail and effect in the large which still characterise the French master. The Dudley Gallery Art Society adventured on a water-colour out-door sketch exhibition of very moderate pretension. The President, Mr. Walter Severn, sends, by way of novelty, a view of *Freshwater*, *Isle of Wight*, 'sketched with sea water!' We shall hear next, perhaps, of farm-buildings painted in milk, or studies in a colliery drawn in coal! A few efforts in pastel are among the contributions.

Lord Bute's fine gallery of pictures, known as the 'Luton Hoo Collection,' which was at one time in the family town house and has recently remained on loan at the Bethnal Green Museum, is now placed at Mount Stuart, near Rothesay, the sumptuous Scottish residence of the Marquis.

A replica of the small *Crucifizion* by Raphael, in the Ward Dudley collection, has been found at Moscow and described by Mons. Müntz in a recent number of the 'Chronique des Arts.' The pedigree of the picture traces it from the church of S. Domenico at San Gimignano through the hands of a certain Antonio Moggi into the collection of Prince Alexander Galitzin at Rome, whence it passed into that nobleman's gallery at Moscow.

Some discussion has been recently carried on in the daily press as to the title assigned by the Director of the National Gallery to Rubens' spirited design *en grisaille* for a salver, which was purchased at the Hamilton sale. According to some opinions the *Triumph of Galatea* more fitly designates this composition. Sir F. Burton, however, finds classic precedent all pointing to Venus as the central point of the subject, in the *cortège* of sea-monsters, the hovering Cupid, and a female figure whom he takes to be Peitho, in the puffed-cheek Winds, and border pattern of cupids and swans. Furthermore, a rare etching by Jacob Neffs, known by the title *L'Aiquière de Charles I.*, gives the design of this salver, also that of the accompanying ewer, drawn on the flat, the subject of the latter being one which forms the artistic sequence to a *Birth of Venus*, namely, the *Judgment of Paris*, wherein Venus receives the apple of victory. A Latin inscription on the plate states that the design was painted by Rubens for Charles I., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, that Theodore Rogier chiselled the silver, and Jacob Neffs made the etching. It is fair to presume that the grisaille by Rubens for this ewer exists somewhere, and our Director naturally puts the question —Where?

The volume of sketches and manuscript notes by Leonardo da Vinci in the Ambrosian Library, Milan, known as the 'Codice Atlantico,' is to be published by the Accademia dei Lincei for the Italian Department of Public Instruction during the course of the next eight years, the necessary subscription—close on 400*l.*—having been made up chiefly by the King of Italy, the head of the Order of S. Maurizio, and the Royal Academy. Thirteen volumes, containing the manuscripts and drawings left to Francesco Melzi by Da Vinci, are said to have been carried to Paris as spoils by the first Napoleon, and there to be still retained, with the exception of the one in question, which was restored to Milan by the Bourbons. It is a large book, measuring about twenty-nine inches by nineteen, and the papers of all shapes and sizes, mounted two to a page on either side each leaf, number nearly 1800. The subjects consist very much of mechanical designs, geometric problems, perspective diagrams, &c.; but here and there are heads and figures, scraps of architectural detail, and so on. The quality of these sketches is various as their number is great, the unmistakable stamp of authenticity rests by no means on all. Each sketch is accompanied by comments in almost undecipherable manuscript, which has, as we know, only lately yielded its secrets to the perseverance of modern research—French and German.

The large illustrated works on the Basilica S. Marco, brought out by Signor Ferdinando Ongania of Venice, is supplemented by a further volume in quarto edition of 600 numbered copies on the famous 'Treasury of S. Marco.' The text, separately printed, is furnished by the Abbé Antonio

Pasini, canon of the Marciana. Twenty-one plates in chromo-lithography and seventy-two in colour heliotype illustrate the precious objects of the famous Treasury, the Pala d'Oro, the Byzantine bindings, reliquaries and *objets d'art*, tapestries, altar furniture, &c. The subscription price was 12*l.* 16*s.*, English, raised on completion of the work to 15 guineas. A copy of the work is now on view at the rooms of the Arundel Society in Bond-Street.

THE volume entitled 'Sport,' by the late Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., is chiefly noticeable in these pages for the numerous illustrations contributed by General Crealocke, 'a work which he began out of regard for an old friend, and which he has completed as a tribute to his memory.' These sketches are drawn with so much spirit and such intimate knowledge that the man whose life lies most apart from sport may, in turning over the book, experience something of the sensations of a sportsman. The chapters deal with four subjects only: Fox-hunting, Salmon-fishing, Covert-shooting, and Deer-stalking. The author argues against 'an impossible standard of pseudo-philanthropy and humanitarian morality,' but stands up as stoutly for humanity in sport. 'For myself,' he says, 'if I wound a hare and do not recover it, I am wretched all that day.' And in the chapter on Fox-hunting he writes, 'I myself like not the last scene of some hunts, when, his limbs having failed him, the poor fox is driven to depend on the resources of his vulpine brain alone. Often have I turned aside, declining to witness the little stratagems of his then piteous cunning; nay, more, I confess when I alone have come across the hiding-place of a "beaten fox," and he has, so to speak, confided his secret to me with his upturned and indescribably appealing eye, it has been sacred with me. I have retired softly, and rejoiced with huge joy when the huntsman at last called away his baffled pack.' The book gives evidence, also, that Mr. Bromley-Davenport had that enjoyment of the country and of wild scenery which is no doubt very genuine in many sportsmen. Here is a vigorous description of a Norwegian valley:—'Opposite the Troll-tinderne, on the north-eastern side of the valley, the Romsdal Horn rears its untrodden head. It falls so sheer and smooth towards the river that it affords no resting-place for the snow, consequently no avalanches fall on this side; but occasionally, as from the Troll-tinderne, a huge rock is dislodged by time and weather; and sometimes I have seen one of these come down from the very top, and marked its progress by the slight puffs of smoke which, long before the report reaches the ear, are plainly to be seen, as in its successive leaps it comes in contact with the mountain side; and the length of time which elapses between the first reverberation that makes one look up when the solid mass takes its first spring from the summit, and the last grape-shot clatter of its fragments at the foot of the Horn, gives me some idea of the terrific proportions of this wonderful rock. Sometimes I can hardly help, as I look at its awful sides, giving it personal identity and the attributes of life—regarding it with a sort of terror and with a humble desire somehow to propitiate it, as a merciful giant who respects and pities my minute life, and disdains to put his foot upon me or crush me with one of his granite thunderbolts.'

A LARGE drawing of *The Good Shepherd*, by Mr. F. Shields, has been reproduced by the Autotype Company. The subject is treated with the utmost simplicity; the Shepherd bears in his arms two lambs, while the ewe looks up to him and the flock follow. It is a good example of Mr. Shields' refined and dignified art.

MR. TUER has reprinted his book on Bartolozzi in a small square volume, very quaintly bound in a sort of parchment, with grey silk strings and a broad yellow marker. Some sections have been omitted and additional matter inserted. There are a couple of plates illustrating the method of engraving in stipple, and an engraved title-page.

AMONG re-issues from Messrs. Bell and Sons, are a new edition of Fairholt's work on 'Costume,' edited by the Hon. A. H. Dillon, F.S.A.; also an enlarged edition of the well-known 'Hand-book of Engraved Gems,' by the Rev. C. H. King; new matter, both of text and illustration, being added to the latter volume.

MR. HENRY WALLIS, the painter, brings out under the title, 'Notes on Some Early Persian Lustre Vases,' a pamphlet on certain phases in the art-pottery of Persia, which were especially brought forward at the Exhibition of Oriental Ceramics in the Burlington Fine Arts Club during the past season. Especial care has been taken with the colour illustrations. The Burlington Club does no little service in the cause of art by its recurrent loan collections of selected examples; and the private Catalogues of these Exhibitions, always ably edited, form valuable additions to an art reference library.

THE equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, executed by Mr. Watts, R.A., for the Duke of Westminster, stands at last within the great Quadrangle of the rebuilt ducal palace, Eaton Hall, on the Dee.

THE artist to be illustrated at the Winter Exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery is Sir J. Millais, R.A. Although but a short time since a Millais collection was arranged at the Fine Arts Society's Rooms, one may safely augur that Sir Coutts Lindsay has found this season a sure 'draw' for the Grosvenor Gallery.

AT the Royal Cabinet of Engraving in Dresden a new room has been thrown open, in which will be exhibited to the public in systematic succession a selection from the most important engravings, woodcuts, and original drawings.

HERR MICHAELIS has published a paper in which he endeavours to prove that the *Leda* of Michelangelo was closely founded upon a sarcophagus relief, which is figured in the Codex Pighianus of the Berlin Library.

THE statuary by the Danish artist Thorwaldsen, sold at the auction of the late Sir Moses Montefiore's effects at his town residence, indicated the change of taste in the matter of modern classic sculpture. Several elegant figures fetched considerably less than twenty pounds each, while the highest price offered for a group of a Greek girl and dog was only 23*l.* Ninety pound was given for the colossal bust by Canova of the first Napoleon crowned with laurels. The collection of pictures was of little value, being chiefly copies.

THE first September number of the Berlin *Kunstfreund* devoted its opening pages to a description of Rubens' famous *Bacchanal* and *Andromeda* from Blenheim, which have recently added to the rapidly increasing *éclat* of the Berlin Museum.

AN art volume of some pretensions coming out under the editorship of Mr. Humphrey Ward, consists of selected examples of English Art in the Picture Galleries of London reproduced by photogravure to the number of 125. The popular price is 15*l.*, and *éditions de luxe* reach double the figure. The literary materials should be far above the average level of text for works in which the illustrations are the *raison d'être*, inasmuch as Mr. Ward will have the collaboration on certain artists of the painters, Messrs. Alfred Hunt, W. B. Richmond, G. Boughton, Thos. Woolner, and the critics, Austin Dobson, Walter Armstrong, &c.

A FIRM in Nürnberg, Herrn Schrag, have permission to issue a complete folio of photographs from the best pictures in the Germanische Museum, the property of the Bavarian King and of the town. Thirty-nine are already out, and include the fine Pietà by Dürer formerly in the Moritz Kapelle, portraits by Lucas Cranach, work of Wohlgemuth and Hans Burkmair.

BY inadvertence the colossal group of Boadicea and her daughters in a war chariot, left by the late Mr. Thomas Thornycroft unfinished in his studio, was misentitled in the obituary paragraph of our last issue.

BLIGH SAND, NEAR SHEERNESS.

PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. ENGRAVED IN MEZZOTINT BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

THE picture is in the Turner Collection in the National Gallery. It was painted in the year 1809, but not exhibited in the Royal Academy until the year 1815, when it appeared along with the well-known works, *Crossing the Brook* and *Dido Building Carthage*. Mr. Ruskin admired the quality of the picture, and said that it was a fine picture of its class, with more glow in its light and more true gloom in its dark than the *Shipwreck* and *Calais Pier*, but he felt unable to take any interest in the subject, the fishing-boats being 'too far off to show their picturesque details,' and the sea too low to be sublime and too dark to be beautiful, whilst the shore was 'as dull as sand could be.'

It is probable that since this criticism was written we have become less disposed to require what used to be called 'subject' in pictures. We now care more for unity of motive and impression than for interest of subject, and this picture unquestionably possesses that kind of unity in the highest degree. The dull, uninteresting bit of sandy foreground is part of the character of the scene, just as in many Dutch pictures (of which this reminds us by its low horizon and by the familiar character of its materials) a space of almost empty foreground is often used to direct our attention to the middle distance. There is more composition in the work before us than may at first sight appear. The picture is focussed by the gleam of light on the water, and by the buoy. The dark near boat to the left and the two sloops to the right serve the purpose of the side hills in lake scenery, whilst the sails of the more distant boats between them give the interest which in lake scenery is supplied by the distant hills. It is the old principle of the side-scenes and the distance on the stage. The mass of the nearest boat with the big hull is prevented from being isolated by the darkening of both sky and water on that side of the picture, and the breadth of the work is maintained by keeping the light sails under the lighter part of the sky and over the rather bright gleam of the water. For these reasons, and for its good tone, the picture is amongst the most satisfactory of Turner's earlier time. It is interesting in the history of his art as showing how, even in 1809, he had the instincts of an artist, and was no longer the mere topographer. It is plain that the picture offers no topographic interest whatever. The sand and sea may be anywhere, the sky and boats may be anywhere off the coast of Britain; *Bligh Sand* is merely a title to know the picture by, or possibly due to an association with the place where the group of boats may have been seen.

EDITOR.

EDWARD BURNE JONES, A.R.A.

II.

MR. BURNE JONES, elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours in 1864 and in the honourable company I have mentioned, remained in that position until 1868, when, after an unusually short interval, he was chosen a full Member. At this period he was much engaged in decorative works of originality and beauty, such as are predicated by the quality of the window of the Latin Chapel at Oxford. He likewise continued his studies in the strictest manner, and rapidly secured that technical power which is rarely won by artists who begin their profession after boyhood. Tapestries, mural, domestic, and church paintings, Robbia ware, tiles, ironwork, and all kinds of things of the decorative sort, then, and later, occupied 'the firm' which has been already named in connexion with our painter. As a decorative artist his brilliant fancy—working with never-failing elements of grace and beauty—his superb sense of colour, and, above all, his absolute fidelity to the functional character of every thing he touched, distinguished all his doings. Instinct with the justest logic of art, he could not, had he tried, do violence to that common sense which inspires all design worthy of the name. Of course, the pure nonsense of the later Renaissance, Louis Quatorze, and Louis Quinze devices, the insane platitudes of Chippendale, and the idiocies of Sheraton, were not for a man whose intelligence was directed by the logic of design and incapable of vulgarity. On the other hand, he would not omit any grace Chippendale or Sheraton might, in their sane moments, have stumbled on. As it was his example established if it did not initiate, as I think it did, that taste for a fine mode of decoration which—relying on elegant figures and accessories, and lovely coloration, and, being instinct with emotion, and abounding in beauty—obtains among us still.

Beside the decorations proper, he contrived in 1863–4 to paint a charming trio of pictures from the legend of Pyramus and Thisbe, representing, in very ardent figures, the one lover taking the letter from the chink in the wall, the other lover listening

at the cleft, and, mounted between them, Cupid kneeling on the summit of a column, drawing to its head the mighty arrow of desire. The motto of the subject was inscribed on a label below the god's feet, and began :—

> 'But what is that that Love can not espie,
> Ye Lovers two if that I shall not lie.'

Accordingly Love unseen watches the eager pair standing one on each side of him. *Phillis*, *Philomela*, *Astrologia*, the beautiful whim of design called *Blind Love*, the delicious harmony of colour in olive and golden green entitled *Green Summer*—a group of ladies seated in a lush meadow, near the calmest of pools and the shadow of a noble wood—*The Enchantment of Nimuë*—to which I have already referred, and the original design for *The Hours*—six fair ladies* worthy of Chaucer's 'Dreme,' an enlarged version of which charmed the world at the 'Grosvenor' a few years since, were all produced in 1865.

Chant d'Amour, a very lovely piece, was at the Old Society's rooms in 1866,† and followed in 1868, by illustrations of the legend of Cupid and Psyche, Chaucer's 'Dreme of Good Women,' *St. George*, and the ever-beautiful *Autumn* and *Spring*. In 1869 came that true romance of classic witchery, now in Mr. Leyland's collection, and called *The Wine of Circe*, where in her banquet-chamber, one side of which is open to the sea, so that on green, hungry-seeming waves and under a sky brooding evil, are revealed to us black-hulled galleys coming at their utmost speed of oars and sails right onward towards the beach below the palace of the enchantress. The table of feasting is already spread, and guests make haste to their destruction. For them she—clad in saffron, that evil hue of antique legends—sits on her throne and waits, while stooping with a stealthy grace, as, lest its vapours should harm herself, she holds a phial at the utmost reach of a long, fair arm (the very slenderness of which is queenly) while the weird syrop—its contents thick, heavy, black, and dull—distils in clots to the vase whence the wine for the feast shall be taken. Great disks of sunflowers make splendid colour with the robe of Circe, and gather about the table where the hides of two huge panthers supply intense contrasts of black, as the brutes, gambolling clumsily, fondle the knees of the witch. In this picture the fruits of the artist's well-sustained studies in form told with unprecedented success, and we saw that ere long his art would become as admirable for draughtsmanship as it had ever been for colour, tone, and chiaroscuro. The charms of *Circe* lay in its immense energy and just conception of the romance, and in the intense dramatisation of the subject.

Of Mr. Burne Jones's work originally it had been said, 'he laid on pigments and the colour came.' That 'colour' was of the royal order, magnificently sombre, exuberantly rich, and sometimes so exquisitely profound as to be poetry itself; such, in short, as we find in the pictures of Giorgione, and in his only. There was, too, a mystery of luxury and languor, which in its profound sensuousness was supersensual. In 1870 the fruit of his studies was evidently ripening fast. *Evening* showed the genius of the pallid hour, pallid as the time, clad in bronze-green robes of the palest tints, and floating in the air over a harbour, a city, and the sea. Here that sense of the pathos of colour which I have ventured to name as among the rarer elements of our artist's genius appeared at its purest and its best. Subtle and fine as the coloration was, the design of the figure was quite worthy of it. Languor seeking rest, and effortless grace pervaded the design of *Evening* from the casting of the draperies to the charm of the face and the colour.

The best of our painter's works this year was *Love disguised as Reason* and in the act of addressing two damsels, who, as devotees of love, sit and listen attentively but unwitting that the pale, soberly-attired speaker, with an inkhorn at his side, or rather a quiver disguised, and filled with scarlet-plumed pens, is neither more nor less than Love himself. *Night* was a figure with an inverted torch, draped in sober blue, and in the act of setting aside the doors of darkness to the twilight of a dim landscape and a star-crowded sky. *Phillis and Demophoon* showed the nymph embracing the youth, and illustrated an ardent impression of the

* The 'full bosomed Hours' appear as ladies seated on a long bench in divers feminine occupations of a day, including Waking, who is in white, adjusting her hair; Dressing, drying her hands on a towel; Spinning, holding a distaff; Feasting, tasting fruit; Playing, sounding a dulcimer held at her breast; and Sleeping, reclining against a pier, her hand locked with that of the dulcimer-player. The sincere air of the damsels, their serene loveliness, and their complete unconsciousness of self, distinguished this very choice design, the technical qualities of which were as before affirmed to the effect that Florentine motives, of a nobler order than those of Venice which had previously affected him, chastened and full of gracious gravity, were now rife in the painter's studies, directing his taste and ordering his efforts for the better. The difference between what I may call the one and the other classes of his efforts, was now for the first time strongly marked, but it was not yet at the summit of attainment.

† Not, of course, the picture which, having the same title, was at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878. In it Love, blindfold, worked the bellows of an organ on which a lady played, while her lover, a knight in armour, listened with sidelong head, as, leaning on his hand, he sat on the sward of a pleasaunce. The whole seemed hallowed by the sweet, soft air of evening and glowing of the setting sun. In the distance are the towers and walls of a castle; nearer, massed trees, the rich verdure of which is deepened in the twilight. Although the motive of Cupid savoured of artifice, and if not of a conceit, the charm of the picture could not be resisted. That charm lay in the solemn and sweet content of the figures, the restful evening, and that sense of the all-pervading sound of music which the design conveyed to the spectator.

subject. The face of Phillis, the flesh, and the colours of the draperies, were all in keeping with the story. The landscape and the sky of this work were noteworthy examples of the painter's tact, or rather the thoroughness and completeness of his feeling for his subject which never permitted these portions of his works to be void of significance, or, as artists say, 'to let.' The series of pictures of *Day* and *Night*, and *The Seasons*, now in Mr. Leyland's collection, very strikingly illustrate this. In these instances some of the backgrounds are simply curtains, and the foregrounds are small spaces of sward, yet in each case these elements are adapted to the subject of the picture. *The Days of Creation*, six superb designs, illustrated this point with even greater force and wealth of invention. The chief charms of *Phillis and Demophoon* were the expression and attitude of the nymph. She clasps her companion in her love-worn arms, and presses to his her eager face with the woe of a denial in her eyes, and dread of coming dissolution. This design was ineffably tender and beautiful, but its very tenderness gave offence to some who appear not to have understood the subject, nor to have grasped the meaning of the work. In the end, after some discussion, in which he took no part, the artist withdrew the picture from the gallery, and resigned his membership of the Society. In doing this he was supported by Sir (then Mr.) Frederic Burton, who quitted the body on the same occasion. Thus unfortunately, and, as I believe, for the first time in its career, the Society lost two of its leading members, who were artists of the figure, and as such, colleagues whom it could least afford to part with.

So far as the public at large was concerned, Mr. Burne Jones and his art disappeared from the stage after his connexion with the Society was severed. He did not emerge before the world until the Grosvenor Exhibition was opened for the first time on May the first, 1877, a day memorable in the history of English art. Failing Rossetti and F. Madox Brown, and one or two more of the painters *pur sang*, who, unhappily, could not be induced to take part with Sir Coutts Lindsay's generous effort to bring choice art fittingly before the world, the honours of the 'Grosvenor' were then, as since, reserved for my subject. True it is that other painters of renown contributed to that superb gathering which marked an epoch in our memories. Out of this category Mr. Watts alone sent examples of his powers which were at once new and of transcendent importance. Some of Mr. Alma Tadema's pictures were, of course, important, but these were not unknown to the public which attended the opening in thousands and saw that the poet in colour and designer of exquisite sentiment and romance, who, seven years before, had charmed all with water-colour drawings and decorations of rare beauty, and was, technically speaking, still an undeveloped great painter, had meanwhile far surpassed his promise and the hopes of his friends.

Nearly a year before the 'Grosvenor' was opened, the 'Athenæum' had described (June 24, 1876) at length the sumptuous pictures of our artist. The attention thus directed to these works was more than justified, and while studying *The Six Days of Creation* and *Venus's Mirror*, amateurs saw in Burne Jones one who was, in fact, a new painter. It will be remembered that at this time none of Rossetti's masterpieces had been seen, but only heard of by the public at large. The impression made by the younger artist's works was as novel as it was profound. Those who, on the other hand, knew what Rossetti had done, saw that the powers of the hitherto almost unknown man were original, fully developed, and in every sense of the term, unique. *The Days of Creation* were legitimate outcomes of what the painter had done before, with immeasurable new strength, skill, genius, and resources. Observers saw, not without surprise at the extent of the development, that he had almost entirely surmounted the technical difficulties which, even in 1870, hampered the expression of his genius. He now stood forth an excellent draughtsman, with power to employ at its best that beautiful and noble style which a natural sense of the right induced him to adopt, aided by enlarged familiarity with the finest types of art. Long-continued studies gave to his hand facility which could not be less than felicitous. Ease of self-expression did not, as is too frequently the case when facility was attained, induce him to rely on facility alone. On the contrary, the finish and research which distinguished the series of pictures to which I allude are recognisable on every inch of their surfaces, and as choice in character as they are exhaustless in degree and quality. With increased facility and felicity of expression new resources of invention were brought into play, so that while fastidious critics needed no longer to apologise for shortcomings of the executive sort formerly obvious in Burne Jones's contributions to the gallery in Pall Mall, the same critics found abundance of art of the best kind combined with the happiest modes of expression, and a whole new world of poetic intention glorified with the loveliest coloration, and a massive and beautiful ordonnance which, most of all in England, is one of the rarest elements of designs.

Venus's Mirror, being already sufficiently before the reader, I shall say nothing more about, but, for the moment, confine these notes to the *Days of Creation*, not only because the latter group of paintings are later and finer specimens of Mr. Burne Jones's powers than the former instance is, but because the six pictures serve admirably to illustrate the position attained by the artist ten years ago, and

mark another stage of his attainment, succeeding those already indicated in these essays.

The *Days*, six in number, are symbolised by large standing figures of angels; the air, attitude, expression, beauty, and dignity of each being distinct in all respects from his neighbours, and each having wings of grand size and suggestive power, each pair of wings possessing resplendent, delicately graded hues. A compartment in the series of pictures is appropriated to a day, and the angel of each day holds in his arms a large crystal sphere or globe, of the nature often represented by old painters to signify heavenly or earthly dominion, and frequently placed in the hands of the Creator.* In each sphere are reflections suggesting a step in the act of creation. On the head of every angel is a many-coloured plume of fire; the colour of each plume is appropriate to the act symbolised by the sphere-bearer. The geniuses are so arranged severally that that which follows is accompanied by its forerunner or forerunners, thus,—The Angel of the Second Day stands with his predecessor, and so on, till the Angel of the Sixth Day appears with his five forerunners, and with a genius seated on the earth amid flowers, and playing on a dulcimer; thus suggesting the pathos of the Seventh Day, or celebrating with music the completion of the great act of Creation. Generally the angels are tetramorphs, having six wings, like those mystical beings frequently represented in early art. The differing draperies with which these Presences are clothed partake of diverse lustres and rich tints severally appropriate, as the fire plumes are, to the act in view. The mixing and juxtaposition of these splendid colours are contrived with infinite art. Such exhaustive care was employed in the production of these works that the tints of each compartment *en masse*, including the wings, accessories, drapery, and spheres, are appropriate to the subject, while the whole series exhibits a just progression of colour, tone, and chiaroscuro.

Believing I could not better illustrate the amazing wealth of invention and treasury of colour this series of designs displays, I condense from previously used notes, the following description. The *Angel of the First Day* exhibits tones of grey and pale greenish hues of indefinite quality suited to the occasion; he stands on ground which is neither solid nor vaporous; his wings are purplish, his draperies of greyish green, and he holds a sphere in which an appearance of chaos resolving itself is suggested with subtlest art, so that a light globe and a dark globe are taking definite shapes amid mysterious light and darkness, and a solid planet begins to form. The Angel's fiery plume is of a pale citron yellow, and very low in lustre. His face is as that of one awakening from slumber, or rather of vitality not conscious of itself, or of a purpose. The Angel of the Second Day appears in the second compartment, with his forerunner a little behind him, and still holding the globe, which has a slightly modified aspect. The new angel has a golden flame in his hair, and in his sphere the blue earth is distinct and enclosed by a firmament of blue and white; both spirits stand on a mirror-like floor of water, and the general tint of the picture has a dawn-like dimness of warmth in it. The third compartment contains three figures. Thus the series continues to the end, with appropriate symbols of attire, accessories, appurtenances, illumination, and coloration graduated with the subtlest art, with astonishing care and refinement, and an ineffable spirit and beauty. 'The Fifth Angel holds a sphere with the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea represented in it. Water is suggested by the tinting of the design throughout, for not only is the globe almost like a piece of lapis-lazuli, so intense is its cerulean tint, while the wings are, generally, of a deep blue, but the figure stands on a shore wet from the receding tide.'

The monumental character of the work, as a whole, is not impaired by its splendid colouring subdued in perfect harmony. The faces, profoundly earnest in their earnest regard of the spectator, have, in their very stillness, that depth of noble emotion we recognise in the grandest Greek art; their loveliness is at once varied, appropriate, and sculpturesque. Intense passion rules the pictures, although it could not be less demonstrative. Certain elements being repeated at large, although not in detail, throughout the series of figures, give to the assembly a grand monotony suggestive of repose, and an architectonic character, which is far from being unpictorial.

Lovely as are some of the pictures Mr. Burne Jones has produced since that date, *The Days of Creation* may be said to have glorified the opening of the 'Grosvenor,' I have not been able to convince myself that he has surpassed the magnificent series. I admit the Florentine charm, the variety of beauty, action, and expression of *The Bridal of Thetis and Peleus;* I know that *Laus Veneris* combined the classic verve of Mantegna without his whimsicalities, Florentine movement, and something of Bellinesque drama; I have endeavoured to exhaust the charms of *Temperantia*, *Fides*, *Spes*, *Day*, *Night*, *The Seasons*, *The Song of Solomon*, *Venus Concordia*, *Venus Discordia*, *The Romance of the Rose*, *Fortune*, *Phillis and Demophoon* (the larger picture), *Pan and Psyche*, *Perseus and the Graie*, *The Beguiling of Merlin*, and

* The early German painters until Dürer's time were fond of the Crystal Sphere, and found scriptural authority for its signification and use. Christ sometimes appears with the same symbol in early Italian art. In later days it became, as might be expected, vulgar. Rubens did not avoid it; Van Dyck did not hesitate to put it in the hands of Charles the First, nor did he flinch from distinguishing by this means one of the beauties of the Court of that Monarch.

Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. I have profited by each and all of these, but none of them has affected me like the *Days of Creation.*

I have yet to mention among the triumphs of our painter's life a noble example of an original order adapted to a type of design which has hardly ever been used in modern art, with regard to which learning is not in the highest esteem. I allude to the *Annunciation,* a large, upright picture representing the Virgin in the porch of her home, startled and impressed, but not terrified, by the appearance of the angel descending, with pointed feet, from above, with wings folded downwards at his side, and shining all over brighter than day. He is radiant with the beauty of heaven. The motive of the figure of the angel of good tidings is of the least demonstrative nature. In its intense and almost passionate stillness (a contradictory phrase I must needs use for want of a better) we seem to see volition without effort—we recognise, or seem to recognise, swiftness and irresistible power without straining; and in the ordered and statue-like features sweetness is blended with ineffable awe and authority, needing no exertion to have its way. A fine repose pervades the celestial form. From heaven to earth the angel moved without ruffling his long garments, whose even and parallel folds are undisturbed; and, because the wearer is an embodiment of will, neither plume nor curled hair shook as he sped through immeasurable space. A tall bay-tree near and beneath the feet of the messenger gave its dark and glittering verdure by way of contrast to the white robes of the visitant and the chosen woman. The white stone walls of the house, the white parapet and pavement in front, formed a subtly-graded whole of colour, which, although varied with sub-tints from rose to silver-grey, remained homogeneous and complete in harmony.

We all remember this masterpiece at the 'Grosvenor' in 1879 as at once sad and yet pregnant with hope, and inspired by the noble beauty, not less graceful than austere, that underlies the technique—at once incompetent and wilfully ascetic, rather than self-denying and chastened—of the Byzantine and early Christian painters of Italy. The technical model Burne Jones affected for his picture is nearer to the latter than the former manifestation; and it refers more directly to Italian than to Constantinopolitan ideals of design. From antique Roman springs came the inspiration which, centering on and flourishing at Ravenna, was thoroughly Christian. It is but half allied to the gorgeous, semi-Oriental type of Byzantium; and it is at once so chaste, intense, and severe, that our studious memories recognise in it a beautiful revival of the *morne* and grave—not to say grim—Etruscan mood in art.

Inspired by that lovely and graceful severity to which I have referred, the Englishman may be said to have fused its archaism with the new fire of his genius; or to have reduced its hide-bound conventionality to a plastic condition, and employed the ancient materials in fresh, beautiful, and dignified forms. The *Annunciation* is an extraordinary example of good fortune in this recasting of antique art. Some of the early Venetian and Lombard painters seem, if we judge by their pictures, to have had inklings of a purpose of fusion not unlike those Burne Jones hit upon. The Venetians failed because, missing the spirit, they were happy in a heavenly sort of prettiness; and the grimmer Lombards, touching on the austerity of the Etruscan inheritance in design, seldom escaped being ugly, and were frequently uncouth also. The sweetness underlying the long-retained archaistic design of Siena lacked the fibre, virility, and *verve,* which gave a splendid energy to the *Annunciation* of our own time.

Some of Burne Jones's designs for stained glass, especially those produced a few years since, attest the influence of studies directed Ravenna-wise; where a sumptuous coloration—much affecting secondary green, purple, grey, and tarnished-silver tints—has a wondrous affinity for the subtle tones and dim iridescence of dark pearls and the inner golden hue of old ivory, much enjoyed by painters. His noble window at Hopton, where the Resurrection is glorified with abundance of tints so subdued and harmonious that they suggest reverence and heavenward aspirations, appeals profoundly to students and lovers of poetry in art. The designs for mosaics, mentioned below as to be executed at Rome, and one of the grandest as well as largest examples of the category, partake of the charm which works wonders in the stained-glass pictures, and attains its acme of growth in the *Annunciation.*

Otherwise working with broader types than those of ancient Ravenna, my subject has frequently used draperies, ornaments, and even expressions, which recall the suave and restful naturalism of early Florentine art. His bronze reliefs of the *Entombment* and its companion, the *Nativity,* are examples where a broad style prevails. Above all, in this connexion, we have *Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre,* where even the grave-eyed, remorseful, and awe-impressed angel guardians of the tomb seem to hold their breath in presence of the Dead, and with solemn eyes keep silent watch. Here are types of form, expression, and draperies, majestic and almost divine, with no defect of tenderness and grace, and, in this fine humanity, quite worthy of Lippi.

The Golden Stairs, of which a capital reproduction accompanies this paper, is a glorious picture of grace, endowed with a pure charm of colour comprising wealth of varieties of white. It needs no explanation. Its subject is its art. It was designed

to illustrate the beauty of the subtlest lines, forms, colours, and actions. It succeeds perfectly.

I have reserved for special mention at the end of this essay, a group of religious and monumental works which, so far as their inspiration goes, have higher aims than any of the above. This group includes the magnificently austere quasi-Byzantine decorations for the vault of the English Protestant church in Rome; the perfection of white called *Dies Domini*, the grave and intense *Judgment*, with a design as dramatic as Giotto or Masaccio could wish, and the *Song of Solomon*. Mr. Burne Jones has lately made progress with a series of illustrations of the *Legend of the Briar Rose*, and he is actively engaged on another series of pictures intended to display at large the history of Perseus.

F. G. Stephens.

THE NATURE OF THE FINE ARTS.

MR. PARKER'S essay on the nature of the Fine Arts* belongs to a small class of books that are peculiarly difficult to review. It is very full of matter; and so provocative of discussion, that to consider all its propositions as one would desire, might lead to the writing of a volume containing as many pages as itself. The tone of Mr. Parker's writing is enough to provoke a reply to almost every page, being at the same time ratiocinative and dogmatic, not at all deferential to any authority whatever, and—though not arrogant or overbearing—always imperturbably self-satisfied. I have read the book through twice with much interest; and if it is impossible, in the space of an article, to deal satisfactorily with a volume that opens so many questions, I may at least quietly consider one of them.

Before proceeding to details, we may, on behalf of the Fine Arts, express a grateful sense of the honour done them when a representative of the older culture, a Fellow of Oriel, condescends to pay so much attention to them as to institute an inquiry into their nature. We are old enough to remember the day when Slade Professors had not as yet been heard of, and when the influence of Oxford was entirely on the side of popular misunderstanding of these subjects. Even so recently as the year 1863, Mr. Ruskin spoke of that evil influence in the present tense. In his evidence before the Royal Academy Commission, he said: 'I think if you educate our upper classes to take more interest in art, which implies of course to know something about it, they might be most efficient members of the Academy; but if you leave them, as you leave them now, to the education which they get at Oxford and Cambridge, and give them the sort of scorn which all the teaching there tends to give, for art and artists, the less they have to do with an academy of art the better.' There are some traces of this ancient scorn even in Mr. Parker's book. When giving the evidence just referred to, Mr. Ruskin spoke of the mistaken notion that a painter could be made by means of a little technical education only, and said 'that error is partly owing to our excessively vulgar and excessively shallow English idea that the artist's profession is not, and cannot be, a liberal one.' This word 'liberal' is often used by Mr. Parker, and he steadily maintains that painting is not a liberal art. 'The belief that the art of painting is a liberal art' is treated by Mr. Parker as a popular error, and he seems to retain the old conception of the liberal arts, that 'they are not simply the non-servile pursuits, but are studies which need no technical or manual instruction, being of a purely intellectual kind.' He then separates the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts in a short sentence: 'At the present day a complication has resulted. There is on the one hand a desire, almost universal, to support the view that the Fine Arts can be taught, as the Liberal Arts are taught, theoretically. On the other, the University of Oxford has for the first time in its history, with one doubtful exception, departed from the traditional ideal and included practical instruction.'

Mr. Parker's reasons for refusing the epithet 'liberal' to the art of painting are the following: He says there never can be a science of painting, in the sense in which there is a science of music. You may begin by dividing musical from unmusical sounds, but 'no such division of colours is possible. This is a necessary result of the fact that painting is an art of representation, for the artist who represents must use all the colours which he sees. In the next place, musical sounds can be reduced to language or signs. Music can be written. Colours can be stated in language only in an exceedingly imperfect way, which is quite inadequate for scientific purposes. Colour is continuous, sound is discrete.' Mr. Parker then affirms that 'the condition of a true science is that it should contain propositions, the terms of which have a definite meaning,' and finally comes to the conclusion that 'Cassiodorus was quite right when he affirmed in the introduction to the *Liberalium Litterarum* that music belongs to *mathematica*. Colours, however, cannot be so treated.'

The argument here is that painting is not one of the liberal arts because it cannot be taught in rigid

* 'The Nature of the Fine Arts.' By H. Parker, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

scientific propositions. Mr. Parker admits that perspective may be so taught, but this is the only part of painting that seems admissible amongst the liberal arts. The real objection to Mr. Parker's argument is that a theory of vibrations has no more to do with what a musical artist understands by 'music' than a theory of muscular contraction has to do with the art of dancing. In both cases purely scientific investigations leave the soul of the art out of consideration. It may or may not be possible to calculate the number of vibrations in a string that sounds a given note; such a calculation goes no way towards explaining the invention of a melody. The composer of some simple tune, such as 'Annie Laurie,' exercised the true gift of musical invention, but would probably have been quite unable to explain how the tune came to him by any theory of mathematical coincidence. The definition of a liberal art as an art that can be explained in scientific terms would exclude all those qualities of the Fine Arts that give them their superior rank. It is always these higher qualities that escape the scientific analyst. He can define the rules of prosody, but the delicate art of the poet evades his measurements, often by its very violations of those rules. What is really wonderful in Mr. Parker's theory is that he would deprive painting of its rank as a liberal art because it is too subtle, too complex, too synthetic, and too refined for the rigid explanations of the lecturer. Mr. Parker's work is, in fact, a reactionary attempt to re-establish the scholastic sense of the term 'liberal arts,' in opposition to the modern sense. The scholastic sense is that of the 'arts' recognised in a Master's degree; the modern sense has been accurately defined by Webster, who says, 'the liberal or polite arts are those in which the mind or imagination is chiefly concerned, as poetry, music, and painting.' Littré tells us that the word 'Libéral' means 'qui est digne d'un homme libre;' and then he proceeds to explain that the Liberal Arts are so called by opposition to the Mechanic Arts, because they require 'une intervention grande et perpétuelle de l'intelligence. La peinture, la sculpture, sont des arts libéraux.' This opposition between the liberal and the mechanic arts had its origin, according to Littré, in the ancient prejudice against manual labour, which was considered unworthy of a freeman and contemptuously left to slaves. The popular modern reason amongst the wealthy and professional classes for unwillingness to admit painting amongst the liberal professions is, that it includes a handicraft trade, the skilled application of colours to wood or canvas. Mr. Ruskin calls this prejudice 'excessively vulgar and excessively shallow.' The vulgarity and the shallowness of the idea consist in seeing the handicraft only and not the thought, knowledge, and imagination which are expressed by means of the handicraft. The excuse for the prejudice is to be found in the necessity for great manual skill, which we admit to be an unfortunate necessity. An artist may have deep thought, ample knowledge, and noble imagination, yet if manual skill be wanting, his art is a failure, whilst on the other hand we find instances of artists clever with the brush who have succeeded without poetry and with a minimum of thought. The full truth about this matter is that painting may be a great intellectual art or a mechanical handicraft, just as it is practised by a noble mind or a common one. There are pictures quite equal to the finest poems as expressions of what is most elevated in thought, most tender and delicate in feeling, whilst there are many other pictures (produced, alas! in ever-increasing quantity) that only display a little science and a great deal of purely manual dexterity. The misfortune is (and for this there is no remedy) that an artist who has the mental gifts may be paralysed by his want of the handicraft. To realise the profound evil of this we have only to imagine the poetical genius of Byron and Scott denied because they wrote badly from the writing-master's point of view. Had they been subject to the conditions of handicraft, as painters are, they would have been compelled to produce beautiful manuscripts under penalty of forfeiting their intellectual rank, and if the manuscripts of Southey or Milman had been more workmanlike they would have had the preference, whilst Byron and Scott would have been classed as incompetent amateurs. Few of us realise fully what a great evil this inseparability from handicraft is for the art of painting; but there was probably an instinctive perception of it in the educated classes of former generations, who took care to avoid practical meddling with the Fine Arts.

Mr. Parker says that 'the law on which all modern canons of artistic criticism are based, is the supposed law that the most exact imitation is the greatest work of art.' Mr. Parker's statement here is much too sweeping. Mr. Ruskin, in an unguarded moment, said something of that kind to his pupils at Oxford, but French critics have long clearly distinguished between imitation and artistic interpretation (not at all the same thing), and have insisted on the superiority and on the necessity of interpretation, the consequence of this persistent teaching being that all intelligent French people at the present day understand the matter as far as their knowledge goes and are prepared to accept interpretative work. I may perhaps be permitted, in self-defence, to say that for many years I have been writing on the side of interpretative as opposed to imitative art, and that my advocacy of etching, at a time when it was less appreciated than now, was founded upon this preference. It does not appear, either, that Mr. Parker clearly understands the nature of imitation in painting. He says that the realistic principle is 'that the sole test of merit in a work of art is the degree of resemblance of the

imitation to the thing imitated;' and then he observes that 'the careful cabinet-maker who has made a chair or a table after a given pattern has satisfied this test as well as the painter or sculptor.' The fallacy here is caused by a remarkable omission. If a cabinet-maker is told to imitate a chair, he can absolutely reproduce it, and therefore there is no interest in observing the degree of approximation to the model; but if a landscape-painter were told to imitate an oak-tree, we should know beforehand that he could not absolutely reproduce it, and therefore we should have a prolonged critical interest in following his work and watching the degree of his approximation to his model. This is really the interest which we feel in imitative painting. We know that the painted tree is quite a different thing from the real tree, that it is only paint on a flat surface, and we are pleased to see that with such means a degree of imitation is possible; but we have no such pleasure in being made to observe, what we all know beforehand, that one wooden thing can be made to look like another wooden thing shaped out of the same material and with similar tools. If, on the other hand, the cabinet-maker is working from a mechanical drawing he is not imitating a model but following instructions. A cabinet-maker will sometimes work from a shapeless sketch if only all dimensions be written on the sketch. This is not imitation, but obedience to orders.

As it is a misfortune for painting that it includes a difficult handicraft, so it is not less a misfortune for all painters of high aims that there should be a popular art of imitative painting which causes perpetual misapprehension about the nobler and worthier art. To paint without an ideal, without thought, without imagination, merely to imitate shapes and textures, may be a harmless way of earning one's living, but is not a very elevated pursuit.

P. G. Hamerton.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. E. BOEHM, R.A.

THIS fine statue stands in the Grand Vestibule of Windsor Castle. It represents her Majesty seated, in robes of state, with orders, and the regal sceptre in her right hand. The left hand hangs down towards a magnificent colley dog, which reposes on the ermine robe at one side. The animal was modelled from 'Sharp,' one of her Majesty's especial favourites. The statue, which is in white marble, was exhibited in the Conservatory adjoining the Albert Hall some ten or twelve years ago, and was deservedly admired, both as an accurate likeness and as a dignified representation of the august sitter.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MENDICANT ORDERS UPON THE REVIVAL OF ART.

V.—*Fra Angelico considered as a Dominican Artist.* (*B.* 1387; *d.* 1455.)

THE works of Fra Giovanni, the Dominican, have been pleasing to men of every period and cast of thought; and this, not for their comprehensiveness of conception or splendour of execution, but because through them, as through a transparent crystal, the blindest beholds the image of a singularly gentle, holy, and pure mind. His character is described by Vasari in a passage of peculiar beauty, which the reader will forgive me for translating once again:—

'Fra Giovanni was a simple man and most holy in his walk. He shunned all the things of this world, lived a pure and saintly life, and was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must now be in heaven. He exercised himself continually in painting, but would depict none save sacred subjects. He might have been, but cared not to be, rich, saying that true riches consist alone in being content with a little. He might have commanded many, and would not, saying that it was less wearisome and difficult to be obedient unto others. He had choice of positions of dignity, both among the Dominicans and elsewhere, yet he esteemed them not, affirming that he sought no other dignity save to escape Hell and draw nigh unto Paradise. . . . He was most humane and sober, and by his virtuous life he freed himself from the snares of the world. He used oftentimes to say that one who is an artist has need of quiet and of a life without care, and that he who paints the things of Christ, with Christ should continually abide. Amongst the friars he was never seen in anger. Quietly smiling it was his wont to admonish his friends. To anyone desiring a work of him he used to answer, with wonderful meekness, that he must first get the prior's consent, and then if he came to him he would not fail him. In fine, this father, who cannot be over-praised, was most humble and modest in all his works and discourse, and in his painting both skilful and devout. And the saints which he painted have more the bearing and similitude of saints than those made by anyone else. It was his custom never to mend or

retouch any painting of his, but to leave it always as it came at the first attempt, believing (as he used to say) that such was the will of God. Some relate that Fra Giovanni would not put hand to pencil without first giving himself to prayer. He never painted Christ on the Cross but his cheeks were bathed in tears; and so it came to pass that the warm Christian faith of his great and sincere mind was manifest in the faces and attitudes of the figures he painted.'

Upon this tender and devout personality the Dominican system of thought was, by education, superimposed, and that, not of compulsion, but of choice. The religious tendency of Giovanni's mind must have been continuous from his earliest youth. His works prove it. They are the works of a man who never knew sin in any gross form, one whose heart was by nature so pure that he scarcely felt the power of temptation. There is no trace of a conflict to be discovered, no sign of victory, no scar, no weariness, no memory even of temporary defeat. From childhood up to manhood was one slow, constant advance along one unwavering line. Observe then that, arrived at the age of twenty, when all the youth's qualities had taken final form, it was to the Dominicans he felt himself drawn; it was amongst them that he looked for pleasant companionship and right direction. Probably his mind, submissive by nature, craved for strong governance, for an initiative power from without, which was lacking within, and so he fled for shelter to the imperially constituted order. Probably also, among the rank and file of the friars in the first years of the fifteenth century, there were more simple and devout men living their lives in quiet and seclusion than we, looking back and beholding only those whose powers or whose irregularities rendered them conspicuous, have any idea of.

At any rate, it came to pass that a mind of singular simplicity and devoutness found, in the early years of the fifteenth century, the Dominican cast of thought suited its needs. The Dominicans laboured to reduce faith to a system, to divide the boundless area of religion and knowledge into fields. They did not preach facts, but a system deduced from facts. Every event in the sacred history was, for them, the expression of a dogma. Fra Angelico, therefore, as a Dominican painter, treated his subjects as a Dominican preacher handled his text. A Franciscan contented himself with telling his story and saying, 'Go thou and do likewise.' A Dominican took each tale and deduced a moral from it. Fra Angelico's treatment of religious subjects was of this latter kind, and herein lies the great contrast between him and a Franciscan artist like Giotto. An example, however, will show our meaning with greatest clearness.

The best known of Fra Angelico's frescoes is, probably, the great *Crucifixion* on the wall of the Chapter-house of the Dominican Convent of San Marco at Florence, within which the painter spent nine of the best years of his life (1445–1455). Christ is seen on the Cross between the Two Thieves, and the Virgin is fainting in the arms of John the Evangelist and two of the Maries. These figures are introduced in their historical grouping in order to recall, though not to depict, an historical event. The object of the picture is not at all to bring before the eye the scene at Calvary; it is intended as a monumental statement of the fact, that all the religious bodies of the day were but branches of one Church, whose life was drawn from the Divine life of self-sacrifice, whereof the Crucifixion was the universally accepted type. That this is the meaning of the work becomes abundantly clear from a consideration of the figures introduced on either hand as spectators of the great event. They are not, of course, meant as physically present on Calvary, but as dwelling in contemplation of that act of self-sacrifice upon which, as a basis, their religion was built. Of the figures on the left, John Baptist stands as immediate forerunner of Christ, and likewise as patron of Florence. St. Mark is also there in a twofold capacity, as immediate after-runner and historian (wherefore he holds the book of his gospel), and as patron of the convent, and so kneeling. St. Lawrence comes next, why I do not know; Fra Angelico was always fond of introducing him into his pictures, and certainly did so for a reason. On the extreme left are the brothers Cosimo and Damiano, as patron-saints of Cosimo de' Medici, who restored the convent. The figures on the right hand are ranged in a double row, and consist of the founders and leaders of the great religious orders. They symbolised the Church as a body of worshippers, because they were chief amongst those men who, by profession at any rate, devoted their lives to worship. Foremost, of course, is the kneeling St. Dominic, with smooth, open brow, passionless mouth, mild dark eyes, and clothed in the simplest but most expressive drapery. Peter Martyr, the Dominican who died for his faith, and Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican who lived and wrote for it, are likewise introduced into the ranks of the spiritual heroes. Then come Augustine, Jerome, Benedict, Francis of Assisi, Anthony, and so forth—each as type of some different class of men, yet all alike imbued with the same deep spirit of devotion towards one common object. For a picture of this kind landscape accessories are superfluous. It is not a representation of the scene at Calvary, but a symbolisation of the Redemption of the world and man's thankfulness therefor. It is not an historical fact, but a thought; and so, were the mountains of Judea or the walls of Jerusalem introduced, they would be out of place, as localising that which has no locality, but is common to the whole world.

The ornamental border likewise contributes its share to the general expressiveness of the rest. It is broken here and there by little medallions, in most cases containing half-figures with scrolls in their hands. The inscription to the medallion over Christ's head is the text, 'I am become like a Pelican in the wilderness,' and the medallion itself bears a representation of the mystical pelican, the symbol of self-sacrifice, because she was said to nourish her young with flesh plucked from her own breast. Eight of the medallions contain half-figures of Old Testament prophets, the foretellers of the new dispensation beneath. Of the remaining two, the lowest on either hand, that on the right bears the Erithrean Sibyl with her words, 'He shall die the death and sleep three days in the tomb, then shall he rise again from the deep, and, first of men, return unto the light.' The mediaeval sibyls were the personification of the divine voice in nature, Christianized forms of Pagan divinities of storm and hill changed into prophetesses. The man in the lowest medallion on the left may possibly be one of the old Greek sages, who were elevated by mediaeval theologians (with just charity) on to the same platform as the Hebrew prophets. The words on the scroll in his hand—'The God of *Nature* suffers'—seem to enforce the same idea as that embodied in the person of the sibyl.

TWO DOMINICANS ENTERTAINING CHRIST AS A PILGRIM. FRA ANGELICO.

A Dominican tree occupies the frieze below the picture. Such trees are not common in art, but they are adaptations of a common type—the so-called 'Stem of Jesse.' In that, Jesse lies on the ground with a tree springing out of his body, the branches of which encircle, or bear as fruit, the various ancestors of Jesus, according to the Gospel genealogy. The best known 'Stem of Jesse' in England is the one sculptured for a moulding round the Chapter-house doorway at Westminster Abbey. There the figures are arranged one above another, seated asleep, the stem winding in and out between them. The stem of the Dominican tree starts from the hands of Dominic, and then, separating into two branches, winds away to right and left, encircling a series of medallions, within which are portraits of Dominic's spiritual descendants. They are all Dominicans and chiefly Florentines, but the names of some of them have been tampered with since Fra Angelico's days.

The difference between a 'Crucifixion' like this and any of those painted by Giotto and his followers is a difference not of degree but of kind. Those, therefore, who see in Fra Angelico nothing but 'the last of the Giottists,' fail altogether in their estimate of the master. Giotto's great work, as has recently been pointed out by Tikkanen* with excellent plainness, was to prescribe anew a whole series of typical compositions representative of the great events of the Christian legend. Fra Angelico never attempted even to follow in Giotto's steps. In all the friar's work it was not the event, but the lesson to be drawn from it, that formed his subject. Giotto was forced to attain mastery in the expression of character and emotion, for upon that all his pictures depend for their meaning. Fra Angelico, on the other hand, neither possessed nor needed any such power. All the men he painted are endowed practically with the same kind of character, the character of their gentle creator himself. He could not paint a bad man; he always made his devils absurd. Evil was foreign to his character, and the lack of any sympathy for it was at once his weakness and his strength.

A conspicuous instance of the strength of contrast between him and Giotto is the fresco of *Christ Buffeted* in one of the upstairs cells in San Marco. If Giotto ever painted that subject there is no doubt he tried to paint it as though he himself had been standing by, had actually beheld the scoffing and the blows, and seen the torturers relishing their work. Mark now how Fra Angelico enters upon it, in a manner peculiarly Dominican. He does not try to depict the event, he wishes only to draw some teaching from it. He raises the buffeted Christ, therefore, high upon a throne, and makes every line of his drapery instinct with dignity. Serene and unmoved,

* J. J. Tikkanen: *Der malerische Styl Giotto's.* Helsingfors, 1884.

he resembles an eternal being to whom all events are but the passing by of phantasms. The buffeters, on the contrary, are reduced to mere symbols; the hand of the striker is depicted, of the scoffer only the head; all the rest of the figures are left out. The kerchief bound about the eyes is light and transparent, and laid in perfect symmetry. Thus the story is symbolically told; the unblemished dignity of the voluntary sufferer is emphasised, whilst the creatures used as instruments of seeming scorn are made like the wooden pieces of a puppet-show.

Of course the formulating spirit of Dominicanism was sometimes quite at variance with artistic effect. There exists a panel painted by Fra Angelico in the Academy of Florence, whereon the Bible is represented as a 'wheel within a wheel,' the spokes of the outer wheel being the Old Testament Prophets, those of the inner the writers of the New Testament. There is nothing pictorial in a work like this. The doors of the sacristry cupboards of San Marco were formed of such panels, and all of them are in the Florentine Academy. A careful study of them would undoubtedly throw much light upon Fra Angelico's manner of thought, for they are fuller of concentrated symbolism of his peculiar kind than any of his other works.

At unequal distances round the walls of the quiet cloister, which Fra Angelico used to tread, are doorways giving access to the different rooms of the convent. Over each doorway is a piece of the friar's fresco. So unpretending and quiet in forms and tones are they that one might almost pass them by unnoticed. One of these is an excellent example of painting animated by the Dominican idea. It is over the door that admits to the guest-chamber, and, at first sight, seems to represent Christ and the two disciples at Emmaus. It is, in fact, a sermon preached by the painter upon that subject as text. He has changed the disciples into Dominican friars, in the act of tendering hospitality to Christ Himself, who is disguised as a pilgrim. He stands there, so solemn and kind, putting Himself under the friars' protection and waiting to see if they will know Him. His garment is of camel's hair; in His right hand He holds His pilgrim's staff; His hat has fallen over on to His back, for it is evening, and the sun beats on His head no longer. The nearer of the two brothers is eager, beholding more than a mere stranger in this man. He grasps Christ's hand with one of his own, places the other affectionately under his arm, and, as he does so, looks earnestly into His face. The other brother is less emotional, but no less kind.

In the cell on the first floor, which used to be occupied by Savonarola, Fra Bartolommeo, likewise a brother in this convent, painted a little fresco,* the idea of which he borrowed from his more saintly predecessor. It represents Christ and the two disciples at Emmaus. The front disciple, poor man, looks somewhat of a fool with his short forehead stretching back so far; he takes hold of Christ's hand and says, 'Abide with us.' The other disciple is puzzled, and seems to say, 'We thought it should have been He.' Christ's face is full of sad, purposeful, loving reserve. You may search through all Fra Bartolommeo's

S. DOMINIC AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS. FRA ANGELICO.

pictures, and you will find none so quiet and peaceful as this. He, like so many others of his day, got carried away by his art, and came to think more, in his painting, about limbs than souls. Here he is under the influence of a purer mind than his own. I like to look at this painting, and think how the spirit of the lowly Giovanni thus, once more, found utterance after his death. But from the later work the Dominican spirit has faded. It is not a sermon on a text; it is the text itself.

In Savonarola's cell there hangs another relic of no small interest—the handiwork of Fra Angelico. It is stowed away in so dark a corner that one can hardly see it. It is a small picture of Christ on the Cross, painted on a simple piece of white stuff. When

* Well reproduced in chromo-lithograph by the Arundel Society.

the great preacher went into the pulpit, this was borne before him; and in those impassioned appeals of his, that electrified for a time the whole people of Florence, collected in crowded silence within the vast area of the Cathedral, it was to this symbol of his faith that he was wont to point, whereon are written the words, *Nos predicamus XPM crucifixum*. To-day, however, the figure has well-nigh faded away!

It is necessary for the reader to bear in mind once again, that such a picture of Christ on the Cross was not intended as representing the historical event. It was a symbol of faith. In most of his 'Crucifixions' Fra Angelico shows this by introducing the figure of Dominic in devotion at the foot of the Cross, as representative of himself and all true Dominicans. The friars' cells contain many frescoes of this type, but the best of them is that in the cloister exactly facing the entrance-door. Nothing could possibly be simpler. There are only two figures—Christ hanging dead upon the cross, and Dominic kneeling in tears at its foot; but the depth of feeling shrouded in these two figures is beyond translation into words. All the work in the picture is visible from a distance of seven or eight yards; for Fra Angelico did not care about great finish. The ideas he wished to convey were simple, and, when they were expressed, he was satisfied. Against the dark-blue of the sky he drew the outline of Christ's figure with utmost care. A finer line, one more expressively conceived and more carefully carried down through every gentle subtlety of curve, you will not find elsewhere. He tenderly, but simply, modelled the form of the body, not desiring to attract attention to the form for its own sake, but anxious to make visible the weariness which led to death. 'Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?' The lifeless head droops over towards the right arm, beneath which Dominic kneels, and there is just that somewhat of benignity in the bending of the neck, though dead, that speaks of kindness towards the sorrowing supplicant. There are no signs of agony about the body, nor is there any aspect of torture in the face; it is weary and sad, and finally at rest—that is all. It is not the face of an ascetic. The features are well formed, the brow is finely modelled and fairly arched, the mouth is small, the thin lips are gently closed. A fair white cloth, girt about the loins, floats in the breeze, and, by some mysterious magic of his own, the painter has imbued the very curves of it with the long, dreamy sadness of the whole. In the grief of the kneeling Dominic there is no violence, but therefore the more sincerity. His moistened eyes are fastened upon Christ, his forehead is wrinkled with care, his brows are drawn up at the corners, yet about the mouth still lingers the faintest trace of an habitual smile.

We have already noticed one of the numerous frescoes painted by Fra Angelico and his pupils in the cells upstairs. All are worthy of study, but one more alone can here be mentioned. It represents the *Transfiguration*, and is perhaps the most noteworthy of all, for it possesses qualities we should hardly expect in the work of so mild a man as Fra Angelico. As a rule, we do not look to him for expression of dignity, majesty, and power, but rather of reverence, humility, and love. Yet in this *Transfiguration* is a grandeur denied to Raphael's conception. Size is not needed for majesty; there are gems engraved by ancient Greek artists with the likeness of Zeus more majestic than any giant Sphinx. Strength of body is not indispensable, nor signs of great intellect. Others besides Michelangelo can draw a triumphant king, '*un Possente con segno di vittoria incoronato*;' and now and again a clearer vision of divine glory is granted to the simple soul, the 'pure in heart' who 'shall see God.' The figure of Christ in this fresco is barely life-size. It is only lightly painted in. It is drawn with no bold lines. It is not the figure of a strong or highly intellectual man. Not a muscle of the body is visible, and yet what surpassing majesty is here! Where will you look for the like? It is the vision of a Being whose raiment is the clouds of heaven, whose dwelling-place is a sky of burnished brass, and before whom the continents are spread out like little carpets. Michelangelo's *Christ the Judge*, with His bared muscular chest and His strong arms darting thunderbolts after the damned, is a vulgar piece of bombast compared with this, in which every line is laid in gentleness and every gesture moved in peace. The telling of the mystic tale, in Dominican fashion, is as near perfect as can be. Nothing is introduced but what bears directly upon the moral in view. There is no elaboration of landscape; the mountain is a mere mound of mud, with neither flower nor pebble upon it. In the sky is never a useless cloud, in the garments not one needless fold. It is a religious painting, done in a religious day, by a religious man, whose mystic soul found mystic legends credible, and thought no scorn to rejoice in them.

One more picture of essentially Dominican type calls for notice. It is the beautiful little altar-piece, painted for the Florentine Church of the Angels, and now in the Academy of Florence; the subject being the *Last Judgment*, with Paradise on the one hand and Hell on the other. The student, mindful of the frescoes of the same subjects in the Campo Santo at Pisa and the Strozzi Chapel in Santa Maria Novella at Florence, will at once recognise in this picture a repetition of the same treatment. Like them it is divided into three parts. Christ is raised in the centre with the Virgin and John Baptist, the Apostles and Prophets on either hand of him.

Below are the open graves in a double row; the newly risen Blessed are grouped on one side, whilst on the other the Damned fly in horror away. Hell is on the extreme right of the panel, arranged in *bolge*, as in other Dominican and Dantesque frescoes. On the extreme left is the gate of Paradise. The Hell is not noteworthy, except as showing how incapable Fra Angelico was of conceiving a bad man. There is no horror in the horrified, no agony among the tortured, no genuine despair, such as the sculptor of Orvieto carved or the painter of the Campo Santo depicted. All horrible and sinful things were foreign to the pure mind of this humble Dominican. He could not represent what his imagination refused to picture. The side of the damned, therefore, is purely conventional, and does not repay study; but the side of the blessed is rich in tenderness and peace. For the Hell the painter had types before him, which he failed to equal; for the Paradise he likewise had types, but he surpassed them all. His treatment of the theme is founded on a portion of the *Church Triumphant* fresco in the Spanish Chapel. There, there is a Gate of Paradise, towards which the souls of the blessed joyfully run, guided by Dominican teachers. Fra Angelico has borrowed this idea, but, in borrowing, his lovely originality only makes itself more clearly manifest.

THE TRANSFIGURATION. FRA ANGELICO.

The newly-arisen Saints for a moment stand or kneel in joyful adoration, gazing upwards at their glorified Redeemer, and stretching forth their hands towards Him with overflowing joy. One by one their guardian angels come and find them out, and, with glad converse, lead them towards the gate of their everlasting Home. Taking one another's hands they dance around with slow and graceful step upon the flower-bespangled sward, till, at length, they reach the gate, and, merging into a flood of golden light, are borne upon its bright rays into the invisible kingdom, the joys of the antechamber of which were all the painter ventured to depict. It is a fair and bright ideal, such as Fra Angelico, and he alone, could paint. Never again might a man arise so permeated with the mediaeval faith, so steeped in mysticism, so imbued and satisfied with the Church's promises and explanations of all things. It is the last *Last Judgment* ever painted, for the *Last Judgments* of Michelangelo and Tintoret are not paintings of schemes of faith, not symbolic representations of things actually believed, but pictured dramas, painted as such, and no more credible than a scene from *Paradise Lost.*

W. M. Conway.

THE LIFE OF CLAUDE.

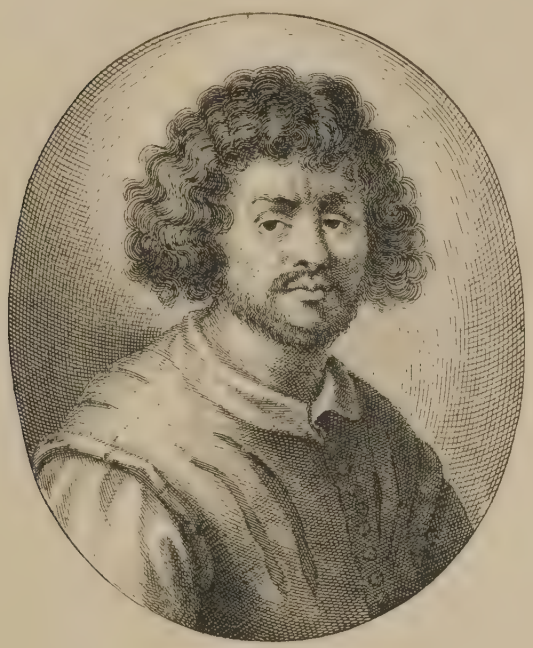
THERE are few departments of literature in which a writer is so dependent on his materials as in biography. In history the materials are usually so abundant that the writer can select freely, and take what will be most effective for his artistic or political purposes; in poetry and fiction the smallest thread of fact will serve to string together a hundred pearls of invention, but in biography the materials are often wretchedly meagre, and the narrator cannot eke them out with details derived from his imagination. This is the case especially with the lives of artists who do not write

much; do not usually expose themselves to the vicissitudes of an adventurous existence, and have little, in common, either with the intellectual or the practical life of their contemporaries.' The Life of Turner, for example, is one of the most difficult subjects for the biographer, because the written materials are so poor and the activity of the painter was confined to a few journeys, and to the painting of a certain number of pictures. The case of Claude is exactly similar; we know where he was born, where he lived, what journeys he undertook, what pictures he painted, but we know hardly anything of Claude's mind, except what his art tells us; and there is no action, no adventure, the only heroic side of the story being the contest with poverty—a contest so common in so many existences that it hardly attracts attention, though, in truth, it is the one sublime element of prosaic lives. It is remarkable how many points of resemblance there are between the biographies of Turner and Claude. Both artists were landscape-painters who owed their success chiefly to the representation of light and to a certain charm which people felt to be poetical, not to hard and exact truth of delineation. Both Claude and Turner were devoted to their art absolutely, were hard and constant workers, and left a great mass of productions behind them; both were very successful during life (each being reputed the best landscape-painter in the country where he lived) and famous after death. Neither of the two ever married, and both lived to old age. Claude and Turner were both of them as remarkable for ignorance of letters as for ability in art, being eminent and unanswerable proofs that a literary education is not necessary to a landscape-painter. Neither of these two great artists ever learned to spell his own language. The little they knew of antiquity they got from translations and from the same books. 'If,' says Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse of Turner, 'we seek the books from which his imagination took fire, we have the Bible and Ovid, the first of small, the latter of great and almost solitary power.' 'Ce qu'il préfère toujours lui-même, à ce qu'il semble,' says Lady Dilke of Claude,* 'ce sont les *Métamorphoses* d'Ovide. Il les lisait dans la traduction d'Anguillara, dont plusieurs éditions parurent à Venise vers la fin du xvie siècle avec l'*Annotazione* de Giuseppe Horologgi.' In the choice of materials for their pictures the two artists had often similar tastes. Mr. Monkhouse observes that Turner valued architecture 'for contrast with the undefined beauty of natural forms, and for masses in composition.' Lady Dilke says of Claude, 'S'il oppose les rochers gigantesques aux bouquets d'arbres gracieusement arrondis et les rigides masses des ruines classiques aux souples courbes des plantes grimpantes, ce n'est que pour mieux faire valoir le mystère des terrains du fond baignés dans la lumière dorée.' The parallel might be pursued even to the methods of work of the two artists. There is evidence that Claude painted from nature a little, but he generally made sketches and drawings, and Turner did the same. Turner etched plates to be mezzotinted; Claude was also an etcher, and there is evidence that he made an experiment in the direction of mezzotint. Lastly, each artist had a namesake in his own profession. Claude Gellée had a successor, Charles Claude, also of Lorraine, who lived in the eighteenth century, and signed himself Claudio Lorreno; whilst Turner had his namesake in an able English water-colourist, William Turner of Oxford.

The first anxiety of a biographer must always be about his sources of information. Are they abundant? are they pure, or mingled with sediment of error? In the case of Claude they are unfortunately not abundant. The materials for his biography are as nothing when compared to those for a biography of Rubens. Still there is one good and reliable witness, Joachim Von Sandrart, the painter, who luckily happened to be a man of culture outside of his art with a decided turn for writing. Thanks to this disposition of his, and his friendship for Claude, we have some pages about Claude's life, intellect, and character, that are infinitely precious to us. Then comes Baldinucci, who had also known Claude personally, and who inserted in his 'Notizie dei Professori del Disegno' 'a short notice,' to quote Lady Dilke's words, 'compiled from information that the nephews of the artist had felt disposed to supply.' Lady Dilke values Von Sandrart's testimony much more than that of Baldinucci, but consults both. Her reasons for preferring Von Sandrart are the following. 'Baldinucci, who wrote in 1684, does not seem to have known the old painter intimately. He only says that Claude showed him the "Liber Veritatis" during his stay at Rome; he also knew Claude's family, or at least one of his nephews, that Joseph Gellée, a theological student, who supplied him with a *résumé* of what he called "Les qualités capitales" of his uncle's talent. Baldinucci was especially acquainted with the nephews, whereas Sandrart was an intimate friend of the uncle; Joseph Gellée only supplied second-hand information to Baldinucci, but Claude himself narrated his adventures to Sandrart; they took walks together in the country, they exchanged their drawings from nature they often talked together about their art.'

* Claude Lorrain, Sa Vie et ses Œuvres, d'après des documents inédits, par Madame Mark Pattison (Lady Dilke), Auteur de *The Renaissance en France*. Suivi d'un Catalogue des Œuvres de Claude Lorrain, conservées dans les Musées et dans les Collections particulières de l'Europe. Paris, Librairie de l'Art, 29 Cité d'Antin.

One point of importance in the early history of Claude, as given by Sandrart, is omitted by Baldinucci, namely, the early labours with the pastry-cook. Lady Dilke believes that this omission may have been due to the influence of Claude's nephews, who, being 'enrichis et fort considérés, grâce au talent de leur oncle,' may have felt disinclined to recall his humble beginnings. Claude himself was too simple and straightforward not to tell his friend the exact truth, and Lady Dilke reasonably sides with Sandrart; so we may believe in the pastry-cook story still, and we have now better reason than ever to believe Sandrart's assertion that Claude was a remarkably ignorant man, so far as ordinary education is concerned.



CLAUDE LORRAIN.

Lady Dilke happened to be in Rome in the spring of 1881, wishing to obtain information regarding French artists who have gone to Italy never to return. Claude and the great Poussin especially interested her, and she intended not only to visit private collections, but to explore, if possible, the Roman archives. M. Eugène Müntz had given a letter of introduction to Signor Bertolotti, who was then keeper of the State archives at Rome, and who most kindly offered to save the English student's time by seeking everything that might be of interest in her researches. His labours were rewarded by the discovery of some most interesting documents, and especially of Claude's will, and the will itself confirms the statement about his ignorance. He had several investments, and in the paper recording them, his name is written in so many different ways that he is obliged to make a special declaration on the subject, saying that he has spelt the name wrongly, and that the habit of his brothers was to write it Gellée. The instances of bad spelling given by Lady Dilke in the course of her volume prove Claude to have been quite without elementary education. No educated Frenchman could ever have written 'l'avec du Mant' for 'l'évêque du Mans.' In the case of another bishop, the bishop of Montpellier, Claude makes a slow approach to correctness. First, he writes the word 'Montpielre;' then, thinking, on reflection, that 'pielre' somehow does not look quite right, strikes it out, and substitutes 'piglier;' but six years afterwards he shows remarkable progress, by giving his patron the title of 'l'aveque de Monpélier.' An equally strong proof of ignorance (perhaps even a stronger, as many people spelt irregularly two hundred years ago) is Claude's mixture of French and Italian. Lady Dilke speaks of his 'phrases où des mots moitié français moitié italiens sont mélangés et même fondus ensemble avec une parfaite insouciance.' This is always the distinctive mark of the uncultured mind when compelled by accidental circumstances to learn something of a foreign language. Uneducated Italian labourers who come to France mix up French and Italian exactly as Claude did. Sandrart says, 'He was excessively ignorant, and it was only with the greatest trouble that he managed to sign his name.' Lady Dilke speaks of his handwriting as 'Cette grosse écriture dont les lettres sont tracées une à une, irrégulières et sans aucun lien commun.'

Neither Sandrart, nor Lady Dilke, nor the present reviewer, would ever have mentioned these facts with any intention to bring contempt on Claude. The interest of them, to us, is two-fold. It seems quite natural that such a youth as Claude may have willingly accepted occupation at a pastrycook's, and it is worth knowing as a fact bearing on the literary education of artists that so famous a painter as Claude had no such education at all. As for the esteem in which we ought to hold him, it is independent of letters. He has a most distinguished place in the history of art, and his character as a man appears to have been so full of real dignity that we may easily pass over his want of learning. The hard affirmation of Sandrart 'linguæ Italicæ *omniumque civiltatum* imperitus esset' is fully counterbalanced by the description of his kindly, open nature and simplicity of life. 'Beneficent and frank, he desired no other pleasure than the pursuit of his calling.' Though he had access to people of high worldly station he appears to have condescended to none of the arts of the courtier, but to have pursued his own way with quiet dignity, contented with the life of a landscape-painter, and more impressed by the natural splendours of dawn and sunset and the sadness of antique ruins than by the magnificence of princes. In a word, Claude appears to have been an

excellent example of the purely artistic nature, a specialist like Turner, not a scholar and man of the world like Rubens; indeed, quite the opposite of Rubens. Lady Dilke observes how fortunate it was for Claude that he escaped early in life from France and the slavery to the 'Grand Roi.' Fortunate, indeed! since no one could be less adapted for the antechambers of Versailles.

Much stress is laid by Sandrart, and by Lady Dilke also, on Claude's habit of studying from nature. Sandrart says that Claude worked from nature in his company at Frascati, Subiaca, and S. Benedetto, quality only. Claude is celebrated for his sunshine, and, no doubt, it is a pleasing, mild, pictorial sort of sunshine, acceptable on the walls of a picture-gallery, but it bears no resemblance to the real fierce glare of the south with its strong lights, powerful decided cast shadows, luminous reflections, and sharp contrasts of white plaster or warm stone against the deep azure of the sky. Sandrart honestly believed that Claude took his inspiration from nature, and from nature only, without reference to the rules of art; but although he may have honestly loved sketching out-of-doors he was fortunate enough to have always

A STUDY FROM NATURE. CLAUDE.

drawing, or painting with colours upon canvas, mountains, caverns, valleys, and desert places, as well as the Falls of the Tiber, the Temple of the Sibyl, and such other material. The testimony of a friend and companion is, of course, on such a point inexpugnable, and it is confirmed by many existing studies by Claude; but a modern writer would do well to bear in mind that in the seventeenth century study from nature did not mean the same thing that it means to-day. Nothing in the history of landscape is more curious than the difficulty with which men came to simple naturalism. They took their conventional preconceptions into the presence of nature itself, and they did not see, or would not paint, the reality that stood before them. We have not space to argue the question in detail, but let us take one between himself and nature the protecting curtain of artistic feeling and conventionalism. He could never have painted anything so true as the sunshine of some unconventional modern pictures, but at the same time he would never have endured anything so inartistic as a canvas that glares all over. He was so much the artist that the common awkwardness of natural arrangements never seemed to him to authorise the neglect of composition. Some of his compositions are less happy than others, which is inevitable, yet the instinct is always there, at least when the subject is really a landscape and not some isolated tree. It is remarkable that Claude's studies are on the whole very inferior to his pictures. He probably carried away with him from nature in his mind much more than he carried away on paper, and

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the refining influence of his cultivated taste had time to make itself felt in the studio. Many of his studies are really clumsy and reveal a certain inaptitude against which he had to struggle. The constitution of his mind was not wholly fortunate. His literary ignorance in early life may have been due to circumstances, but a naturally clever man would have got over that with the excellent opportunities for improvement which Claude enjoyed in Rome. We know, too, that even the moderate desires of a landscape-painter for skill in figure-drawing were never realised by him, notwithstanding many arduous attempts. Many of his studies reveal to us his weak points on which it would be ungracious to insist, though it might be necessary to do so if they were praised without discrimination and held up to students for imitation. In reading Lady Dilke's book we have sometimes occasion to admire her independence of orthodox French opinion (remarkable as the book was written in French), both in honestly admitting that Claude's drawings were sometimes detestable, 'tristes,' or 'dignes d'un Virgile travesti,' and in recognising the certain truth that in skill and power of representation modern landscape-painting has gone far beyond the art of the seventeenth century. Still, it might have been desirable, especially in writing for a French public, to show even more plainly the limits of Claude's art, and how much of the painter's success was due to the happy conditions of the time which allowed an artist to work in a limited way, suitable to the common narrowness of the human mind, without being launched as modern painters are on the bewildering and boundless ocean of pure naturalism. That time can never come again. Never again will a landscape-painter work from youth to age surrounded by the glare of Italian light and the variety of Italian colour, with the power to go on producing quiet gallery pictures like those of Claude, that recall enough of nature to please and charm, yet never offend the unobservant by representing phenomena that they cannot readily understand.

Lady Dilke was careful in collecting her materials, and spared neither time nor labour in seeing with her own eyes, everything that could throw light upon her subject. Her careful examination of the original 'Liber Veritatis' at Chatsworth enabled her to give a very clear and interesting account of that famous book of drawings which corrects prevailing false ideas about it. Are those drawings copies of pictures, studies from nature, or what? Lady Dilke tells us that if we would know the whole truth, we ought not simply to compare the drawings of the 'Liber Veritatis' with the pictures of Claude, but also with those studies from nature which he produced in such numbers in youth and middle life. We should then perceive that the drawings in the 'Liber Veritatis' show changes, sometimes slight, but also sometimes considerable enough to warn us that they are not to be looked upon as mere sketches from pictures. Lady Dilke believes them to have been rather adaptations of Claude's studies from nature developed in the direction of what he himself called 'sa pensée,' and she especially mentions the case of a study for the 'Mill,' in pen-work with bistre wash, evidently not drawn from nature, yet closely resembling the drawings in the 'Liber.' 'Claude describes it himself as "le dessine et pancé du taubleau du prince Panfille," a phrase which shows clearly enough that it was the project for the picture and not a drawing done afterwards to register the ownership.' In short, Lady Dilke's theory is that Claude first made studies from nature and then *experimental* drawings for pictures, which form the bulk of the collection in the 'Liber Veritatis.' Hence it appears that the labours of Claude are clearly divisible into three parts, the studies from nature, the preparatory drawings for pictures, made for composition, and the pictures themselves, in which the artist gave the full synthesis of his knowledge of nature and taste in art.

The rich collection of Claude's drawings in the British Museum gives occasion to Lady Dilke to mention Braun's autotypes, and it is a pleasure to see that she is not led away by the common belief that photographs are really facsimiles. She admits that some of Braun's photographs from Claude are very successful, but points out that in the darker ones 'the sombre depths that are lighted by reflections in the original, become, in the reproduction, dead shadows, *des taches noires sans vibration, sans physionomie*.' She perceives that the paler washes reproduce better; but surely she is mistaken in thinking that bistre is fugitive. She talks of it as having been weakened by the action of light, and calls it 'le bistre fugitif.' The drawings of Claude may be less brilliant than when he executed them, in consequence of the darkening of the paper, and the blackening of the body-colour white; but it is not likely that bistre has proved treacherous. Field affirms that it is 'perfectly durable.' There was a taste in Claude's time for washes of a kind that may seem feeble to a modern age, a taste that continued all through the eighteenth century, and lingered even into the nineteenth before the full development of water-colour. Claude's drawings are best when he does not trust everything to the brush, but sustains the wash with the pen line, and the best photographs are got from originals, in which the lines are clear and strong, and the washes have little depth. Lady Dilke notices the curious fact that Claude interrupted his practice of etching by an abstinence of fifteen years, after which he suddenly resumed the needle. His reputation as an etcher is dependent on a very

few plates; he was not a steady, masterly producer, but a painter who etched occasionally, and only just enough to display a strong natural gift. Most likely he found the work too laborious for a minor occupation, and too full of risk.

Claude appears to have enjoyed very good health, except when occasionally suffering from attacks of gout (which are said to be a relief to the constitution), and he lived to be past eighty, as he was born at Chamagne, in the year 1600, and died in Rome on the 23rd of November, 1682. His life in Rome, the life of a bachelor, separated by, what was at that time, an immense distance from his family, was preserved from the evil of excessive solitude by the companionship of a few friends, and he kept a nephew, Jean Gellée, in his house. He had also, in his later years, an adopted daughter, named Agnes, of whom we only know that she was born in 1651, that Claude treated her affectionately, and left her a handsome legacy, which included the now famous 'Liber Veritatis.' The will contained an especial expression of gratitude for her attentions. Besides some investments and the precious 'Liber,' Claude leaves Agnes his own bed, with its tester, and all the pictures in his own room, with one-third of all his furniture, but the 'Liber' is to return to his heirs after her death. He does not forget Jean either, but leaves him some investments, and a part of his furniture. He desires to be interred in Trinity Church, but directs his executors to spend fifty scudi on his interment and the religious services, and there is to be a stone with an inscription that is not to cost more than sixty scudi. An interesting detail shows that the painter's thoughts still sometimes returned to his native land. He lays on his heirs the obligation to have fifty masses said for the repose of his soul in a church at Chamagne, his birth-place in Lorraine.

Lady Dilke gives the will and its codicils in the original Italian. She also gives Joachim von Sandrart's Life of Claude from the Latin edition of his 'Academia,' and Baldinucci's Italian Life of Claude. The value of her work is much increased by the important Catalogues Raisonnés at its close, which are full of those minute indications so precious to the careful student. The Descriptive Catalogue of the drawings in the *Liber Veritatis* includes all the references to known pictures which have come within the author's extensive opportunities, and she even gives engravings of twelve water-marks. The Catalogue of Claude's pictures only includes works seen by Lady Dilke herself, or by persons whom she could trust. Waagen is mentioned as especially untrustworthy. The Catalogue of drawings is a most thorough piece of work, occupying no less than fifty-eight pages of rather small type. The work is enriched by thirty-seven engravings in the text, principally from Claude's sketches or drawings; three reproductions of his etchings and a large woodcut, by Puyplat, from a study in the British Museum. Altogether it is a most valuable book, and quite incomparably the most complete work on Claude that has hitherto appeared. The handsome size of the page (12¾ in. by 9¾) will tempt some possessors to illustrate the volume before binding by the addition of other engravings. We cannot conclude without paying Lady Dilke a well-deserved compliment on her French, which is idiomatic and very accurate in all technical expressions. We feel as if we were reading a French critic, not one of the brilliant kind, who so often make telling phrases at the expense of truth, but a studious critic of the more sober and reasonable order. We will give Turner's memory the benefit of the following quotation, which puts a kindly interpretation on his desire that two of his pictures should be hung beside two Claudes.

'Devant les œuvres des poètes paysagistes on est amené, comme je viens de le dire, à rêver plutôt qu'à réfléchir, à en goûter le charme plutôt qu'à en étudier la science: aussi sont-ce là celles que notre époque goûte et admire le plus. C'est de Claude qu'ils dérivent tous, ces poètes paysagistes, qui se sentent émus devant la nature et qui nous l'interprètent sous le coup de leurs propres émotions, les fondateurs de l'école moderne: Daubigny, Français, Rousseau, Corot, Dupré. C'est de Claude que dérive l'école anglaise, dont Turner fut le maître le plus remarquable. Son nom a été, souvent, rapproché de celui du maître lorrain. Le peintre anglais, a-t-on dit, a semblé porter un défi à son précurseur, en léguant son tableau de *Didon à Carthage* à la *National Gallery*, à la condition qu'on l'exposerait en regard de la *Sainte Ursule*, de Claude. Je crois cependant, que ceux qui ont interprété dans ce sens les dernières volontés du paysagiste moderne l'ont mal compris. Turner témoignait ainsi, ce me semble, de son admiration profonde pour celui qui l'avait devancé et dont il était à même, autant que personne, d'apprécier les conquêtes. Il voulait dire à ceux qui savaient lire dans une âme noble: "Anch' io sono pittore! Moi aussi je suis digne d'être compté parmi ceux qui ont avancé les limites de l'art. Si l'on vous demande qui a le plus fait depuis Claude pour notre art, regardez mon œuvre, vous direz peut-être que c'est moi."'

ART CHRONICLE.

At the show-rooms of Messrs. Boussod & Valadon (Goupil's successors) the pictures of M. Freise made way for a collection of drawings by Mr. Carl Haag, who for five-and-thirty years has been a member of the Royal Water-colour Society, and a constant exhibitor at their Gallery. The illustrated catalogue of this selection of pictures and sketches furnishes some biographic data, and shows how a distinct preference for aquarel induced Mr. Haag to study the English methods, and finally to settle and make his repute among us. A spirit of artistic enterprise impelled him to travel in the East and to gather in lands then little trodden by European painters those sketches of Arab, Bedaween, and Soudanese studies among the ruins of Baalbek and Palmyra, of desert stretches and Oriental architecture, of Palestine and of Greece, which form the most valuable part of his work. This collection includes also some of the Tyrolese and Italian subjects which first drew to Mr. Haag the patronage of our Court, and led to commission for certain groups of the Royal Family in their Scotch home, lent by H.M. the Queen on this occasion. Whatever exception may be taken to the melodramatic element which generally mars the painter's elaborated drawings, whether in landscape or figure, there cannot be two opinions as to his consummate skill in technical matters within the range of water-colour art or the cachet of intimate knowledge in things Oriental that no inflation of style can hide.

The exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil opened on the 30th November.

Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, the *Triumph of the Innocents*, goes for exhibition to Manchester, under the auspices of Messrs. Agnew. The room at the Fine Art Society lately occupied by it is now assigned to a collection of pictures by Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A.

The usual winter exhibitions in Pall Mall and the Haymarket opened with November. Mr. Wallis at the French Gallery makes a point with the effective and masterly Eastern scenes by Prof. L. C. Muller; no fewer than eighteen pictures by this artist, several of which are on loan from private collections, making a show on one wall. The landscapes of Carl Heffner again attract notice among the motley surrounding of genre and figure subjects by Continental and English artists. A vigorous study of *Cornish Fishermen preparing for Sea*, by Stanhope Forbes, carries forward the good promise of this young painter's picture in the past Royal Academy Exhibition. An interesting feature in the collection at Mr. Maclean's rooms is the small version of Munkacsy's famous picture, the *Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner*. Mr. Tooth gathered a fairly brilliant crowd of mixed foreign and English wares, many of which reappear not for the first time as popular favourites, for example, Mr. Hook's *Wild Harbourage*, Alma Tadema's *Seasons*, with others equally familiar to exhibition goers.

A collection of drawings, interesting for local character, made in India and Cashmere by Herbert Ollivier, was on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery during the past month.

An exhibition of the works of the celebrated Prussian artist, Professor A. Menzel, will be opened at the Royal Academy of Berlin on the eighth of the current month, in celebration of the painter's seventieth birthday.

The Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp has been thoroughly reorganized, and M. Charles Verlat, the well-known animal and figure painter, pupil of De Keyser, and formerly head of the Art Schools at Weimar, is made Director.

It is announced that the well-known collection of engraved mezzotint portraits formed by Mr. T. Challoner Smith will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Co. early in the coming season and occupy fifteen days.

An interesting *trouvaille* has been made during the restoration of the old wooden church of Hopperston, in the district of Sogne, Norway, namely, a thirteenth-century book of boxwood tablets, covered with wax and traced by a fine style with drawings chiefly of rural things and manners, also a catalogue of animals, written in Latin with a translation in old Norse. The book is placed in the Museum of the University at Christiania, and a publication of the tracings in facsimile is to be expected. A projecting rim kept the waxen surfaces from adhering together, and the book, enclosed in a casket of wood and leather, was found within a closed niche in the church.

The taking up of the pavement of the Piazza San Marco at Venice, for the purpose of repaving, has given the antiquaries opportunity to excavate for the sites of the ancient church of S. Gimignano, 552, and of the wall raised against the inroads of pirates in 900. Some mediaeval sculpture has been found embedded in the mud.

Three long-wanted catalogues of antiquities in the Berlin Museums are now published. First, two volumes of descriptive catalogue of the 'Collections of Vases among the Royal Antiquities,' by Prof. A. Furtwängler; a re-edition under P. Wolters of the casts from the Antique, by E. Friederichs; and, lastly, issued under official supervision, an account of all the Ancient Sculptures, with exception of the remains from Pergamos, which have a brochure to themselves, that came to a fifth issue in 1882.

The location of the rearranged Print Department at the British Museum in the fresh but unsatisfactory quarters, which were thrown open the last week of October, is happily not a final matter, as one of the two large galleries on the upper floor of the new building is to be assigned for the purpose, and the lighting of the room especially increased on the north side, with a view to proper display of prints.

The destruction wrought among those villa gardens which have formed one of the characteristic beauties of Rome has over the last two-and-twenty years continued at an ever-increasing rate; and the current year is notable for a climax of devastation, initiated by the hideous advance of modern building speculation. Signor Lanciani, in a recent letter to the 'Athenæum,' gives a list of the villas which have either disappeared or are in course of destruction, with dates, as follows: 1862–1872, the Villa Montalto-Negroni Massimo, on the Esquiline; 1867, the Villa Altieri, in the same region; 1872, the Villa Rondinini Grazioli, near the Pretorian Camp, and the Villa Torlonia, near the Porta Pia; 1875, the Botanic Gardens, on the Janiculum; 1876, the Villa Aldobrandini, on the Quirinal; 1878, the Farnesina, on the Tiber; 1880, the Villa Mellini, on Monte Mario; 1882, the Villa Barberini and the Vigna Barberini-Spithöver, on the Quirinal; 1883, the Orti Farnesiani, on the Palatine, and the Villa Corsini, on the Janiculum; 1884, the Villa Casali, on the Cœlian, the Villa Giustiniani Massimo at the Lateran, and the Villa Bonaparte, near the Porta Salaria; 1885, the Villa Ludovici, the Villa Patrizi, and the Villa Lucernari, on the Nomentana; the Villa Chigi, on the Salaria, and the Villa Massimo, on the Sallustian Gardens. Here is havoc enough to bid a lover of old Rome cry Ichabod! But this is not enough; for it appears that, although the sale and destruction of the Villa Borghese have been for the present stopped by judicial decree, 'there is no doubt the town will lose its case, and Prince Borghese will realise a handsome sum by selling the glory and pride of his ancestors.' Even the treasures of archaeologic remains found while excavating for new houses on the garden sites cannot be set against this deplorable loss of natural loveliness, this blotting out of a characteristic beauty of combination which was unique. Yet the Borghese Gardens and the Pamfili

Doria are left where the anemones and violets sheet the turf with rose and purple in spring, and the pines raise their stately heads among the softer foliage ; the Villa Albani, where Winkelman stayed and studied, stored still, as it was then, with priceless sculpture, and set forth in stately parterres and terraces within sight of Campagna and mountain ; the lovely Mattei, with its rose-hedges and dells, and the walk where S. Filippo Neri loved to look out on the long lines of Roman aqueducts ; the delightful Wolkonski, where Mendelssohn and his artist friends sketched and made music and poetry under the trees, as Fanny Hensel writes in her brilliant home letters ; and the forlorn Madama on Monte Mario, with its outlook over Rome and across the windings of the Tiber to the amethyst mountains, and its casino adorned with dainty stucco arabesques. These things of beauty are left, and some others the like,—but who shall say for how long ?

THE Handbooks to the various collections at the South Kensington Museum will in time form a reference library in themselves. The authorities have done well to entrust the subject of French Pottery to French experts, MM. E. Gasnault and E. Garnier, officers in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs at Paris, whose precise and pleasant condensation of the matter is presented in an excellent English version by M. P. Villars. The manufacture of pottery in France has a fairly consecutive history onward, from the ware of Gallic and Gallo-Roman times, and the ruder efforts of the Merovingian period ; the glazed tiles of the twelfth century, for which the town of Beauvais was specially famous ; and the pottery decorated with applied ornaments, glazed with lead, and coloured by metallic oxides, or by *engobes*, technically known as slip, a coloured layer cut away to the ground to form a pattern, processes derived from Italy and used even in the sixteenth century. The history of modern French faïence, however, commences in the sixteenth century, after the introduction—probably through members or pupils of the Florentine Della Robbia family—of tin enamel. Rouen early took the lead,

EWER, ROUEN WARE.

which it long maintained ; Lyons and Nantes also appear to have started manufactories of enamelled pottery under the management of Italians. But the national character of French ware in this period rests on two isolated efforts :—First, the artistic manufacture known as Henri Deux, set up by Heléne, Dame de Boissy, at her castle of Oiron, in 1524, which lasted only half a century, and the beauty of which depended not on any technical improvement in texture, but in taste of design, perfection of execution, and skill in the use of a simple scale of colour. Secondly, the enamelled pottery of Bernard Palissy, the jaspered ware of his first experiments, his rustic pieces decorated with raised natural objects, glazed with coloured enamels, and the decorative work introducing human figures

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and studies of form and design sometimes based upon metal work, of his prosperous later days. The record of the development of the faïence proper, in which Palissy's success was for a while an exceptional instance, forms the main bulk of this handbook, and is traced lucidly to the centres at Nevers, Rouen, Moustiers, Strasbourg, and the various off-shoots of the principal schools, marked by specialities of design or colour incident to the locality. It is rather unfortunate for the students who may use the handbook that the able compilers have not distinctively discriminated between value of design, and of technical manufacture. It is obvious that some of the finest quality, from a ceramic point of view, is often associated with the least commendable taste in form or pattern, and *vice versâ*. The childish imitative patterns of the Niederwiller faïence under Lanfrey, for example, are exquisite examples of manufacture. An important difference separates the productions of Strasbourg and its school of pottery from Rouen, from Moustiers, and Nevers—namely, that the colour decoration was applied on an enamel surface already baked hard and resistent, while the faïence of the rival towns presented a peculiar softness and richness from the application of the colour on the unbaked absorbent surface, which precluded re-touching and limited the palette. The history of soft or artificial porcelain again brings into prominence the Norman capital and the early records of royal Vincennes and Sévres. Lille also was a centre of manufacture. With the discovery of the French beds of Kaolin at St. Yrieix, near Limoges, in 1768, the reign of hard porcelain sets in, and the activity of the government manufactures to profit by the long-wished-for material was rivalled by individual enterprise throughout France. Unfortunately the discovery fell into a period of deteriorated taste, and it is only within the present half century that a revival in artistic design has coincided with the perfection of French porcelain manufacture. The writers give a useful table of marks used in the old Sévres manufactory of soft porcelain, and constantly varied to evade forgery. One curious opportunity was offered to manufacturers of spurious 'old Sévres.' Brongniart, the Director, was so hot in his enthusiasm for 'natural' porcelain that in 1804 he sold all the stock in hand of undecorated soft porcelain remaining in Louis the Fifteenth's old manufactory. This china found its way to hands skilled enough to turn it out again decorated as genuine old Sévres, and it is said that even yet the forgery is carried on.

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